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OUR PAINTERS.

I.

NOT so much criticism as personal recollections of the men who have "painted and passed away," and of some who are still working out the great problem of life among us, would seem to be wanted just now.

Let us begin, therefore, with GILBERT STUART, one of the best painters for male portraiture since the days of Titian, Velasquez, Rubens, Vandyck, and Rembrandt. A man of noble type himself, robust and hearty, with a large frame, and the bearing of one who might stand before kings, all Stuart's men look as if they were predestined statesmen, or had sat in council, or commanded armies, — their very countenances being a biography, and sometimes a history of their day; while his women, often wanting in the grace and tenderness we look for in the representations of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Sir Thomas Lawrence or Sully, are always creatures of flesh and blood, — like Mrs. Madison, or Polly Madison as they still persist in calling her, — though somewhat too strongly individualized perhaps for female portraiture.

At our first interview, which happened nearly fifty years ago, when Stuart was not far from sixty-five, this fresh-looking, old-fashioned, large-hearted man, reminding you constantly of Washington himself, and General Knox or Greene, or perhaps of the late Mr. Perkins, — Thomas H., — who were all in their look and bearing rather more English than American, insisted on my emptying a tumbler of old East India Madeira, which he poured out from a half-gallon ewer, like cider or switchel in haying-time. And this at an early hour of the day, when cider itself or switchel might have been too much for a youngster like me, brought up, if not on bread and milk, at least on the plainest of wholesome food.

At first, having heard much of his propensity for hoaxing, I could hardly believe him when he threw off about half a tumblerful, and, smacking his lips, told me it was Madeira which had been twice round the Cape; nor did he believe me, I am afraid, when I told him I never did anything of the sort, for he winked at me as much as to say, "Can't

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you trust me?" and then hoped for a better acquaintance.

In the course of an hour's chat that followed, he told me story after story of himself, some of which are well worth repeating. First, he tried me with a pun, which he had let off in a high wind, for the sake of saying *de gustibus non disputandum*, and which I swallowed without a wry face, though it went sadly against my stomach; and then he launched out into a severe though pleasant criticism upon our social habits, our Pilgrim Fathers, the blue laws, and what he called the bigotry and fanaticism of the day, intermingled with anecdotes of a rather startling character, and then followed some of his own personal experiences over the bottle.

At Philadelphia he had once belonged to a club of a dozen or twenty good fellows, who were a law to themselves. Once a year they came together, bringing with them twelve or twenty bottles apiece, according to their number, every drop of which it was a point of honor with them to drink off before they separated.

At one of these gatherings, — the very last, I believe, — a large hamper was set down between him and a neighbor who was reckoned a prodigious *gourmet*, and from whose decision about wines and vintages there was no appeal; and Stuart was urged, with a sly wink and a tap on the elbow, to "dip in"; his friend assuring him in a whisper, that a certain oddly shaped bottle, which he pointed out, contained the finest claret he had met with for years, — a downright purple nectar, indeed, — "bottled velvet," a compound of sunshine, ripeness, and aroma. Others of the company who sat near Stuart, and who had been favored in the same way, nodded assent, looked mischievous, and smacked their lips with decided emphasis in confirmation.

But while they were praising it Stuart stooped down, without being observed, and drew out a bottle of another shape, with a different seal, and amused himself with tasting it, until his friend, the connoisseur, hap-

pening to look that way, told him he had got hold of the wrong article, and then went on to say that he had lately bought several hampers at auction at such a bargain that he could well afford to throw away the doubtful portion, such as Stuart had been dabbling with. But being a very obstinate man, as everybody knew, Stuart persisted until he had nearly finished the second bottle, when he "let the delicious secret out." On being asked why he continued drugging himself with that detestable stuff, when he had a bottle of the finest claret before him, he said, "Simply because, on the whole, I prefer *Burgundy*."

"Burgundy! Burgundy!" they exclaimed; "are you mad, Stuart, or is this only another of your jokes?" every man catching up a bottle, and pouring out a glass for himself, as the tumult increased. "Burgundy! and how happened you to know that it was Burgundy, Stuart?"

"By tasting. I took it for granted, from the shape and size of the seal and the fashion of the bottle that it was something out of the common way; for," added he, "the seals were *emphasized*, and had not been tampered with." Of course there was nothing more to be said after the verification that followed.

At another time he was dining with Gouverneur Morris, after that gentleman's return from Portugal. There was a large party of handsome women and fashionable men, who occupied high positions in Church or State, and carried their honors bravely. The conversation was chiefly about wines, and especially port wine and vintages; their host maintaining, as well he might, that in this country we never saw any real port wine; and, among other pleasant things, he averred that more port wine, or what passed for port wine, was drank in London than was ever made in Portugal; that even there the genuine article was never to be had for love or money, except under peculiar circumstances, — even the "old port" of the London docks being, at best, but a

decoction of logwood and elder-berries or grape-cuttings ; and that, in fact, the real Simon Pure was so utterly unlike what passes for port wine here and elsewhere, that our best judges would call it insipid, having neither body nor soul. Nevertheless, he had managed while in Portugal to make an arrangement whereby he could obtain a quarter-pipe now and then for himself or a friend as a special favor, the government itself being afraid to allow the exportation of unadulterated wines, lest they should injure the sale of the rest.

"And now," said he, "to show you all how you have been abused in this matter, I must beg of you to try a glass of what I call port wine, — old port. — Here, George" (to a waiter behind his chair), "bring us up, — let me see," — and here he glanced up and down the long table, as if counting noses, — "bring us up three bottles, not more, — I cannot afford more, till my stock is replenished, — of the vintage I have been telling you of, — and give us clean glasses."

The waiter soon appeared with just three bottles, fat and chunky, and covered with dust and cobwebs. The clean glasses were rather undersized, it must be acknowledged ; but they were filled, and held up to the light, and looked through, and then there was a deal of talk about the aroma, — the bouquet, — and what they called the body, as if it were condensed sunshine, flashing through a live graperie. Stuart was just raising the glass to his lips, when he caught a whiff of the aroma, and set it down, without tasting it, and without being observed. The talk went on. The ladies began to chirp and chatter like sparrows on the house-tops, — I give Stuart's language, not my own, — and the sparkle of their eyes, and the uncommon freshness of their lips, by the time they had managed the second glass, only served to strengthen his convictions.

At last, after collecting the suffrages, which were not only unanimous but enthusiastic, the host turned to Stuart, and, seeing a full glass before him,

asked what he had to say for himself, and whether he had ever met with such old port in all his life before. "Never!" said Stuart ; and then the host nodded and smiled, and looked about with a triumphant air, as much as to say, What did I tell you? "Never!" but still there was something in the look or tone of his guest which puzzled Mr. Morris, and seemed to call for explanation. "Come, come, Stuart!" said he, "none of your tricks upon travellers. We want your honest opinion, for we all know you are the best judge of wines to be found on this side of the water ; and therefore I ask you once more, in all seriousness, if you ever drank such old port in all your life, either at home or abroad, 'pon your honor, now?"

"Never," said Stuart, — "never!" And then there was a dead silence, and the host himself began to look uneasy, not knowing how to understand what he believed to be one of Stuart's jokes ; and then Stuart added in his own peculiar way : "You must excuse me, my friend, and you, ladies and gentlemen ; but I assure you that what you have all been taking for old port wine is not wine at all."

"Not wine at all," exclaimed Morris, almost jumping out of his chair, — "why what the — plague — is it then?"

"I should call it — excuse me," — taking a sniff, as he passed it back and forth before his nose, — "I should call it *cherry bounce*!"

For a moment the host appeared thunder-struck, wellnigh speechless with amazement ; but then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, his countenance underwent a change, and, calling the waiter, he said, "George, you scoundrel!" in a sort of stage whisper, that could be heard all over the room, — "George, tell me where you found these bottles." The poor fellow trembled and shook ; but after a few words of explanation, Morris threw himself back in his chair, and laughed and laughed until it seemed as if he would never stop ; and it turned out that this port wine, so carefully selected by him

in Oporto, and sent home years before, as he thought, was indeed nothing but cherry bounce, which had been put up and set aside for family use on special occasions long before he went abroad, till it was entirely forgotten.

Other conversation followed between us, about West and Trumbull, and about Washington and his wife, whose portraits were leaning against the wall. They were the originals from which he had painted all the copies he had furnished to the Marquis of Lansdown, Mr. Coke of Norfolk, the great commoner of our day, and others over sea. They were so unnaturally fresh, that, if he had not told me otherwise, I should have supposed they had been painted within a year or two at furthest. He talked freely of Washington, of his large features and stately bearing, and of the signs he saw, in the massive jaw, the wide nostrils, and large eye-sockets, that he was a man of almost ungovernable passions and indomitable will,—such as would carry him not only into, but out of, many a terrible crisis, like that when he headed his troops, after the disastrous battle of Brooklyn Heights, and would have led them against the British at Kipp's Bay, if they would have followed him, and when he held on his way with a loosened rein, cutting at the fugitives right and left as they hurried past, and snapping his pistols at the foremost, and would have been taken prisoner but for one of the faithful few about him, who seized the bridle and turned him back; or like that where, after the battle of Trenton, he came unexpectedly upon a body of Hessians, and leaped his horse between them and his own troops, and received the fire of both, like General Scott at Lundy's Lane; or like that where he crossed the North River in an open boat with only two or three officers, and actually landed on the other side, while the British, who had carried Fort Washington by assault, were bayonetting our poor fellows without mercy. Washington could not bear this, and for a time he thought his personal appearance on the ground might change

the face of affairs. It was a terrible rashness, though generous and heroic, and more like Napoleon at the bridge of Lodi than like George Washington. — We had no phrenologists at this time, or Stuart would have been a professor of that science, — for science it certainly is: he believed in Lavater, or at least in the leading principles of physiognomy.

Let us now call up another, who, after a long life spent in the service of sincere and high art, has gone to his rest, — REMBRANDT PEALE. Of him, notwithstanding his labors and success in historical painting, it must be acknowledged that he failed in portraiture: his portrait of Charles Matthews, the comedian, was almost a likeness of the great William Pinkney; and his portrait of Washington, though a better likeness of the man himself than Stuart's, if we may trust Chief Justice Marshall and others among his contemporaries, yet wanted that which gives the greatest value to a likeness, — *individuality, inwardness*, or glimpses of the inner man, a subdued though impressive ideality; a grandeur, not of the stage, nor the studio, but of the audience-chamber, the battle-field, or the closet.

Truthfulness we should have, or the likeness vanishes; but with this truthfulness we want something more than the every-day or even the average expression: we want the acknowledged capabilities, and even the possibilities, of the original either demonstrated or at least clearly indicated. We are to choose between the countenance or expression that everybody is familiar with, — a business-face or a street-face, — and that which is never seen but on great occasions, and by the few, instead of the many, when all the hidden or hoarded characteristics of the man break forth in a tempest of eloquence, perhaps, or self-assertion, or it may be in a gush of unspeakable tenderness. The great multitude who have seen the original year after year in his daily walk and conversation are acquainted only with the outer man, the husk or

shell, and often cry out before a likeness which the wife or a dear friend of the original, who remembers him in the hour of inspiration, when he may have seemed almost a disembodied transfiguration of himself, would not bear patiently with for a moment.

That everybody recognizes the likeness at a glance, that comparative strangers are delighted with it, is no evidence that a portrait is what it should be. Ask those who are not comparative strangers, and hear what they have to say, before you make up your mind.

Stuart's Washington, though untruthful, is grand, simple, and satisfying as a revelation. Peale's, though truthful in every feature and lineament—a *fac-simile* indeed—so far as the distinguishing peculiarities and every-day expression are concerned, is so unsatisfactory that you cannot help feeling uncomfortable on account of the resemblance. Stuart's Washington is a downright American; Peale's, a Frenchman in ruffles and powder, elaborated for the occasion, and painted—like a Frenchwoman—to kill.

Undoubtedly, if Washington himself should reappear to-morrow, and stand side by side with Stuart's picture, he would be called an impostor; and yet we cling to the magnificent shadow, and let the substance go, willing that Stuart himself should go down to after ages, instead of Washington.

As an historical painter Peale has never had justice done him, and one cannot help wishing he had been allowed to finish the "Sermon on the Mount," where the Saviour was represented *sitting*, as he ought always to be, when preaching to the multitude; but he never got beyond the composition, grouping, and outline drawing,—which, by the way, was worthy of West himself, and smacked of the old masters,—for want of reasonable encouragement. The reception his "Court of Death" met with, after the first twelve-month or so, and the embarrassments and cares of a large museum in Baltimore, and his costly experiments with

gas, which he was the first to introduce to our people, so completely discouraged him, that, after trying New York and Boston, he betook himself to Philadelphia, where of course, in due time, he was gathered to his fathers—and forgotten, simply because Benjamin West—or *Sir Benjamin West* as they love to call him there, though he was never knighted—was their only standard.

My acquaintance with Mr. Peale began oddly enough. I had been scribbling in the papers about his gallery, and criticising some of the pictures, from sheer instinct and without any knowledge of painting. Among these I remember a portrait of Napoleon, painted by Peale one day when the Emperor sat hour after hour without moving, to receive a procession of deputies in the *Champs de Mars*. It was then believed that he had taken lessons of Talma for the occasion; but, however that may be, he sat as if cast in bronze,—the enthroned Mysteries, while principalities and powers passed in review before him,—the shadows of coming empire, crowned and sceptred Phantoms on their way to Moscow. The occasion was eminently favorable, and the portrait, although wholly unlike any other I ever saw, especially about the lower part of the face, with the ponderous jaw and pallid complexion, was said to be the best likeness of that wonderful man ever painted, in two or three particulars, and especially in the parts I have mentioned. Such, at least, was the testimony of Gérard, Lefevre, and two or three more, who had been *tried* by his Imperial Majesty. It was one of the most remarkable portraits I ever saw,—pale, earnest, and thoughtful, with a mixture of sadness and solemnity, such as you would expect from one who could see far into the future. The general contour was not obtrusively classical, as if modelled for a Roman bust or a cameo; and the complexion, though strongly tinted, was something between the cadaverous and the swarthy; and altogether as unlike anything I ever saw that passed for Napoleon, as the portrait of Byron by

West the Kentuckian was unlike all that you ever see in the galleries and print-shops of the age.

I was invited to the first private exhibition of the Court of Death, while it was yet unfinished. On entering the large hall, used by the artist for philosophical experiments and lectures until he began his great picture, I found a small man, of about forty-five or fifty, I should say, with a mild, pleasant expression, and eyes that seemed looking beyond this and into another world. He stood as if studying the effect of certain touches just laid on.

The picture was by far the largest I had ever seen, — large enough, indeed, to nearly cover the whole end wall of the apartment, and, though crowded with figures of heroic size, did not seem either huddled or confused. Everything was clear and well pronounced, and the groupings were admirable. Not being well acquainted with the poem of Bishop Proteus, which Mr. Peale had translated with his pencil, and transferred to canvas, I questioned him about the general drift of the author, and must acknowledge myself profoundly impressed with the chief personage, — Death, — occupying the centre; not Death as we see him on the pale horse of West, from the Apocalypse, with Hell following after him, nor the raw-head-and-bloody-bones of the nursery, but Death as it must have appeared to the priesthood of Thebes, or to the Babylonian soothsayers, — a majestic figure, of the old Egyptian type, and countenance fixed and unchangeable as that of the sphinx, and sitting with the waters of oblivion flowing over its feet, and all about it the dead and the dying, with War, Pestilence, and Famine, Fever, Madness, Intemperance, Old Age, and Pleasure, holding high carnival in its dread presence, and Old Age and Filial Piety working out the great problem of life in the foreground. Peale's father stood for Old Age, and Filial Piety and Pleasure were pretty fair likenesses of two daughters he had been blessed with.

Seeing my attention fixed on the

principal figure, Peale came up to my side, and stood still, as if waiting for me to speak first.

"Is that yard-stick in the poem?" said I.

"Yard-stick, sir!"

I pointed to what he, and the Bishop too, had called, not a yard-stick, to be sure, but a *wand*, like that of a Prospero, stretching toward the spectator out of the dim, distant shadow, and foreshortened so that really it might have passed for a two-foot carpenter's rule somewhat lengthened with a slide.

"Ah!" said he, with a smile, after a few moments of rather embarrassing silence, "I don't much wonder that you should call it a yard-stick." Was he getting personal, or had he never been told that I had once kept a retail haberdashery? "It has given me more trouble," he added, "than almost any other accessory of the picture; but what am I to do? It is a part of the poem. I dare not abridge or interpolate; and, moreover, it is the symbol of power, and by common consent would seem to be indispensable."

"What are you to do?" I replied, pointing to the outstretched hand, which was admirably drawn, and boldly projected from a heavy mass of drapery. "If you will but cover up that hand with a fold of that drapery, you will have, not the wand nor the yard-stick, which for supreme power would be but a symbol of weakness, — for no such instrumentality can be needed by such a being, any more than it would have been at first, when the decree went forth, "Let there be light!" — but the calm expression of latent or hidden power, — irresistible, inexorable power, — alike mysterious and awful, because you see only the outlines of a gigantic hand shrouded in darkness."

The idea took with him, and he lost no time in painting out the hand, yard-stick and all, and giving the drapery that grand expression of inward power now to be seen in the picture.

After this we grew intimate, and I was with him day after day till he had finished the picture; and it was gener-

ally reported and believed that I had stood for the figure of War, — certainly the least original and the most melodramatic of the whole; a very strange mistake, though I saw it circumstantially set forth in a printed circular not long ago, issued by the family, with the engraving. But perhaps this may be explained; for, although I did not stand for the warrior in his Court of Death, I did stand for another historical personage, — even Virginius, — in the Death of Virginia. It happened thus: One day Dr. John Godman, the celebrated anatomist and lecturer, who afterward married Angelica, Peale's second daughter, and who had seen me with my right arm bare, after I had been sparring or fencing, I forget which, asked me if I would consent to help Peale in a desperate emergency. He wanted a leg or two, and a right arm, and knew not where to find them. I consented; and soon after stood for the Roman father till I was ready to drop; after *peeling* me, he transferred my right arm, uplifted and brandishing the bloody knife, and one of my legs, or both of them, to the canvas.

One day, when he was giving me some account of his past life, he told me that his father, Charles W., was a painter, — a painter by trade, he might have added, — indefatigable and laborious to a degree, until he had crowded the Philadelphia Museum with portraits of all our Revolutionary fathers worth mentioning; and all so much alike, owing perhaps to their military costume and powdered hair, that sometimes you could hardly tell one from another. Up to the age of ninety or ninety-two, if I remember aright, this patriarch of the brush labored at the business of portraiture, and even went so far at that great age, like another Titian, as to undertake a full-length of himself, with his pallet on his thumb, going through a dim passage-way, and just lifting his foot to ascend a step, with his head turned over the shoulder to see who is following, — and with such success that strangers were constantly mistaking the picture for a liv-

ing man. And I well remember the portrait of Colonel Burd, painted by him, without spectacles, at the age of eighty-three.

So enthusiastic was he, that he named all four of his sons after some of the great masters, — Rembrandt, Rubens, Raphael, and Titian; and his example was followed by the eldest, Rembrandt, who named his first-born Rosalba, after Rosalba Carriera, whose portrait of herself she copied with astonishing faithfulness; and the second, Angelica, after Angelica Kauffmann, — to little purpose, it would seem, for she never manifested any liking for the art; and the youngest, Michael Angelo, which is about all we know of him. His uncle Titian, however, who went with Lewis and Clarke on their expedition to the Rocky Mountains, and made all the drawings, might have been distinguished as a painter, — he had it in him; and then there was Anna, who painted miniatures, by no means remarkable for resemblance, though beautifully treated; and Sarah, who confined herself to portraiture.

While yet a youth, or just entering on his early manhood, Rembrandt and his father and his uncle James determined to get up a Washington in partnership. The great man was overwhelmed with the cares of state, and could ill spare the time, but consented to sit nevertheless. Three different views were taken at the same time; and out of these — a full front, a three-quarter face, and a profile — the celebrated portrait of Washington, lately purchased of the family with a Congressional appropriation, was made up after a lapse of thirty or forty years.

Before Peale settled in Baltimore, and established a museum almost a match for that of his father in Philadelphia, and a gallery by far the best in our country, unless we except the Philadelphia Academy, he had been twice abroad, — once with the skeleton of a mammoth, before mammoths were called mastodons; and once in the hope of turning an honest penny, if not of making a fortune, by what he called en-

caustic or enamelled miniatures, which were to be not only incombustible, but imperishable. Both enterprises were failures,—disastrous failures.

On his last visit to England one of the most extraordinary incidents of his life occurred. He was on short allowance, and troubled and anxious about the morrow; but still he could not bear the idea of giving up, and going back to his father in Philadelphia, before he had achieved something of a reputation at least. This, I should say, was before he had painted his Jupiter and Io, afterward rechristened the Dream of Love, with the head of Jupiter painted out; or the Roman Daughter nursing her father in prison,—the best thing he ever did in that way; or Napoleon crossing the Alps—on a stuffed horse; and while at best he was only a portrait-painter, and had never meddled with history, but made faithful and laborious likenesses, though wanting the charm of individuality, or, in other words, *inspiration* and *exaltation*.

At last, without knowing how it came to pass, he found himself on board a packet-ship, and half across the Atlantic on his way home, with no one thing he had gone abroad for and set his heart upon accomplished. But how came he there? What had finally decided him? And what had become of his wife and children? and the bones of the mammoth he had blundered upon along the Ohio? and the encaustic miniatures, which he had long before made up his mind to go down with to future ages? He could remember nothing of all that must have happened; perhaps he had lost his senses and wandered away, nobody knew whither. In the midst of this distressing self-examination, happening to turn over in his berth, heart-sick and utterly discouraged, he caught a glimpse through the parted curtains of something which made him almost shout for joy as he sprang out of bed. It was a familiar article of furniture, and lo! he found himself, when fully awake, in his own little snuggerly, with all his family about him, and all London roaring in his ears.

So strong had been the delusion, however, and so unexpected the sudden change, that he could hardly believe his own eyes; and it required several minutes to satisfy him that he was not still dreaming, and that, of a truth, he was not half-seas over, on his way home, with all his hopes unfulfilled, and all his anticipations blasted forever, and his whole future life clouded with disappointment, remorse, and self-reproach. It was, after all, not so much a dream, he thought, as an "open vision"; but when fully awake, was he not the happiest man alive?

But Peale was never the man to give up. He married anew, and settled down to his work in Philadelphia, long after the majority of old men give up altogether, and begin, not only to build, but to occupy, their sepulchres. When "fourscore and upwards," like Lear, and like Lear, too, "mightily abused," instead of saying, "I do confess that I am old: age is *unnecessary*," he went about the business of life with the face of an angel, and a heart overflowing with kindness and sympathy. His labors are beginning to tell on a new generation. A little book he published twenty or twenty-five years ago, where-in he undertook to show that drawing should be a part of our common-school education, and might be taught with writing, and as easily as writing, has borne fruit, and now the question is beginning to be settled in his favor all over the country.

And here another little incident occurs to me, which the good man always believed providential, strengthening his constitutional predisposition to kindness, and obliging him to set a watch upon his hasty temper. While yet a child, he threw something at a little kitten he was very fond of, and broke its back. The poor thing suffered cruelly and might have died, though she had "as many lives as Plutarch," but for the boy's father, who nursed her with especial care, and helped her to live, that his child might be reminded as often as the poor little thing crept up to him, dragging her hind legs after

her so piteously, what irreparable mischief may be done by giving way to a hasty temper. The lesson was effectual. He never needed another; and I must say that during all the time I knew him,—and our acquaintance lasted for years,—I never saw him ruffled or flurried or impatient or querulous; his fine, clear eyes would flash, and his handsome mouth tremble with indignation sometimes, when “much enforced,” but he never showed “the hasty spark.”

Had Peale been permitted, or encouraged rather, to finish his “Sermon on the Mount,” I do believe it would have astonished everybody. The whole arrangement, grouping, and composition, and the drawing, were altogether beyond anything to be found in the “Court of Death.” It was of the same size, and may still be in existence for aught I know. But who shall bring it forth from its hiding-place and carry out the author’s magnificent conception?

And now for another of these departed worthies, whom we “would not willingly let die”: JARVIS,—JOHN WESLEY JARVIS,—named after the celebrated preacher, who was a relative.

Jarvis, like Sully, was of English birth, but came over in his boyhood, and lived and died here. Nevertheless, our brethren over sea claim all American painters for Englishmen, if they were either born or bred in England. West, Allston, Stuart, Morse, Newton, Leslie, and King, though Americans by birth, learned their trade in England, and of course are English painters, if not Englishmen; while Jarvis and Sully, being born in England, though educated here, of course are Englishmen.

Beyond all question, Jarvis was the best portrait-painter of his day, within a limited sphere,—that of character when there was in it anything of the humorist. Being himself a humorist in the broadest and richest sense of the word, all his men were so distinctly individualized, and, as it were, branded, that there was no mistaking them. I never saw any of his women, but have an idea

from what I knew of the man and saw in his pictures, that they were too manly by half, and would not have been much distressed if they had been set off with a riding-whip and spurs.

In stature he was about five feet seven, with large features, a dark, turbid complexion, a full chest, and a prodigious head, according to my present recollection, and when I knew him he was not far from forty-five years old. He was a man of imperturbable gravity on common occasions, and the best story-teller that ever lived. To him Charles Matthews was indebted for “Uncle Ben” and “that ’ere trifle,” and for many touches and intonations full of grotesque humor and astonishing truthfulness. Well do I remember an evening he passed with our Delphian Club, when he told us about the Kilkenny cats, and their fighting until there was nothing left but the tips of their tails,—a story older than Joe Miller, and one we had all been familiar with from our earliest boyhood. And yet, with his embellishments, and the running accompaniment of growling and sputtering and flashing, he threw us all, even the gravest of our number, Mr. Pierpont and Paul Allen and myself, into convulsions, though some had heard him tell the story before, and William Gwynn and General Winder more than once; I drove Breckenridge, author of “Views in Louisiana,” and a History of the War, from one side of a large open fireplace to the other, with my manifestations of ungovernable delight, and that, too, without being aware of the fact, until he was fairly *cornered*, and could not move his chair another inch, that I had been pounding him black and blue. Some of the club actually shouted until they lost their breath, and tears stood in their eyes. And yet the stories Jarvis told were nothing of themselves, not even new in most cases, and seldom of greater length than five minutes.

But he was a sad dog at the best. In Audubon’s Ornithological Biography—which he might as well have named the Autobiography of American

Birds — we have a capital sketch of Jarvis, with an account of his painting and shooting and *naturalizing*, well worth a place here. "As I was lounging," says Audubon, "one fair and very warm morning, on the levee at New Orleans, I chanced to observe a gentleman whose dress and other accompaniments greatly attracted my attention. I wheeled about and followed him for a short space, when, judging by everything about him that he was a true original, I accosted him. But here let me give you some idea of his exterior. His head was covered with a straw hat, the brim of which might cope with those worn by the fair sex in 1830; his neck was exposed to the weather; the broad frill of a shirt, then fashionable, flapped about his breast, whilst an extraordinary collar, carefully arranged, fell over the top of his coat. The latter was of a *light green color, harmonizing well with a pair of flowing nankkeen trousers and a pink waistcoat*, from the bosom of which, amidst a large bunch of splendid flowers of the magnolia, protruded part of a young alligator, which seemed more anxious to glide through the muddy waters of some retired swamp than to spend its life swinging to and fro among the folds of the finest lawn. The gentleman held in his hand a cage full of richly plumed nonpareils, whilst in the other he sported a silk umbrella, on which I could plainly read 'Stolen from J.,' in large white letters. He walked as if conscious of his own importance, — that is, with a good deal of pomposity, singing 'My love is but a lassie yet,' and that" — observe this little touch — "and that, *with such a thorough imitation of the Scotch emphasis*, that, had not his physiognomy brought to my mind a denial of his being born 'within a mile of Edinboro,' *I should have put him down in my journal for a true Scot.*" And so would Charles Matthews, I dare say; for he borrowed largely from Jarvis in that department, as well as in that which

not only passed for, but was of a truth, unequalled and unadulterated Yankee. "But no," continues our ornithologist, "his tournure, nay, the very shape of his visage, *pronounced him an American*, from the further part of our *Eastern Atlantic shores.*" Not only a genuine Yankee, therefore, but a Down-Easter! How admirable must have been the acting of this Englishman, who was never Down East in all his life, and never much in any part of New England, to deceive such a close observer.

Another free witness once told me that he saw Jarvis in New Orleans with a hat full of snakes, lizards, and cockroaches, or other abominations, — not in his hand, but on his head, in a hot, sultry day.

He was an atrocious punster, and used to keep a large nutmeg-grater on the mantel-piece in his painting-room, to which, when he was asked by a sitter if such or such a person — a preacher perhaps or a painter, a statesman or a player — was not a great man, he would point, saying "*There's a greater*"; and this he did year after year, as a sort of standing joke.

One day, when he was painting Archbishop Carroll, that amiable and excellent man, who had long intended to have a little serious talk with Jarvis, if he could get a chance, began a long way off with a word or two which set the free-thinker, or atheist, on his guard. "Shut your mouth, sir," said Jarvis, leaving the forehead, upon which he was at work, and coming down to the lower part of the face. After a few minutes, the good prelate made another attempt, but with no better success. "Keep your mouth shut, if you please," said Jarvis, without looking up. And there the matter ended, and the simple-hearted churchman went away without a suspicion of the trick, as he himself acknowledged, when speaking of the painter and of his uncouth manners and strange eccentricities.

A U T U M N A L.

I.

CAN this be sadness? this forebode decay?
Are these the vestments of funereal woe?
Sure, hues that pale like these the dawning's glow
The rather deck some dryad's festal day!
Hail, radiant hour! thrice welcome, gladsome ray,
That kindling through these boughs, with golden flow,
Streams joy and summer to the shades below!
And thou, brown-dappled Oak, and Maple gay,
In rippling waves of many-tinted flame,
Lithe Birch gold-hued, thin Ash, whose dyes might shame
The trodden vintage reeking on the lees,
And ivied Beech with sanguine cinctures fair:—
As in the long days past, fraternal trees,
With you, whate'er your gladness, let me share!

II.

O'er banks of mossy mould how lightly strewn
All the wan summer lies! The heedless tread
Awakes no sound; and, had not pale leaves fled,
As soft it came, the low wind were not known.
How strange the sharp and long-drawn shadows thrown
From lank and shrivelled branches overhead,
While from their withered glories, spoiler-shed,
The earthy autumn-scents are faintly blown!
Ah! reft and ravaged bowers, the garish day
Flaunts through the hidings of your dewy glooms!
And thou, in leafy twilights wont to be,
Shy maid, sweet-thoughted Sadness, come away,
And here beneath this hemlock's drooping plumes
With pensive retrospection muse with me.

III.

Why holds o'er all my heart this dreamy hour
A sway that spring or summer never knew?
Why seems this ragged gentian, wanly blue,
Of all the circling year the fairest flower?
Whence has each wandering leaf this mystic power
That all my secret being trembles through,—
Or sounds the blackbird's note more human-true
Than all the songs of June from greenwood bower?
Deep meanings haunt the groves and sunny glades,
Strange dearness broods along the hazy slopes,
A vague but tender awe my breast pervades,
That hints of shadowy doubt, yet is not fear;
While musing quiet stirs with drowsy hopes,
And Nature's loving heart seems doubly near.

CALEB'S LARK.

"BUT, doctor, what shall we do for him? He laughs at medicine, dieting, and rest, and, like the late lamented Confederacy, only desires to be let alone,—a treatment likely to be as fatal in this case as in that. What can I do for him?"

"Try a lark," sententiously replied the family physician, with a twinkle of his honest eyes.

"A lark!" dubiously echoed Miselle. "But where is one to be found? How would a robin answer?"

"Pho, child! not a lark to eat, but a lark to do, to be, and to suffer. Recreation," said the doctor; and Miselle put on her considering-cap.

"I have it!" exclaimed she, presently. "Not a cent for himself, millions for some one else,—that's Caleb! Doctor, tell him confidentially that *my* health is suffering for want of rest and change. Advise him to take me somewhere directly, and leave the rest of the case to me."

The doctor nodded, smiled, and took his leave.

That evening Caleb casually remarked to the wife of his bosom: "Miselle, I have been thinking that I should enjoy a little trip to the mountains or the sea-shore. What do you say to the idea?"

"Anything that pleases you, my dear," meekly replied Miselle. "When would you like to go? I have just been reading a glowing account of Mount Desert, a little island off the coast of Maine, which seems to combine everything desirable in a holiday-ground,—lofty mountains, deep ravines, forests, precipices, gorges, echoes, fresh mackerel, and no end of blueberries; in fact, all the delicacies of the season, including the prettiest women in the Union, who are there collected."

"What magnificent combinations!" exclaimed Caleb, in enthusiasm.—

"Mackerel and sunset skies, blueberries and ocean, alike unlimited, pretty women and nature! The antitheses are irresistible. Miselle, go pack your trunk." Which command was obeyed with such zeal, that at 6 P. M. upon the succeeding evening the pleasure-seekers left Boston by rail for Portland, there to take boat for Mount Desert; preferring this mode of transit to making the entire passage by water, as some persons choose to do. Reaching Portland at 10 P. M., travellers and luggage were quietly transferred to the steamer Lewiston, a pretty and commodious boat under admirable management.

"Sit here while I look for our state-room," directed Caleb, leaving Miselle *planté* before a divan divided by arms into sections like a pie. Most of these sections were occupied by persons wearing the preternaturally solemn expression of incipient sea-sickness, and Miselle, leaving her satchel and sunshade to keep them company, made her independent way to the forward deck, when a sudden tornado snatched and bore away her hat, whisked her drapery into undignified and ungraceful festoons, and made of her own hair a veil to cover her confusion, as she hastily retreated from the group of smokers among whom she had plunged, and penitently sought countenance and protection among her discreeter sisters upon the divan, now in the rigid condition preceding the final agony of *maladie-du-mer*.

Here Caleb presently found, wondered at, mildly rebuked, and finally bore away, the hatless and dishevelled aspirant for fresh air, for once quite subdued and silent.

After leaving Rockland,—a thriving town at the mouth of the Penobscot River, where the passengers coming from Boston by boat are received on board the Lewiston,—the route lies

among the myriad islands of the coast of Maine, and every curve of the sinuous course opens a new vista of combined land and ocean view positively startling in its wild beauty. Many of these islands, as well as various points upon the main-land, perpetuate in their names the memory of French discovery and occupation,—as Castine, where an old French fort still towers above an earthwork not yet five years old; the islands of Grand and Petit Menan, Terre Haute, Belle Isle, Isle au Haut, Rosier; and Mount Desert itself, originally Mont Desart, although some antiquarians choose to derive the name from that of Captain Dessertes, one of the first navigators of Frenchman's Bay.

But resolutely closing ears and eyes to the bewildering and bewitching traditions so artfully mingled with the history of this island that one knows not whether to visit first Gold-Digger's Glen, where several enthusiastic speculators are to-day searching for Captain Kyd's buried treasure, or to search at Fernald's Point for the still more apocryphal site of the old Jesuit settlement established under the patronage of the fair and discreet Madame de Guerchville about 1613, and so cruelly destroyed by an English governor of Virginia named Argall, some years later,—Miselle returns to her simple narrative of personal experience, leaving the glory of research and compilation to more industrious historians.

"Come and see Mount Desert. We are just going into Southwest Harbor," said Caleb, and Miselle, closing her book, followed to the bows of the steamer to look upon a view wonderful in its savage beauty; for the great mountains standing sentry at either side the port were clothed in dense evergreen forest, and the valleys between them seemed wells of darkness. Black thunder-clouds, gathering upon the crests of the hills, spread rapidly over the sky, until now so smiling; so that at last the whole island lay in frowning shadow, while the sea far to southward still glittered in summer sunshine, and the

Lewiston, with her freight, seemed a veritable Charon's boat bringing hapless souls from the warmth and light of life to some dim, horribly beautiful purgatory, beyond which might lie heaven or hell.

"Only, six dollars is a good deal more than an obolus," remarked Miselle, the nineteenth century pressing hard upon her.

"What is that? Why, it is raining, as sure as I'm a sinner!" responded Caleb.

"Don't speak of it now, if you are," murmured Miselle, following him across the gangway plank to a wharf surrounded by lobster-canning factories, and redolent of fish. Here stood sundry remarkable vehicles, into one of which Miselle found herself hastily packed, in company with a jolly cripple, two limp and despairing women, and a driver; while Caleb, who had four times secured a seat and relinquished it to whoever would accept it, plodded cheerfully along in the rain, and stood waiting, like an aqueous angel, to receive his charge upon the steps of Deacon Clark's Hotel. Beside him was the Deacon himself, grave, benevolent, and patriarchal, while behind them appeared the cheery faces of the Friend from Philadelphia, and the Count all the way from Germany; for—again like Hades—Mount Desert collects its visitors from all the world.

"Very glad to see you. Dinner is ready," said the Deacon with a nice adaptation of the topic to the mood of his guests; and the rest of the day was devoted to a blazing fire, conversation, both merry and grave, tea-time, and plans for the morrow. But Miselle closed her weary eyes to the lullaby of the rain upon the roof, and awoke to the same melody. A breakfast, graced by the freshest of mackerel and the sweetest of blueberries, mitigated, but could not conceal, the fact that the rainy morning was likely to continue into a rainy day. From the table the party adjourned to the piazza.

"What a pity that we must lose the walk to Big Pond this morning!" said

the Friend, mildly appealing to the uncompromising clouds.

"I am going," announced Miselle; "I shall be ready in fifteen minutes."

"But it rains," remonstrated the Count.

"So I see."

"You will get awfully wet," suggested Caleb.

"Far up the height" of the steep stairs Miselle's voice replied, "In fifteen minutes."

But "fortune favors the brave," and when, in less than the prescribed quarter of an hour, the party set forth, equipped with rubber boots and overcoats, water-proof cloaks and umbrellas, while Caleb paid unusual deference to the elements by fastening one button of his coat, the clouds had broken and the rain had ceased. Three miles of bush and brake, woodland road, and wood without road, brought the explorers to Big Pond, or Long Lake, the indigenous and imported names of a lovely sheet of water shut in by Beechill Mountain on the right and Western on the left, while the southern end is finished by the little sandy beach to be found, as the Friend asserts, at the southern end of every lake upon the island.

Upon this beach sat down the four, breathless, draggled, and happy. Beside them crisped and murmured a little woodland brook, tumbling across the sands toward the lake; above them floated the clouds, now breaking to show a watery sun, now gathering stern and dark upon the mountain summits. The evergreen forests clothing the hillsides were full of mystery and gloom; but creeping out from their shadow, and holding the middle ground between forest and beach, rioted the wild convolvulus, the brilliant scarlet bunch-berry, the sweet blue harebells, and clusters of the loveliest wild roses that ever bloomed on earth. Upon the beach lay scattered the bleached trunks of trees far larger than the present growth of the hills; and the Count argued, with much show of reason, that they were the metamorphosed remains of

Titanic heroes who had fought and died upon these shores, upheaving hills and hollowing lake-basins in the ardor of their mighty struggle.

"I should say, rather," gravely suggested Caleb, "that these smaller trunks are the remains of the heroes, while the larger ones represent the hippogriffs, sylants, or other battle-chargers which they bestrode. This upon which we sit would, for instance, have served as steed for Hengist himself."

"Yes, it is without doubt the *Streit hengst* of that renowned warrior," replied the Count, examining the relic from which the party reverently arose.

"The theory is a good one, but does not the *Streit hengst* of Hengist sound rather tautological?" mildly inquired the Friend.

"Never mind tautology, let us roll the *Streit hengst* into the lake! Let us hasten his resolution into the elements! Let us offer him a sacrifice to Odin and to Thor! Above all, let us amuse ourselves!" shouted the Count, throwing off his coat, and picking up a small stick.

The ribs of heroes make excellent levers, their mighty vertebræ serve capitally as fulcrums; and in a few moments the whole party, Miselle included, were laboring at their task with might and main, regardless of the clouds mustering yet more darkly upon Beechill, and even of the rain-drops dimpling the bosom of the lake like the bullets of sharp-shooters.

"There!" cried Caleb, giving the *Streit hengst* a final impetus, and flinging after him the rib of Hengist which had effected it, "we have fulfilled our duty to the past, now let us think of the present. Miselle, child, assert your femininity, and be afraid of the rain directly."

Such a merry race homeward! such scrambling toilets! such Homeric appetites for so nice a dinner, not yet ended when Deacon Clark announced that a return carriage was about to start for Bar Harbor, and would be glad of passengers! The opportunity was a

good one, so, after brief consultation, the travellers abandoned for the time the remaining lions of Southwest Harbor, bundled their wet clothes into the trunks with their dry ones, paid the Deacon's bill, silently wondering to what use so guileless a patriarch could put so much money, and set forth upon their drive.

The road from Southwest Harbor to Bar Harbor is set down as sixteen miles in length. To this may be added some five or six miles of perpendicular ascent and precipitous descent; the latter remarkably exhilarating for strong nerves, but rather trying to weak ones, especially as the horses are encouraged to make the descents at full speed, and the pitch of the carriage and clatter of rolling stones become something really awful.

Upon the brink of one of these precipices the driver checked his horses, and looked back into the carriage with an expectant grin.

"Oh!" remarked the Friend, "hallo-o-o-o-o-o!"

"Has he gone mad?" whispered Miselle, clinging to Caleb; but the Count held up his finger, imploring silence, while back from the broad breast of Beechill Mountain, and over the placid lake at its foot, came the response, clear, sweet, and powerful.

Having thus summoned the nymph, the Friend gracefully introduced his friends, and withdrew, leaving them to continue the conversation, which they did with great satisfaction; Echo sweetly replying to every appeal, whether it were an operatic refrain in Caleb's mellow tones, a thunderous German apostrophe from the Count, a bit of sisterly *badinage* in Miselle's treble, or the bovine bellow of the driver.

About half-way from Southwest to Bar Harbor lies the village of Somesville, or, as the post-office will have it, the town of Mount Desert, and Miselle here pauses to give the travelling public a hint in the matter of mail addresses upon this island. A letter intended for Southwest Harbor should be superscribed Tremont, Maine; one for Somes-

ville, Mount Desert, Maine; and one for Bar Harbor, East Eden, Maine, — these being the names of the three towns, while the others are mere local sobriquets, to be added or omitted at pleasure. The name of Mount Desert, however, should never be added unless it is desired that the letters should arrive at Somesville. But with all or any of these precautions the subject of postal communication is enveloped in the same romantic cloud shrouding the rest of Mount Desert matters, and refuses to be reduced to arbitrary rules or certainties.

The principal feature of Somesville is Somes's Sound, an arm of the sea some seven miles in length by one in width, nearly cutting the island in halves, and so straight that from its head one may look down its shining path to the sea-horizon leagues beyond. Besides the sound, Somesville boasts mountain scenery so fine that the little inn is always filled with artists, their portfolios crammed with "studies" for next winter's pictures, and their faces beaming with wonder and delight. More than all, Somesville boasts the aristocrat of the island in the person of Captain Somes, who with his pretty daughters keeps the village inn, and reigns patriarchally to-day over the acres his fathers possessed and named two centuries before the Shoddies, the Gunnybags, and the McFlimsies ever heard of Mount Desert. Also, may Somesville boast a variety store, — where hats can be procured for such unfortunates as have lost their own, — a town-pump, and a very promising and observant crop of future presidents and presidentesses.

Leaving Somesville, the travellers were presently called upon to admire the prospect from the Saddle, — a name bestowed upon the highest point of land crossed by the road, and from whence may be obtained a fine view of nearly the entire island, embracing Marsh, Western, Beechill, Dog, Sargent's, Wasgott, and Sharp Mountains at the western extremity, and Green, Dry, Bubble, and Newport at the eastern,

not to mention various lovely water-glimpses of ocean, sound, lake, and brooklet, and some of the finest forest scenery imaginable ; for in the woods of Maine grow and thrive in lusty beauty the arbor-vitæ, the fir-balsam, the hemlock, the hop-hornbeam, moosewood, and many another sylvan treasure only found with us of the more southern latitudes in nurseries or upon carefully tended lawns.

After the Saddle came a hurried visit to Eagle Lake, — a beautiful sheet of water lying at the foot of Green Mountain, and reflecting the great hill in its placid waters.

"The little sandy beach at the southern end still, you remark," said the Friend, as the party returned to their carriage.

Another half-hour, and the travellers, cold, weary, wet, and hungry, arrived in Bar Harbor, and stiffly dismounted at the door of Captain Hamor's hospitable house, whereat stood the gallant Captain himself, who, after brief survey, led his guests to the only fire in the house, albeit it blazed in the kitchen stove, and, seating them thereby, commanded, "Some warm supper for these folks right away."

An epicurean writer advises : "If you would eat beefsteak, sit beside the fire with a warm plate, and let the cook toss the meat from the gridiron into it."

To which Miselle appends : "If you would eat fish, travel all day in a northeasterly storm, and sit beside the stove to see it fried, listening, meanwhile, to the story of its capture within the hour."

Supper over, — for no such æsthetic title as "tea" describes the banquet of fish, meat, corn-bread, white biscuit, toast, blueberries, cake, doughnuts, and cheese, spread before Caleb and his friends, — the Captain announced, with some hesitation, that the accommodations of his house being limited, a large number of his guests were obliged to lodge out ; and that for this particular party had been secured rooms in a certain cottage just along shore, where

it was hoped they might be comfortable.

"'A cottage by the sea,' " murmured Miselle, quite ready to be charmed with the proposed abode, and not the less so for finding it was to be shared by some old friends, — the General and his wife, just from Washington.

"The first thing to do is to visit Schooner Head and Great Head," announced the Friend next morning at breakfast ; and the party, electing him cicerone, were presently packed in a big wagon in company with Chibiabos the sweet singer, and Atalanta his wife, who for once condescended to employ horse's feet instead of her own active members.

Caleb assumed the reins, and the roan was already in motion when a hail from the artist arrested them.

"Beg pardon, but they say you are going to Schooner Head."

"Yes."

"Then let me tell you the road is absolutely impassable. There is one gully a hundred feet long, three or four deep, and extending from one side of the road to the other. There is no getting through, by, or over it."

The party looked at each other.

"I suppose, then, we must give it up," said the men.

"What fun ! Let us go on !" exclaimed the women ; to which Miselle added in an aside, "This is where the 'lark' comes in, Caleb."

The stronger minds prevailed, as they should ; and, with thanks to the artist, the party drove merrily out of the gate and along a road as full of picturesque beauty as of holes, and presenting as startling a variety of scenery as of impediment. Like some of the young gentlemen who finish their education abroad, the farther it went the worse it grew, until all minor atrocities ended at the mouth of the gully, which in appearance quite justified the character bestowed upon it by the artist.

A council of war was held, resulting in the roan's being slipped from the shafts, and prevailed upon to scramble down and through the gully to its far-

ther termination, where he was intrusted to Atalanta and Miselle, with strictest orders to all three to remain precisely where they were left, and attempt no ambitious operations whatever,—orders minutely obeyed by both roan and his keepers until the controlling element was out of sight, when they at once followed to a point commanding the field of action, which they contemplated with gleeful satisfaction.

"Just fancy those men laboring in that style from necessity instead of for fun," suggested Atalanta, as she watched Chibiabos, the Friend, the Count, and Caleb, who, literally putting their shoulders to the wheel, pushed, pulled, lifted, and hoisted the heavy wagon along, conclusively proving that four men are *almost* equal to one horse.

The gully, however, was passed; the picket-guard, duly chidden for disobedience and insubordinate mirth, was relieved of its charge; the roan reharnessed; the party repacked; and the journey continued over a road still very bad, but leading through a region of such wild beauty that its faults were all forgiven. The last part of its course lay under the eastern side of Newport Mountain, which, like nearly every other mountain upon the island, slopes gradually and greenly to the west, and toward the east presents a precipitous and frowning face of naked granite. Another curious feature in this formation is the fact that several of these precipitous mountain-faces terminate in water,—either lake, sound, or ocean. On a sudden the broken road disappeared altogether, and we came upon a grassy plateau, with a fisherman's cottage at its farther extremity and a land-locked harbor beyond, beautiful enough to have sheltered Cleopatra's galleys, instead of the unsavory fishing-craft riding at anchor there.

"Do you see that sheer precipice near the crest of Newport?" asked the Friend, helping Miselle from the wagon.

"Yes. Has it a story?"

"Some years ago two girls were scrambling along its edge,—looking for berries, I believe,—when one fell over,

dragging her comrade after her. The first crashed straight down upon the rocks, two hundred feet below, and never stirred again. The other fell upon her, and escaped with broken limbs and terrible bruises. Her shrieks were heard at this house, and some men went immediately to the rescue; but such was the difficulty, at first of reaching, and afterward of removing her, that it was eight hours before she was raised to the edge of the cliff. Fancy those eight hours!"

"But did she live?"

"O yes, and is to-day landlady of one of the Bar Harbor hotels. Humanity is so absurdly tenacious of life.—But the roan is safely stabled in the fence-corner, and Atalanta leads the way to Schooner Head."

So through the great gate, and over the oozy meadow path, gay with harebells and wild roses, up a sharp ascent, and along a slippery crag-path, trooped the merry party, until, reaching the brow of a mighty cliff, they found the ocean at their feet, filling the far horizon with his splendor. Beside them lay the Spouting Horn,—a mighty caldron, a hundred feet or more in depth, into which the sea has worn an entrance through a layer of softer rock near the base of the dividing cliff, and where, having gained admittance, it fights and rages, like any trapped wild thing, to regain its liberty. To the roar of the rising wave succeeds the moan and swirl of the retreating one, and then the wild struggle between the incoming and outgoing forces, until one closing his eyes might fancy himself lying beside the veritable mouth of the pit, as described by Bunyan.

"Rameses, as you call him," said the Friend, "clambered down the inside of the Horn at low tide, until he could look through the arch out to the open sea."

"I should like to have heard his next sermon," commented Miselle, graciously allowing Caleb to make of his knee a step in the somewhat perilous descent from the Horn to the cliff whence one may see the outer entrance

of the cave. Here, seated upon a convenient shelf, with the waters now swelling to their feet, now lapsing until the dripping cliffs lay bare and black beneath, the friends spent a happy hour before they thought of time. Just over the surface of the gulf, where the waves flew back from the face of the cliff in showers of spray, appeared and vanished at every moment the ghost of a rainbow. High overhead rose the cliffs, whose resemblance, as viewed from seaward, to a schooner with all sail set, has given the place its name. High in the blue zenith sailed an eagle, his broad vans motionless, while far below him whirled and screamed a flock of snow-white gulls. The bright waters of the bay were studded with sails, "and the stately ships went on" to some fair unknown haven, when —

"Suppose we get a lunch at Norris's, and take the whole afternoon for Great Head?" suggested the poet of the party. The proposition was hailed as a brilliant one, and, the spell being broken, every one found himself ready to return to the little house at the head of the bay, where the lunch was ordered; and during its preparation a part of the company found time to visit a curious cave upon the shore, known as the Devil's Oven, and celebrated for the number and variety of its sea-anemones and other marine treasures; while their more indolent or weary companions chose rather to sit beside the open fire, watch the manufacture and baking of cakes and pies in a "tin reflector," and listen to anecdotes and reminiscences from the elders of the family who have lived, married, come into and gone out of the world in this secluded spot for many a year before the world came to surprise them with the news that it was famous.

The cakes baked, and the wanderers returned, the lunch, or rather dinner, since salted fish formed one of its elements, was served, and eaten with a relish not always conceded to Blot's or Soyer's most successful efforts. The roan, having also dined, was favored with a draught of water from Atalanta's botanical specimen box; and the party,

resuming their places, drove merrily on through a pretty wood-road, in the direction of Great Head. Another isolated house, seated at the head of a lovely little golden beach, marks the end of the carriage-road; and while the gentlemen once more unharnessed and stabled the roan, Atalanta and Miselle entered, and made acquaintance with the hospitable dame, while Capitoliana, Britomarte, Hatty Louise, Wilfred, and Conins tumbled about the floor, or peered in at the guests with wide eyes of wonder glowing beneath a thatch of sunburned hair.

"Your children have quite romantic names; where did you find them?" inquired Miselle, mildly resisting Hatty Louise's efforts to wrench open her watch-case.

"Out of the New York Ledger, ma'am," replied the complacent mother. "Me and my sister and another lady club together and take it; and I think it's most a beautiful paper, — don't you, ma'am?"

"Much better than nothing," sensibly replied Atalanta, while Miselle hesitated; and then, as Caleb's head appeared at the open window, they took leave, and followed the Friend, who acted as guide, through about a mile of flowery woodland path, coming at last upon the black crags of Great Head, the answering promontory to Schooner Head, and yet more massive and imposing in its structure. The party scattered over the surface of the cliff, and Miselle, finding a little nook close at the water's edge, sat watching in silent delight the grand march of the waves, as sweeping up, battalion after battalion, they fearlessly dashed themselves to foam against the gray old rocks which for ages have borne the assault as unflinchingly as now, and shall endure in primeval strength and majesty when we who marvel have passed on to meet yet greater marvels.

One noticeable point in this view is its primitive character. Seated low in the amphitheatre of the cliff, nothing is visible but sea, sky, and rock; not one flower, one blade of grass, or even the

brown earth, is to be seen. It is a glimpse of the era before the lichens had turned to moss, or the *parvenu* man had yet been dreamed of. Near the crest of the cliff is a profile rock nearly as good as the famous Franco-nian one; but, when one goes so far to escape the constant sight of real profiles, why waste time or enthusiasm upon an imperfect imitation?

"Half past five, and a bad seven miles between us and the tea-table," announced Caleb; and with many a backward look the friends departed, leaving the gray old cliff smiling rosiely in the light of a glorious sunset, while all the east was filled with the silver and azure of moonrise.

With the morning came the sisters, fresh, sparkling, and energetic as morning itself.

"Gouldsboro'! It is the very day for it,—a favorable tide, a promising wind, and Captain Royal Higgins disengaged," said Roma, while Avoca quietly put Miselle's bow straight, adding, "and we will dine at Captain Hill's, and drive to Sullivan."

"O, sailing! How can any one speak of sailing at Mount Desert after that dreadful, dreadful accident last summer! Did you hear of it?" cried Dame Partlett with an anxious glance toward her own ducklings.

"But we are going with Captain Higgins," said Roma, in a sufficing sort of way; and while the dame proceeded with the melancholy tale of the wreck and loss of every life but one out of a party of eleven, Roma supplemented the story of Captain Higgins's prompt and courageous action in the matter, resulting in the saving of that one life, and establishing an enviable reputation as man and sailor for himself.

So the voyage to Gouldsboro' was arranged, and a party made up, including the four friends, the General, his wife, and Dick, the sisters, the ambassador, the two English ladies, the *fiancée* and Mephistopheles. A party selected as it should be, with every one capable of contributing something to the general enjoyment; "for even I can

serve as ballast," remarked Caleb, seating himself with much satisfaction between Roma and Avoca, while Miselle, with Captain Higgins's quiet connivance, established herself in the little skiff towing behind the Petrel and enjoyed the atom of danger and full draught of exhilaration incident to her position hugely.

Gouldsboro' upon the map means a town some twelve miles east of Mount Desert, occupying a peninsula between Frenchman's and Gouldsboro' Bays. But Gouldsboro' in the annals of Caleb's Lark means a quaint old-fashioned farm-house, buried in riotous woodbine, and framed in a border of lilac and syringa bushes, sweet-peas and marigolds, hollyhocks, sunflowers, poppies, southernwood, Ragged Robin, Loves-lies-bleeding, and Johnny-jump-up-and-kiss-me, while from house and garden slopes to the water's edge a green and blossomy lawn. Seated in the porch of this old house, and feeding your senses with the perfume of the flowers, the songs of birds, and hum of bees, and wash of waves upon the shore, you may satisfy your soul with such a glorious view as hundreds of miles of travel cannot rival. Description could but do it injustice; and Miselle leaves to some future Murray the catalogue of islands studding the blue bay,—some dark with evergreens, some bright with birch and alder growths,—the mountain peaks crowding the horizon, the sails of every variety of craft, the soft pastoral beauty of the foreground. Or, pending the Murray, she introduces with pleasure to an appreciative public the genius of the spot, Captain Barney Hill, who "man and boy, has lived here and hereabouts this sixty year," and knows its story thoroughly.

From this feast Miselle was summoned to the less satisfying, but yet essential, banquet of fish and lamb, inevitable at the sea-shore, and here met with a delightful surprise in the person of her charming kinswoman, whose talk of the last book, the last music, the last idea of the thinkers, and last whim of the fashionists, added the same

fanciful charm to the scene that her dainty gloves and handkerchief and fan did to the moss-grown and rough-hewn step upon which they lay.

The drive to Sullivan, along the shores of the bay, and giving a fine view of Mount Desert and the other islands upon the one hand and the inland country with the Schoodic Mountains upon the other, is described as something wonderful ; but Captain Hill's horses having already gone in another direction, the party were obliged to content themselves with a pretty walk, a row upon the pond, and a harvest of water-lilies. Then came good-by to Gouldsboro' and the fair cousin, who remained like Ariadne alone upon the shore, while the Petrel, sailing out into the sunset, carried its happy crew upon a voyage as full of romance and beauty as theirs who in the unremembered years sought for the Fortunate Isles.

Deep in the moonlit night the Petrel dropped anchor at her usual berth ; and her passengers, full of content and peace, went each to his own abode.

The next day was devoted to the ascent of Green Mountain, the highest peak upon the island, — measuring very nearly two thousand feet by actual survey, and the one spot of all others which a tourist may not omit visiting. After this, he may, if strong of limb and energy, scramble up Newport, and get a view much extolled by those who have seen it ; or, like Atalanta, cross half a dozen mountains and valleys to Jordan's Pond, — a spot whose beauty and inaccessibility are matters not to be put in words.

For pedestrians of moderate powers, however, the road up Green Mountain offers sufficient exertion to satisfy either conscience or spinal system. It can be accomplished by horse-power, if one is neither timid nor sympathetic with the brute creation ; but the wisest course is to drive along the southwest harbor road about two miles to the beginning of the mountain road, where stands a guide-board to inform the public with suspicious exactness that the "Summit House" is distant two

miles and an eighth, — the eighth being a trope, or poetical figure, expressive of unknown and illimitable distance, capable of mitigation, however, by frequent rests upon mossy logs or shaded rocks, draughts from a clear cold spring, handfuls of bunch-berries and bluebells, and mouthfuls of blueberries and mountain cranberries.

The Summit House, reached at length, proved to be a very comfortable cottage of primitive construction, but furnishing tolerable beds and a very good dinner.

"And now, Caleb, you may show me the view," graciously announced Misselle ; and Caleb, who had employed the hour devoted by that young woman to repose in getting himself up as *cicerone*, proceeded, spy-glass in hand, to do the honors of Green Mountain.

"In the first place you notice that we seem to be in the hollow of a great basin, with the sea rising in a blue slope upon every side until the horizon line is on a level with our eyes. This is on account of our great elevation above the sea-level and is an effect often mentioned by aeronauts —"

"Caleb ! did I come to the top of Green Mountain to imbibe Learning-made-easy ? You will be attempting next to teach me the multiplication-table."

"Excuse me, my dear, I never should attempt that ; and I will now confine myself to obvious facts, leaving their attendant theories to you. Do you see that black beetle with a plume upon his head, crawling up the blue slope toward the horizon ?"

"Yes, I see the beetle."

"Well, his, or rather her, name is Lewiston ; and she is a steamer of no matter how many tons, proceeding from Southwest Harbor toward Machias. Through the spy-glass you can distinguish the people upon her decks."

"Then I won't look through the spy-glass, for I much prefer the black-beetle idea to the steamer idea. But where are all the ships gone to-day ?"

"There are two ships and a good many other vessels in sight," replied

Caleb with mild accuracy, "although I dare say you took them for boats, or even sea-fowl; all those flashing white specks are sails. Now look at the islands. This, with a great bay eating the heart out of it, and leaving only a circle of earth, is called —"

"The Doge's Ring, — is it not?"

"No more than Frenchman's Bay is called Adriatic. That is Great Cranberry, — pronounced Crarmb'y Island, — and the nearer ones are Little Cranberries. Beyond is Long Island, and just above, if your eyes are very sharp, you can make out a speck called Mount Desert Rock. Stay, look through the glass at it. There is no danger of seeing any of your fellow-creatures, although two of them inhabit it."

"A light-house? O yes; I make out a solitary shaft with a pedestal of rock and the foam dashing over it. Do you say two men live there? why, it is worse than Minot Light."

"More lonely, certainly; for it is twenty-five miles from land, and must be frequently quite shut in by fog and storm. Now come to the other side of the house, and I will show you Katahdin, one hundred and thirty miles away, and perhaps Mount Washington, at a distance of one hundred and seventy. I saw it just now."

So Miselle obediently went, saw all the lions, and then wandered away with the sweet-faced Quakeress to a little nook, where, with the world before them, they enjoyed themselves in a desultory feminine fashion, careless of names or distances, but vividly conscious of every point of beauty in sky or sea or land.

"I think this will do us good for the whole year, — don't thee?" asked Miselle's companion; and out of a full heart she could answer only "Yes."

Then came "the world's people," joyous and noisy, and Miselle retraced the few steps she had reverently taken into the pure, sweet chambers of that saintly life, and joined in Chibiabos's merry chorus, and emulated Atalanta's daring leaps from point to point of the rocky path leading to the brow of the

ravine, — a precipitous cleft between Green Mountain and its easterly spur sometimes called Dry Mountain. Beyond this again lies Newport Mountain, and then the sea. The Green Mountain, or eastern face of this ravine, is composed of bare, storm-scattered rock, and so precipitous that a stone launched from the summit drops a thousand feet to the valley below, striking fire from a dozen salient points of the precipice as it goes, and announcing the end of its journey by a faint and distant crash, while a curious double echo repeats the sound of its fall, — first from Otter Creek to the west; and some seconds later from some point far to the east, apparently the open sea.

"Probably our friends the Titans came here to repose in the 'lap of Nature,'" suggested the Count. "Fancy one of them resting his head upon the breast of Dry Mountain, and his body in the wooded valley below, while his feet dabbled luxuriously in the waters of Otter Creek."

Here Caleb launched a fragment of rock so large that its thunderous descent aroused the eagles who inhabit Newport, and who now rose, screaming angrily, from their eyrie.

"Nine of them, as I'm a sinner!" exclaimed Caleb, in great excitement.

And Miselle remarked to Atalanta, "How fortunate we are not chickens, or even lambs!"

"Don't be afraid, those gentlemen have, or soon will have, other fish than you to fry," remarked Caleb; while the Ambassador, always practical, proclaimed his discovery of a nook filled with the largest blueberries ever seen.

"There is a lively sympathy between us and the lower animals after all. They are always grubbing round for something to eat, and so are we," suggested Atalanta, meditatively plucking the blueberries.

And so home again.

The next day the gentlemen, headed by the General, devoted to a fishing excursion; and their disconsolate reticets, left to themselves, also hired a roomy row-boat with the two sturdy

mariners appertaining, and set forth upon a voyage to the Ovens, — an unromantic name given to certain curious caves worn by action of the tide in the base of certain picturesque crags upon the shore of Saulsbury Cove.

"Ovens!" exclaimed Mrs. General, indignantly, as the party strolled along the beach, looking up at the bold cliffs toppling above their heads, their wide seams green with ferns and blue with harebells, while from the crest nodded birch and larch, and many another graceful growth,—"ovens indeed! This place is henceforth to be called Saulsbury Crags."

"It is a vote," announced the Speaker; and Miselle "resp'y submits" the idea.

The day was charming, so was the company, so was the lunch, eaten in the largest "oven," so was the row homeward, so was the evening, when the fishermen returned wet and dirty beyond belief, hungry, boastful, and happy beyond expression.

The next day was devoted to "the long drive," a tour embracing the village of Seal Cove, Northeast Harbor, and Somesville, a curious sea-wall or natural causeway composed of pebbles, thrown up by the ocean, but not equal to a similar formation at the other side of Somes's Sound, near Southwest Harbor.

But the limits of a magazine paper are peremptory, and by no means admit narrations of all the wonderful adventures that befell the party in this expedition, — of how they lost their way, and were fain to send out an exploring expedition; of how they sought shelter and advice in Rhoda Wasgott's Variety Store at Seal Cove, and were referred to a friendly farm-house close at hand, where they received kindest hospitality, much new milk, bread, butter, doughnuts, and apple-pie, and where, to Miselle's rapturous delight, she found a woman spinning real *bona fide* yarn to be knitted into stockings, and learned, furthermore, that the dwellers in this primitive region still spin and weave and wear the wool of their own sheep,

precisely as all our grandmothers once did.

From these scanty "specimen bricks" let the reader build up for himself the story of a long and charming day, ending in a rattling drive homeward, and an impromptu concert at "the other house."

The following morning was devoted to a scramble up a perpendicular mountain for the purpose of obtaining what Atalanta recommended as a "tidy little view"; and Miselle, mentally adjusting the price of candles to the pleasure of such a game, declined accompanying her friends farther than a cottage at the foot of the mountain, where she begged hospitality until their return. It was granted with ready kindness; and while the hostess continued her washing, Miselle devoted herself to a large rocking-chair, a little girl named Aqua, and a new field of observation.

"You don't feel the storms here as they do on the coast, — do you?" asked she, looking out at the surrounding mountains.

"No, it's an awful sight lee-er here under the hills than right out on shore, you see; but then it's dretful lonesome come to die here in the winter, and a man have to go eight mile a-horseback through the mountains 'fore he can fetch a doctor, and you mebbe gone 'fore he gets back."

It was a handful out of her inmost heart that the woman thus gave, and Miselle glanced with sudden appreciation at her hollow cheeks and over-bright eyes.

Presently the hostess wiping her arms, and, sending Anselm for "kin'lin's," busied herself over the stove for a few minutes, and returned with a steaming cup of tea and a cup of milk.

"Thought mebbe you'd take a dish o' tea along o' me," said she: "you don't look so dretful rugged; and it'll kind o' rest ye."

And Miselle, sipping the tea, thought of certain holy words: "For all they did cast in of their abundance, but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."

Before the lunch was ended, the mountaineers returned, as footsore, ragged, tired, and cross as they deserved to be, and Miselle bid good by to her new friend with real regret.

"We are all invited to a *bal masque* at the Bayview House this evening," announced Atalanta at dinner; "and we are all going, which is more."

So the afternoon was devoted to finery and contrivance; the early evening to dressing a Benedictine monk, a Calcutta baboo, and a gypsy fortune-teller; and the first hours of the night to dancing and nonsense.

"The moon knows better than to go to masquerades; she stays out of doors, and enjoys herself like a rational creature," said Miselle, between two yawns, as she walked home.

"You should have been a monk and shrived pretty penitents," said Caleb,

laughing with much apparent satisfaction.

But, *Halte-là!* cries the editorial voice, and Miselle pauses, saying, with the wily Scheherezade, "However curious these things may be, what I have yet to tell will divert you infinitely more."

"Pooh!" growls the philosopher. "Because you like a thing, why expect all the world to like it also? How many unfortunate tourists now may be beguiled into visiting it only to find that your swans are geese, and to come away railing at your rose-colored delusions."

"The swans may be geese, and the eagles carrion crows," serenely replied Miselle; "but the larks of Mount Desert are not to be doubted, for Caleb found one there, and it did him a world of good."

THE FACE IN THE GLASS.

CHAPTER VI.

TWO days after this, while I was in my husband's library, he writing and I restlessly pacing from wall to wall, the door opened, and the groom of the chambers announced "Sir Thomas Juxton, of London."

Mr. Huntingdon advanced to greet the stranger, and I turned to leave the room, for I noticed that even this newcomer glanced at me as did every one, that is, watchfully and suspiciously. Mr. Huntingdon, however, intercepted me, and, presenting the stranger as a physician who had come from London to see me, rolled a chair to me, and, placing me in it, sat down opposite.

Sir Thomas took my hand, felt my pulse, and then ensued a long cross-questioning as to my symptoms, during which I preserved an obstinate silence. I was, however, so irritated, that I at

length dragged my hand forcibly away from his, and, pushing him from me, cried, "Leave me! You can do me no good unless you give me liberty." No sooner had he left the room with Mr. Huntingdon than I bitterly repented having shown such impatience; the more I raged against my bonds the closer were they drawn, — gently, and almost imperceptibly, it is true, but most securely. I therefore resolved to call the doctor back, apologize for what I had said, and submit to whatever remedies he might propose. The sound of voices in the ante-room, as I opened the door, made me pause. Mr. Huntingdon was standing with his back to me, and the doctor was speaking. "I never saw a clearer case in my life," he was saying. "In fact, when I saw your lady in London, I anticipated nothing else; though I had hopes that your unusual devotion, and the remedies which I proposed, might have ar-

rested in some degree the progress of the disease."

"You consider — her — incurable?" interrupted Mr. Huntingdon.

"Entirely so; indeed, my dear sir, it is best that I should not conceal the truth from you, painful as it is. There is absolutely no hope for your wife, and I should advise her immediate removal. But the subject, I see, is an unpleasant one to you, and I have no wish to prolong it unnecessarily. *Good morning.*"

Mr. Huntingdon immediately returned to the library, and, drawing his chair to the table, began to write. I, however, was determined to compel him to repeat what the doctor had said, and interrupted him with the request that he would listen to me for a moment. He assented by a slight inclination of the head, pushed his papers away, and, selecting a pen from the rack before him, began leisurely to mend it, assuming meanwhile an air of patient attention. Need I repeat that interview? Enough if I say that I, as usual, was agitated and confused, he calm and patient; that at its close I really believed myself the prey to some dreadful disease, and that another attack of frenzy was the result.

I was more closely imprisoned than ever after that day, and never was my desire for liberty so strong. Unceasingly and cunningly did I speculate upon a means of escaping and sailing for some distant land, where he who held over me so absolute a sway could never come. It was on the 5th of August that I at length found means to elude the vigilance of the servants who watched me in Mr. Huntingdon's absence. I remember well that hot, starlit night, the great house lit up, the deep, cool glades of the park, in one of which I concealed myself until deeper night should come, that under cover of it I might start away and be lost.

Soon after ten o'clock I proceeded on my way. I was anxious to strike a post road, and, if possible, take the night coach, and I walked with a desperate

haste which afterward seemed to me miraculous. I literally fled along the lonely road, and before long left the lights of Huntingdon far behind me. I began, however, to grow weary. My shoes were thin; I was unaccustomed to walking; and the mad pace, which at first was a relief to me, at last became intolerably wearisome. Toiling on thus, I was overtaken by the coach, and, having paid a liberal fee to the guard, was taken up. Tired as I was, I dared not, could not sleep; I watched through the short summer night for the tramp of horses in pursuit, and glowed exultant at the thought that every hour bore me further and further away from my hated captivity.

We travelled all the following day, and at nightfall reached a hamlet in a far distant country. After assuring myself that a coach would pass through early in the morning, I prepared to alight.

It was too dark for me to see the group gathered round the coach, and I gave my hand to a gentleman who extended his to assist me. Although I could not see his face, I knew that firm velvet clasp; and a chill ran through my veins, and my heart paused in beating, as it closed over my hand. Mr. Huntingdon was there before me.

"I have been waiting here some time for you," he said; "and, as our own carriage is ready, perhaps we had better continue our journey at once."

I drew back, trembling and indignant; but, taking me in his arms, he placed me forcibly in the carriage, and signed the postilions to proceed.

When we were fairly on our way, he bent towards me, and said: "You will not find a repetition of last night's attempt for your advantage."

Before sunset on the following day I was once more in my apartments at Huntingdon Hall.

On the third day after our return, as I sat listlessly watching the fast-falling rain, the door of my room suddenly opened, and Mr. Huntingdon appeared, followed by my maid, who carried my shawl and travelling-cloak

on her arm. I noticed that she was herself dressed for travelling.

"Where are we going?" said I, as she approached me.

"Poor dear!" said my maid. "Think of her forgetting that now!"

"I have forgotten nothing," I replied, as calmly as I could. "Where are we going, Harrington?"

Mr. Huntingdon was engaged in giving an order to a servant who had followed him into the room. He suffered me to repeat my question before he spoke. "You know that we are going to travel," said he, quietly.

"I did *not* know it," I replied, indignantly, "and you know that I did not."

"You wished to travel a day or two since. I was not prepared to accompany you then, and could not permit you to travel alone. Now we will travel, as I am anxious to gratify you."

I laughed scornfully as I answered: "You know perfectly that I am a prisoner here, and that my wishes are little regarded; *now*, however, I insist upon knowing where I am to go."

"You know already, Mrs. Huntingdon," interrupted my maid, officiously. "Dear me, madam, you've been all for going to France, I'm sure."

I had always disliked this woman, and the feeling that she despised me, and that she had seen me during my attacks of passion, — attacks the recollection of which mortified me deeply, — was not calculated to mollify my dislike. Of late she had not only watched me closely, but had assumed a patronizing, officious manner, which seemed to me insulting. I therefore replied, with some temper: "You are impertinent, and you at least shall not go with me. You —"

"Leave the room," said Mr. Huntingdon. She obeyed instantly; and, offering his arm to me, he said: "The carriage has already been waiting some time."

"Where are we going?" I answered, still lingering.

"To France, as you already know," he answered.

I took his arm without another word, but without feeling any reluctance with regard to the visit to France. Always and everywhere a prisoner, even a change of captivity was welcome to me; and, besides, the journey offered another possibility of the escape for which I cherished an undiminished longing. We walked down stairs, therefore, and through the long corridor leading to the hall, in perfect silence; and as we approached the hall I heard a voice — my maid's voice — declaiming loudly: "Bless your heart, she's more flighty now than ever, — quite violent, indeed, and master's patience with her is something wonderful; and when she's at her worst, screaming and tearing everything like a fury, he's as cool and patient as can be. She's only fit for the mad-house, and I hope she'll soon go there."

I paused aghast as I heard this, and looked up at my husband. He had involuntarily slackened his pace to listen, and a slight, scarcely perceptible, smile curled his lips.

"Can you permit your servants to speak thus of me?" I said.

"Can I under any circumstances prevent them from observing your conduct?" he answered, composedly.

These words inflamed my already irritated temper to the utmost. The moment we entered the hall, I insisted, in the presence of the servants, that my maid should not accompany me on my journey, and that she should be instantly dismissed. A stormy scene ensued, which was ended by Mr. Huntingdon's speaking for the first time, and saying that it should be as I wished. Immediately afterward we departed alone. The carriage, I saw, was heavily packed, as if for a long journey; and during that journey, oppressed with grief, dread, and bodily fatigue, I addressed not one word to my husband, — I feared to do so. O, how I hated and feared, — how I fear him still!

And how he watched me! Those clear sleepless eyes almost maddened me; and as I repeated inwardly to my-

self that I both feared and hated him, I shuddered, believing that he would divine my thoughts, and punish them as he alone knew how.

Four days after we left Huntingdon we reached a small seaport town, whence we were to embark for France. Our luggage and servants had gone by a different route, and we were to sail on the following day. As we were walking that evening on the cliffs which overhung the sullen, swelling sea, I thought suddenly that there was the repose I had coveted so long. I had never thought of suicide before, though I had felt that loathing of existence which makes life valueless; but now, as I thought, Death seemed to me my only friend, the grave, and its solemn, inviolable shelter, my last refuge. The white, curling waves seemed to beckon me with strange fascination, and, acting on the impulse of the moment, I dropped Mr. Huntingdon's arm, saying that I was cold, and wanted my cloak. I expected that he would at once leave me to seek it, as he rarely failed in any office of courtesy; but he passed his arm about me, and said, "Abandon the thought of suicide, Charlotte; you will never have an opportunity to commit it, though your French blood may make the temptation a strong one."

I made no reply, and suffered him to convey me back to our lodgings in silence; but when we were fairly in our apartments, and the doors were closed, I confronted him.

"Why did you not let me die?" I asked.

"It was my duty to prevent you," he answered, calmly.

"You do not love me?"

"Certainly not," he said, with some surprise; "nor do I think that I ever pretended to do so."

"You once said you did."

"At Lascours? Pardon me, I did not say so. I have not once violated the truth in anything I ever said to you."

"You hate me now."

"No, I assure you."

"Then why did you not let me die?"

"I have already answered that question," said he, looking at his watch; "I can spare no more time." And he opened a book. For once, however, my anger, rather than my fear, prevailed. I darted forward, and snatched it from his hand.

"You must *not* read now," I said; "you *shall* listen to me."

"To what purpose shall I listen?" he replied. "Continue, however, to speak, if you prefer to do so."

"You know well all that I have to say to you," said I, struggling to restrain my tears.

"It is possible; but, if so, why do you persist in saying it?"

"Harrington," I answered, rising, and taking his hand, "tell me, for pity's sake tell me, where I am going. Tell me why that physician came to see me; tell me whether—" I hesitated; the dark fear I had in my mind I could not shape in words, so much did I dread his reply,—"tell me," I continued, "whether you believe that I am what—that woman said."

"All those questions can be easily answered," said Mr. Huntingdon. "You are going to a retreat which I have selected; that physician came to see you by my desire, and what I think of your mental condition I refuse to reveal."

"But I will know," I replied. "I will not longer submit in silence to treatment which has gone far toward making me what you perhaps think I am. I am your wife, and I claim to be treated as such."

To this he vouchsafed no reply. And I went on: "I have estates of my own. I have a right to leave you, and live alone if I choose to insist on a separation."

"Indeed," he said; "and on what grounds would you base your appeal for a separation?" As he said this he lifted his eyes, and surveyed me with a contemptuous smile.

"On what grounds?" I repeated. "You do not love me, you are cruel to me, and I am weary of my life."

"Very graceful and romantic rea-

sons," answered Mr. Huntingdon; "but they would not stand in a court of law, and I shall never consent to a legal separation."

"Let me go, let me leave you," I rejoined, "and you may have my estates."

"Your estates are already mine," he replied. "By the laws of this country a married woman possesses no property; and, besides, your estates are entailed, and I am your heir. You see, therefore, that what you would offer me is mine by a double right, which I shall never relinquish."

"You bad, cruel man!" I burst out. "You do not love me, you never loved me; you do not hate me, but you torture me nevertheless. You know that I am dying by inches, that your presence is killing me; and you have all that you want,—all that I can give you,—yet you deny my prayer for solitude and rest; you insist upon keeping me in your presence until I am maddened by your ceaseless surveillance. Ah! let me go away, I beseech you, anywhere, or let me die. Death is preferable to such a life as mine."

He was silent, and I—fool that I was—thought that I had at last moved him. I looked eagerly up in his face, as I waited for his reply. As he still stood motionless, I retreated step by step until I reached the door. There, seeing that he made no movement, I paused, and again said: "You have all, remember, I want nothing; I ask nothing for myself but liberty. I do not ask for a legal separation. I only want to live apart from you."

Still silence.

"Farewell," I said.

"Farewell," he replied.

I turned the handle of the door gently at first, then, as it resisted my efforts, more roughly, shook it at length violently; all in vain; it was locked on the outside. Mr. Huntingdon smiled.

"Return to your seat," said he. "That door is locked by my command. At midnight we embark, and until then you had better rest."

"Then you will not let me go? you insist on prolonging my misery?" said I, with a choking sense of despair, as this last hope was wrenched from me.

"I had already decided your future," he answered, resuming his book.

CHAPTER VII.

IN vain, transported by rage and disappointment, did I lavish threats, entreaties, and expostulations upon him. He was alike deaf to all, and sat turning the leaves of his book as coolly, and with as much apparent interest, as if no heart-broken, indignant soul were pleading to him so pitifully.

It was past midnight when we embarked in an open boat for the packet which was moored in the bay. I was lashed to one of the seats, and, as the fisherman who had engaged to row us out took the oars, Mr. Huntingdon inquired whether he would be able to accomplish the distance in half the usual time.

"Because," he added, "I perceive that we are already late, and, in case you cannot engage to take us out within that time, I will buy your boat of you, row my wife out, and set it adrift. I cannot afford to run the risk of losing the packet."

After some parleying this plan was agreed upon, and the boat shot out upon the water like a living thing, propelled by his long, steady strokes. As soon as we were fairly out of sight of the town, he changed his course, and, instead of making for the packet, rowed to the northward, keeping close to the shore.

It was a calm, moonless night, and, exhausted by the emotion I had undergone, and lulled in spite of myself by the rhythmical beat of the oars, I fell asleep. When I awoke Mr. Huntingdon was bending over me, unfastening the lashing which bound me to my seat. The boat was moored on a solitary shore, and the gray dawn of the summer morning, breaking over the scene, showed on the one hand the grayer sea,

and on the other a low shore, marshes, and a distant hamlet, from which as yet no smoke was rising.

As I stepped out of the boat Mr. Huntingdon set her adrift, and, taking my hand, began to walk rapidly toward this hamlet. After a few steps we reached a turn in the road, where we sat down to rest; and while we were waiting Mr. Huntingdon enveloped the lower part of his face in a scarf, so that it was impossible to distinguish his features. Not long afterward a coach came in sight, and we hailed it and entered. We travelled for two days, and at length, at nightfall alighted on the edge of a wide moor. No human habitation was in sight, and Mr. Huntingdon, taking my arm, plunged into a deep wood. We had not gone far before I perceived that, wild and desolate as everything looked, it had once formed part of a gentleman's grounds. Statues, moss-grown and broken, glimmered in the deep recesses of the wood, and I soon saw that we were approaching a large mansion. It stood before us so gloomy, dark, and ivy-grown that it was almost impossible to distinguish it from the thickly growing trees which surrounded it. Not a light glimmered from its numerous windows, all of which were closed and barred, nor did the faintest echo break the deep silence which brooded around. We ascended the flight of stone steps which led to the grand entrance, and Mr. Huntingdon, taking a key from his pocket, opened the heavy door, and closed it noiselessly behind us. He then again took my hand, and we mounted the staircase; it was long, and had two landings. Arrived at the top, I was led down a long corridor, then through a suite of rooms, — I could guess this by the fact that Mr. Huntingdon opened the doors as we advanced. At length we paused, and he struck a light. I was at first so dazzled that I could distinguish nothing; but, as my vision cleared, I perceived that we were in a small room, hung with tapestry. There were no windows as I speedily observed, and the fireplace was closed.

The room was abundantly lighted by four wax-candles, which were burning in silver sconces on the walls; the furniture consisted of two lounging-chairs, a bed, cheval-glass, and a table already laid for supper. Mr. Huntingdon mixed some wine and water, and offered it to me; but I pushed it away, and said, "Where am I?"

"At Averndean Manor," he replied. "You wished for a separate residence, and one has been assigned you; you will reside here alone, but I shall visit you occasionally. Averndean Manor, as you are aware, is one of my estates; it was unoccupied during my father's lifetime, and has remained so until now. The desire for solitude which you expressed so passionately will be fully gratified here, I think; here, at least, you will be entirely alone, nor shall I ever again reside with you. Our separation is final and complete."

"Why can I not remain at Carteret?" I asked.

"Because Averndean Manor is within nine miles of Huntingdon, and therefore admits of frequent visits from me. We do not part in anger, and it is my intention to maintain some intercourse with you."

"But Carteret is my own estate."

"Have I not already told you that that is no longer the case? Indeed, even admitting that view of the subject, Averndean Manor is also yours. When in the marriage service I made you a sharer in all my worldly goods, I thought especially of Averndean. I intended then that it should be your residence."

"Who lives here?" I rejoined.

"You only," he replied. "You demanded solitude, repose, immunity from observation, and from the surveillance which you stigmatized as cruel; your prayer is granted without reservation; the solitude of Averndean Manor is absolute; you will have no temptations to lure you from repose; and from the observation of all eyes you are as completely sheltered as you would be in your grave."

"What!" I gasped, "is it possible

that you intend to leave me here alone, — utterly alone? I shall go mad. It is base, cruel, murderous.”

“That is a harsh term,” he said, with a slight smile. “It is in fact a matter of some difficulty for me to arrange matters in accordance with your wishes. You demand a separation, a demand which you cannot legally justify, but I grant it; you demand solitude, I grant that also; you demand immunity from observation, — a singular demand for so young and beautiful a woman, — but that is yours; and, having at considerable loss of time, gratified all these whims my conduct is stigmatized as — However, I will not repeat your words. Doubtless it has already occurred to you that they are ill adapted to me.”

“No, no, *no!*” I cried. “All the vile epithets in the world would not do justice to conduct such as yours, to cruelty so refined, to injustice so undeserved. If you have brought me here to murder me, do it now. Spare me —”

“Murder you!” he interrupted, in his softest tones, and with a deprecating wave of his white hand, — “*murder you!* Such an idea is far from me; such a crime I have no motives to commit, nor, if I had the motives, have I a temperament which would permit me to act upon them. No, I shall neither murder you, nor allow you to murder yourself. Suicide, although it has, as I before remarked, a certain attraction for the French nature, is quite unworthy of a daughter of the Carterets and of my wife. I shall therefore guard you safely in this respect.”

“*Guard me!*” I repeated scornfully, “your guardianship has ruined my life, broken my heart, shattered my mind. May God in mercy preserve any other poor creature from guardianship such as yours, which, after driving me to despair, would drag me back from the grave where I might forget you and your cruelty.”

“I see,” said Mr. Huntingdon, slightly shrugging his shoulders, “that I am little understood. Sit down,” he continued, pushing a chair toward me, “and

I will admit you into the confidence which you some time since so bitterly complained that I withheld from you. Compose yourself and listen.

“I assure you, in the first place, that the guardianship of which you are so weary has been equally wearisome to me. I determined long since to relinquish it when the proper time arrived, and it has arrived. There is but one more scene in the drama which we have enacted together since your birth, — then the curtain drops, and severed, not by death, but by my will, which is as potent, you will be to me, and I to you, as if we had never been.”

He paused for a moment to look at his watch, but I still listened, breathless. What was he about to tell me? A dreadful fascination held me.

“I believe,” he resumed, glancing at me with the contemptuous smile I so hated, “that you have hardly appreciated my character and talents, and, to make them quite clear to you, I must tell you something of my history. You are aware, of course, that your father was my favorite uncle and dearest friend; perhaps if I were to reverse that proposition, and say that I was his favorite nephew and dearest friend, I should approach more nearly to the truth. I was ever conscious that he stood between me and Carteret Castle. You observe that I am frank with you, and it affords me pleasure, I assure you, to be so. I was, of course, the heir to Carteret, as well as Huntingdon, for my uncle constantly assured me that he had given up all thought of marrying. Nothing, therefore, occurred to render my prospects dubious until my seventeenth year, when I accompanied my uncle to France. Among other visits we paid one to the Chateau Lascours, then inhabited by your grandfather, who died a few months afterward, and your mother, who was somewhat younger than you are now, and at the height of her very remarkable beauty. Your father was much confined to his room by ill health at that time, and the Countess devoted herself to me. She was extremely fascinating and beautiful

and, though I cannot now say that I loved her, she had a great charm for me, and we were secretly affianced. Judge, therefore, of my surprise when, shortly after my return to England, I received a letter from your father announcing his nuptials with Mademoiselle de Lascours. I think it will be granted that I then had just cause for murder, but that has never been at all a temptation of mine. Revenge, my dear Charlotte, to be thoroughly enjoyed, should not be illegal. But to return to my story. Shortly after the marriage your father's health began to fail. He returned to England to die; and it was while I was watching his last agonies that the news of your birth and of your mother's death arrived. I communicated both, and had the satisfaction of receiving his last injunctions. I decided then and there upon the course I have since adopted in regard to you. I have watched carefully over all your interests, and would be willing to display my management of them before England and the world. I educated you to be my wife, and, in accordance with my determination, you in time became so; as to the devotion I have since shown you, and which I assure you others appreciate if you do not, I have had my reasons for that also, though it has been irksome at times, and is relinquished with pleasure. Your inheritance has been preserved inviolate, your life has been calm, nor have you ever received unkindness at my hands. You complain that you have not been happy, and I reply that it never was my intention that you should be.

"One thing more and I have done. You asked me, not long since, the opinion of your physician in regard to your case. He declared you to be an incurable maniac, and advised your immediate removal to a *Maison de Santé* on the Continent. In compliance with his directions I made arrangements for your admittance, engaged your apartments, and forwarded your luggage, but it was never my intention to permit you to reside there: I had selected *Averdean* as a retreat better suited to your

rank, and here you will reside for a time. Have no fear, however, of personal violence; that will never be offered you."

He ceased, and, leaning gracefully against the mantel-piece, contemplated me with a cold serenity which inflamed to the utmost the stormy passions at war within me, — passions so intense that they could not at first find a vent in words. I began to see the past clearly, to comprehend all that had seemed so mysterious, and I shuddered as I thought. One question, the reply to which I felt a horror of, and was, nevertheless, resolved to hear, I must ask.

"Tell me," I said, rising from my chair as I spoke, — "tell me — that letter of my father's — did he — when did he write that?"

"When? Surely you have heard."

"Is it his handwriting?"

"You have seen other letters of his; any one familiar with his handwriting would swear to the signature of that letter to you."

"Is it his own handwriting? Did he write it?" I persisted, my hideous, half-formed suspicions gathering certainty.

Mr. Huntingdon surveyed me with a mocking smile. "It is my desire to be quite frank with you," he answered. "That letter was — All stratagems are fair in love, you know, or war, and our marriage was, perhaps, a combination of both."

"Then," I said, my voice issuing from my lips in a hoarse shriek, "that letter was a forgery! my father never wrote it!"

"Forgery is an ugly term," Mr. Huntingdon answered. "Call it, however, what you will, that letter was neither written nor dictated by your father, although I flatter myself that it did no more than express his wishes."

The room seemed to whirl round me as he spoke. I remember snatching a knife from the table and springing towards him; then darkness swept over all my senses, and I remember no more.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN I came to myself, I was lying on the sofa, the knife had been wrenched from my grasp, and Mr. Huntingdon was gone.

The night must have been far advanced, for the tall candles were burned almost to their sockets. There was a liberal supply upon the mantel-piece, however, and I soon lit others, and then I had leisure to examine my apartment. It had, as I have before said, no windows, although it was well ventilated, apparently by some aperture in the lofty ceiling. To my horror, I soon found that there was no door, and the truth was clear to me that I was a prisoner in a secret chamber of the long-deserted Avernian Manor,—a prisoner, and evidently to be so for some length of time, as there was an abundance of provisions and clothing. All that I had before endured was as nothing compared with the horror of that moment,—a dull horror, through which my fierce hatred of the man who had thus ruined me glared like a lurid torch. When, after repeated examinations of every rent in the tapestry, of every crack in the floor and panelling, I became aware that all was useless, and that escape was for me a thing impossible, I gave myself up unrestrainedly to the fury which possessed my soul. The lofty roof, the long galleries, the many silent rooms of that deserted house, tossed back my shrieks in a thousand mocking echoes; but no human voice replied, no step approached, no hand was extended to aid me.

When I was literally exhausted, I threw myself down and slept. Slept! that sleep was a dream of hell, and from it I woke to deeper misery. I sought everywhere for some means of putting an end to my wretched existence, but in vain; he who had locked me there had well kept his promise of guarding me from suicide.

After that, I cannot remember much; I do not even know how the time passed, although I remember that, when the

candles burned out, I replaced them. The dread of utter darkness was alive in me still, and sometimes I ate and drank. I do not know how long I had been there when I woke out of a kind of stupor which yet was not sleep. The candles were flickering and guttering, and, strangely enough, reminded me of those other candles far away, which had burned round the corpse in the Chateau Lascours.

I rose from the side of my bed, where I must have been sitting, and looked round the room. It was all dismantled now. The tapestry hung (as I had torn it) in strips from the walls, the furniture was broken and disordered. I looked slowly round, feeling that it was my last sight of earth and earthly things. My last trial, I thought, had come, for I had resolved to beat myself to death against a sort of abutment in the panelled wall.

I advanced. Once, twice I hurled myself against it with a sort of fierce delight, as I thought that *he* would come and find me dead. The third time the panel yielded, and I fell forward into the room beyond.

My first emotion was one of dread lest Mr. Huntingdon should be near; my next, the determination to seize this opportunity of escape without delay. I returned to my room for a moment, to fold my veil and mantle about me; then, taking my purse, I crept out, carefully closing the panel behind me. I was in total darkness, but rightly conjecturing that the room in which I found myself was the last of the suite through which I remembered to have passed, I groped my way on slowly, opening and closing the doors noiselessly. At last I felt that I was in the corridor or gallery leading to the staircase. I found it at last, and descended, my heart beating audibly as I remembered *who* had once met me at the foot of a staircase. He was not there, however, and I found myself in a large, octagonal hall, with many corridors diverging from it. From one of these a light gleamed, and I advanced toward that light, swiftly and silently. As I approached it, I saw

that it proceeded from a large room, in the centre of which stood a table upon which four wax-candles were burning. It was littered with papers, and sitting writing with his back to me was Mr. Huntingdon. He had evidently been riding, for his coat, hat, and whip lay upon a chair near the door, together with a small Italian stiletto which he always carried about him. I took that up as I passed, and crept toward him.

He was dressed, as he often was, in a coat of gray cloth with ruffles of the finest lace. One hand was thrust into his breast, the other was travelling steadily over the paper. I crept nearer, nearer still, — so near that, had I not held my breath, it would have stirred his blond silken hair. I saw what he had written: —

“Died at Hyères, France, on the 20th of August, 1798, Charlotte Alixela Baume, wife of the Right Honorable Harrington Carteret Huntingdon, of Huntingdon Hall and Averndean Manor, Cumberland, and daughter of the Hon. Charles Huntingdon Carteret of Carteret Castle and Branthope Grange.”

All the fierce hatred I felt for him blazed up at the sight, and quivered through every fibre, and I stabbed him, — stabbed him deeply behind the ear.

A slight shudder shook his strong frame, his right hand dragged itself along the paper, then — all was still, and I turned and fled, throwing the stiletto from me as I sped along the gallery. I opened the great door, and hastened down the steps. Mr. Huntingdon's horse was tied there, and I unfastened and let him go; then, plunging into the woods, I rushed madly on. The night was far advanced, and I was on a distant road, when I was overtaken by the coach; and of the next few days I have little recollection. I never rested for a moment until I reached Paris. I arrived there in the morning; but how long after I left England I do not know. I had some difficulty at first in securing apartments; but, being liberally provided with money, I at length succeeded in finding them in the Rue —. I was

worn out with fatigue and hunger, and slept until quite late. When the portress, whose services I had engaged, at length awoke me, it was dark. She soon brought candles, however, and then left me, after placing my dinner on the table. I rearranged my dress as well as I was able, and then, seeing a long mirror opposite, I lifted my eyes to survey the effect. Horror! horror! Bending over me, his left hand still in his bosom, his fair hair, his rich dress, all unruffled, save for the blood which dripped from the wound behind his ear, with a mocking smile on his lips, stood Mr. Huntingdon.

I could not have turned, I could not have averted my eyes for worlds; but, slowly raising my right hand, I thrust it backward. It was not clasped, it met no resisting medium, although it did not stir. No; I thrust it through and through that figure, moved it up and down, and then, — then I knew that I had but set him free that he might follow and torment me wherever I went, and I tore myself away, and rushed out of the room.

On the first landing of the staircase down which I hastened was a tall mirror, and in it I could see him descending at my side, step by step, his wound dripping redly as he walked. A group of servants were assembled on the landing, and as one of them advanced to ask if I wanted anything, I paused, and made some remark about the gentleman with me.

“Madame?” he said, gazing first at the mirror to which my eyes were directed, and then at me. Evidently he saw nothing, and thought me mad, and I lingered no longer. I rushed out; and since then I have been a wanderer, never daring to rest, and knowing always that he was near; and he is. Not only in mirrors, but in solitary pools and watercourses, ay, even in the sea, I have seen him as I saw him that night. Everywhere and always he is with me. Even in the convent I knew he was there; and one night when I kept my vigils before the high altar, I saw in the marble floor — HIS

face. I knew then that God had forsaken me, and I tried to come back to England to confess, if perhaps then I might have rest. But I was ill,—and I lost my way,—and now—now I am dying, and he is here waiting,—waiting for me. If I had strength to rise and look, I should see him smiling mockingly at me. He knows I must come soon; but I cannot stop his wound; it bleeds,—it drips, drips still. Ah! he is waiting, and I must go. Doctor, this is my confession. When I am gone, publish it,—tell it. Perhaps—he will—be satisfied—then.

She paused. Already death was at hand; the strong will, which alone had kept her alive during the five days which had elapsed since she began to dictate her confession, had yielded at last; the agony of haste with which she had spoken was all spent; and, as she sank down among her pillows, her thin hands began to pluck restlessly at the coverlet,—busy and aimless, as the hands of the dying often are. Opening the door, I called the nurse, who came speedily, and, bending over her, began to chafe the feet which were already dipped in the cold waters of that stream which, sooner or later, must be crossed by all who are born of woman. I raised her head, to ease, if possible, the breath which now came only at intervals, catching and rattling in her throat; and then, thinking that perhaps, if she were able to swallow it, brandy might alleviate the last agony, I went to the fireplace, where a bottle stood, and was pouring it out, when I raised my eyes involuntarily, and almost unconsciously, to the looking-glass. What I saw froze

my blood. It may be doubted—will be doubted—by many. I can only vouch for it as the truth.

I saw a man, tall and stately, his dress splashed with mud as if from hard riding. One hand was thrust into his breast, the other hung by his side. His cold blue eyes met mine with a haughty glance, as I gazed upon him, and a mocking smile curled his lips. I knew those fair and finely chiselled features, that silky blond hair, that dress of fine cloth, and linen and lace; and I shuddered as I saw the blood dripping warm and red from the wound behind his ear.

Motionless I stood, lost in the mortal terror of the moment, and while so standing the Abbey clock began to strike. The deep solemn strokes vibrated through the room, and with each that figure became more and more indistinct, or receded. As the twelfth stroke pealed forth it vanished; and the wild wind, rising, moaned and wailed round the inn, and then swept howling away.

I turned towards the bed. The nurse was bending over the still form which lay there. "Poor dear!" she said, drawing back as I approached; "I did n't think she'd go so easy just at the last. She was off like a bird at the last stroke of twelve. Ah, sir, it's no use feeling her pulse; it'll never beat again."

I laid the dead hand back. All was over indeed; and out upon the wild winter midnight those two souls, so strangely linked together by crime and wrong, had gone,—together still.

"One step to the death-bed,
And one to the bier,
And one to the charnel,
And one—O where?"

HOOKER.

THE life of the "learned and judicious" Mr. Richard Hooker, by Izaak Walton, is one of the most perfect biographies of its kind in literature. But it is biography on its knees; and though it contains some exquisite touches of characterization, it does not, perhaps, convey an adequate impression of the energy and enlargement of the soul whose meekness it so tenderly and reverentially portrays. The individuality of the writer is blended with that of his subject, and much of his representation of Hooker is an unconscious idealization of himself. The intellectual limitations of Walton are felt even while we are most charmed by the sweetness of his spirit, and the greatest thinker the Church of England has produced is not reflected on the page which celebrates his virtues.

Hooker's life is the record of the upward growth of a human nature into that region of sentiments and ideas where sagacity and sanctity, intelligence and goodness, are but different names for one vital fact. His soul, and the character his soul had organized, — the invisible but intensely and immortally alive part of him, — was domesticated away up in the heavens, even while the weak visible frame, which *seemed* to contain it, walked the earth; and though in this world thrown controversially, at least, into the Church Militant, the Church Militant caught, through him, a gleam of the consecrating radiance, and a glimpse of the heaven-wide ideas, of the Church Triumphant. There is much careless talk in our day of "spiritual" communication; but it must never be forgotten that the condition of real spiritual communication is height of soul; and that the true "mediums" are those rare persons through whom, as through Hooker, spiritual communications stream in the conceptions of purified, spiritualized, celestialized reason.

Hooker was born in 1553, and was

the son of poor parents, better qualified to rejoice in his early piety than to appreciate his early intelligence. The schoolmaster to whom the boy was sent, happy in a pupil whose inquisitive and acquisitive intellect was accompanied with docility of temper, believed him, in the words of Walton, "to be blessed with an inward divine light"; thought him a little wonder; and when his parents expressed their intention to bind him apprentice to some trade, the good man spared no efforts until he succeeded in interesting Bishop Jewell in the stripling genius. Hooker, at the age of fourteen, was sent by Jewell to the University of Oxford; and after Jewell's death Dr. Sandys, the Bishop of London, became his patron. He partly supported himself at the university by taking pupils; and though these pupils were of his own age, they seem to have regarded their young instructor with as much reverence, and a great deal more love, than they gave to the venerable professors. Two of these pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, rose to distinction. As a teacher, Hooker not merely communicated the results of study, but the spirit of study; some radiations from his own soul fell upon the minds he informed; and the youth fortunate enough to be his pupil might have echoed the grateful eulogy of the poet: —

"For he was like the sun, giving me light,
Pouring into the caves of my young brain
Knowledge from his bright fountains."

No one, perhaps, was better prepared to enter holy orders than Hooker, when, after fourteen years of the profoundest meditation and the most exhaustive study, he, in his twenty-eighth year, was made deacon and priest. And now came the most unfortunate event of his life; and it came in the shape of an honor. He was appointed to preach at St. Paul's Cross, a pulpit cross erected in the churchyard of St. Paul's Cathedral, and from which

a sermon was preached every Sunday by some eminent divine, before an assemblage composed of the Court, the city magistracy, and a great crowd of people. When Hooker arrived in London on Thursday, he was afflicted with so severe a cold that he despaired of being able to use his voice on Sunday. His host was a linen-draper by the name of Churchman; and the wife of this man took such care of her clerical guest, that his cold was sufficiently cured for him to preach his sermon. Before he could sufficiently express his gratitude, she proposed further to increase her claim upon it. Mrs. Churchman — unlike the rest of her sex — was a matchmaker; and she represented to him that he, being of a weak constitution, ought to have a wife who would prove a nurse to him, and thus, by affectionate care, prolong his existence, and make it comfortable. Her benevolence not stopping here, she offered to provide such a one for him herself, if he thought fit to marry. The good man, who had, in his sermon, deemed himself capable of arguing the question of two wills in God, “an antecedent and a consequent will, — his first will that all men should be saved; his second, that those only should be saved who had lived answerable to the degree of grace afforded them,” — a subject large enough to convulse the theological world, — the good man listened to Mrs. Churchman with a more serene trustfulness than he would have done to an Archbishop, and gave her power to select such a nurse-wife for him; he, the thinker and the scholar, who, in the sweep of his mind over human learning, had probably never encountered an intelligence capable of deceiving his own, falling blandly into the toils of an ignorant, cunning, and low-minded matchmaker! This benevolent lady had a daughter, whose manners were vulgar, whose face was unprepossessing, whose temper was irritable and exacting, but who had youth and romance enough to discriminate between being married and going out to service; and this was the wife Mrs. Churchman selected, and this

was the wife gratefully and guilelessly received from her hands by the “judicious Mr. Hooker.” Izaak Walton moralizes sweetly and sedately over this transaction, taking the ground that it was providential, and that affliction is a divine diet imposed by God on souls that he loves. Is this the right way to look at it? Everything is providential after it has happened; but retribution is in the events of providence as well as chastening. Hooker, in truth, had unconsciously slipped into a sin; for he had intended a marriage of convenience, and that of the worst sort. He had violated all the providential conditions implied in the sacred relation of marriage. It was a marriage in which there was no mutual affection, no assurance of mutual help, no union of souls; and taking his wife, as he did, to be his nurse, what wonder that she preferred the more natural office of vixen? And though every man and woman who reads the account of the manner in which she tormented him thinks she deserved to have had some mechanical contrivance attached to her shoulders, which should box her ears at every scolding word she uttered, it seems to be overlooked that great *original* injustice was done to her. We take great delight in being the first who has ever said a humane word for the *injudicious* Mrs. Hooker. Mated, but not united, to that angelic intellect and that meek spirit, — taken as a servant rather than as a wife, — she felt the degradation of her position keenly; and, there being no possibility of equality between them, she, in spiritual self-defence, established in the household the despotism of caprice and the tyranny of the tongue.

His marriage compelled Hooker to resign his fellowship at Oxford; and he accepted a small parish in the diocese of Lincoln. Here, about a year afterwards, he was visited by his two former pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer. It was sufficient for Mrs. Hooker to know that they were scholars, and that they revered her husband. She accordingly at once set in motion certain petty feminine modes of annoyance, to indicate that her husband

was her servant, and that his friends were unwelcome guests. As soon as they were fairly engaged in a conversation, recalling and living over the quiet joys of their college life, the amiable lady that Mr. Hooker had married to be his nurse called him sharply to come and rock the cradle. His friends were all but turned out of the house. Cranmer, in parting with him, said: "Good tutor, I am sorry that your lot is fallen in no better ground as to your parsonage; and more sorry that your wife proves not a more comfortable companion, after you have wearied yourself in your restless studies." "My dear George," was Hooker's answer, "if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me, but labor — as indeed I do daily — to submit mine to his will, and possess my soul in patience and peace." Is it not to be supposed that John Calvin, if placed in similar circumstances, would have shown a little more of the ancient Adam? Would it not have been somewhat dangerous for Catherine, wife of Martin Luther, to have screamed to her husband to come and rock the cradle while he was discoursing with Melancthon on the insufficiency of works?

One result of this visit of his pupils was that Sandys, whose father was Archbishop of York, warmly represented to that dignitary of the Church the scandal of allowing such a combination of the saint and sage as Richard Hooker to be buried in a small country parsonage; and the mastership of the Temple falling vacant at this time, the Archbishop used his influence with the judges and benchers, and in March, 1585, obtained the place for Hooker. But this promotion was destined to give him new disquiets rather than diminish old ones. The lecturer who preached the evening sermons at the Temple was Walter Travers, — an able, learned, and resolute theologian, who preferred the Presbyterian form of church government to the Episcopal,

and who, in his theological belief, agreed with the Puritans. It soon came to be noted that the sermon by Hooker in the morning disagreed, both as to doctrine and discipline, with the sermon delivered by his subaltern in the evening; and it was wittily said that the "forenoon sermon spake Canterbury and the afternoon Geneva." This difference soon engaged public attention. Canterbury stepped in, and prohibited Geneva from preaching. Travers appealed unsuccessfully to the Privy Council, and then his friends privately printed his petition. Hooker felt himself compelled to answer it. As the controversy refers to deep mysteries of religion, still vehemently debated, it would be impertinent to venture a judgment on the relative merits of the disputants; but it may be said that the reasoning of Hooker, when the discussion does not turn on the meaning of authoritative Scripture texts, insinuates itself with more subtle cogency into the natural heart and brain, and is incomparably more human and humane than the reasoning of his antagonist. A fine intellectual contempt steals out in Hooker's rejoinder to the charges of Travers in regard to some minor ceremonies, for which the Puritans, in their natural jealousy of everything that seemed popish, had, perhaps, an irrational horror, and to which the Churchmen were apt to give an equally irrational importance. Hooker quietly refers "to other exceptions, so like these, as but to name I should have thought a greater fault than to commit them." One retort has acquired deserved celebrity: "Your next argument consists of railing and reasons. To your railing I say nothing; to your reasons I say what follows."

It was unfortunate for Hooker's logic that it was supported by the arm of power. Travers had the great advantage of being persecuted; and his numerous friends in the Temple found ways to make Hooker so uncomfortable that he wished himself back in his secluded parish, with nobody to torment him but his wife. He was a great con-

troversialist, as far as reason enters into controversies; but the passions which turn controversies into contentions, and edge arguments with invectives, were foreign to his serenely capacious intellect and peaceable disposition. As he brooded over the condition of the Church, and the disputes raging within it, he more and more felt the necessity of surveying the whole controversy from a higher ground, in larger relations, and in a more Christian spirit. At present the dispute raged within, and had not rent the Church. The Puritans were not dissenters, attacking the Church from without, but reformers, attempting to alter its constitution from within. The idea occurred to Hooker, that a treatise might be written, demonstrating "the power of the Church to make canons for the use of ceremonies, and by law to impose obedience to them, as upon her children," and written with sufficient comprehensiveness of thought and learning to convince the reason of his opponents, and with sufficient comprehensiveness of love to engage their affections. This idea ripened into the "Ecclesiastical Polity," which he began at the Temple; but he found that the theological atmosphere of the place, though it stimulated the mental, was ungenial to the loving qualities he intended to embody in his treatise; and he accordingly begged the Archbishop to transfer him to some quiet parsonage, where he might think in peace. Accordingly, in 1591, he received the Rectory of Boscom; and afterwards, in 1595, the Queen, who seems to have held him in great respect, presented him with the living of Bourne, where he remained until his death, which occurred in the year 1600, in his forty-sixth year. In 1594 four books of the "Ecclesiastical Polity" were published, and a fifth in 1597; the others not till after his death. Walton gives a most beautiful picture of him in his parsonage, illustrating Hooker's own maxim, "that the life of a pious clergyman was visible rhetoric." His humility, benevolence, self-denial,

devotion to his duties, the innocent wisdom which marked his whole intercourse with his parishioners, and his fasting and mortifications, are all set forth in Walton's blindest diction. The most surprising item in this list of perfections is the last; for how, with "the clownish and silly" Mrs. Hooker always snarling and snapping below, while he was looking into the empyrean of ideas from the summits of his intellect, he needed any more of the discipline of mortification, it would puzzle the most resolute ascetic to tell. That amiable lady, as soon as she understood that her husband was opposed to the Puritans, seems to have joined them; spite, and the desire to plague him, appearing to inspire her with an unwonted interest in theology, though we have no record of her theological genius, except the apparently erroneous report that, after Hooker's death, she destroyed or mutilated some of his manuscripts. In Keble's Preface to his edition of Hooker's Works will be found an elaborate account of the publication of the last three books of the "Ecclesiastical Polity," and an examination and approximate settlement of the question regarding their authenticity and completeness.

Hooker's nature was essentially an intellectual nature; and the wonder of his mental biography is the celerity and certainty with which he transmuted knowledge and experience into intelligence. It may be a fancy, but we think it can be detected, in an occasional uncharacteristic tartness of expression, that he had carried up even Mrs. Hooker into the region of his intellect, and dissolved her terragant tongue into a fine spiritual essence of gentle sarcasm. Not only did his vast learning pass, as successively acquired, from memory into faculty, but the daily beauty of his life left its finest and last result in his brain. His patience, humility, disinterestedness, self-denial, his pious and humane sentiments, every resistance to temptation, every benevolent act, every holy prayer, were by some subtle chemistry turned into thought, and gave his intel-

lect an upward lift, increasing the range of its vision, and bringing it into closer proximity with great ideas. We cannot read a page of his writings, without feeling the presence of this spiritual power in conception, statement, and argument. And this moral excellence which has thus become moral intelligence, this holiness which is in perfect union with reason, this spirit of love which can not only feel but see, gives a softness, richness, sweetness, and warmth to his thinking, quite as peculiar to it as its dignity, amplitude, and elevation.

As a result of this deep, silent, and rapid growth of nature, this holding in his intelligence all the results of his emotional and moral life, he attaches our sympathies as we follow the stream of his arguments; for we feel that he has *communed* with all the principles he *communicates*, and knows by direct perception the spiritual realities he announces. His intellect, accordingly, does not act by flashes of insight; "but his soul has *sight*" of eternal verities, and directs at them a clear, steady, divining gaze. He has no lucky thoughts; everything is earned; he knows what he knows in all its multitudinous relations, and cannot be surprised by sudden objections, convicting him of oversight of even the minutest applications of any principle he holds in his calm, strong grasp. And as a controversialist he has the immense advantage of descending into the field of controversy from a height above it, and commanding it, while his opponents are wrangling with minds on a level with it. The great difficulty in the man of thought is to connect his thought with life; and half the literature of theology and morals is therefore mere satire, simply exhibiting the immense, unbridged, ironic gulf that yawns, wide as that between Lazarus and Dives, between truth and duty, on the one hand, and the actual affairs and conduct of the world on the other. But Hooker, one of the loftiest of thinkers, was also one of the most practical. His shining idea, away up in the heaven of Contemplation, sends its rays of light and

warmth in a thousand directions upon the earth, illuminating palace and cottage, piercing into the crevices and corners of concrete existence, relating the high with the low, austere obligation with feeble performance, and showing the obscure tendencies of imperfect institutions to realize divine laws.

This capacious soul was lodged in one of the feeblest of bodies. Physiologists are never weary of telling us that masculine health is necessary to the vigor of the mind; but the vast mental strength of Hooker was independent of his physical constitution. His appearance in the pulpit conveyed no idea of a great man. Small in stature, with a low voice, using no gesture, never moving his person or lifting his eyes from his sermon, he seemed the very impersonation of clerical incapacity and dullness; but soon the thoughtful listener found his mind fascinated by the automaton speaker; a still, devout ecstasy breathed from the pallid lips; the profoundest thought and the most extensive learning found calm expression in the low accents; and, more surprising still, the somewhat rude mother-tongue of Englishmen was heard for the first time from the lips of a master of prose composition, demonstrating its capacity for all the purposes of the most refined and most enlarged philosophic thought. Indeed, the serene might of Hooker's soul is perhaps most obviously perceived in his style,—in the easy power with which he wields and bends to his purpose a language not yet trained into a ready vehicle of philosophical expression. It is doubtful if any English writer since his time has shown equal power in the construction of long sentences,—those sentences in which the thought, and the atmosphere of the thought, and the modifications of the thought, are all included in one sweeping period, which gathers clause after clause as it rolls melodiously on to its foreseen conclusion, and having the general gravity and grandeur of its modulated movement pervaded by an inexpressibly sweet undertone of individual sentiment. And the

strength is free from every fretful and morbid quality which commonly taints the performances of a strong mind lodged in a sickly body. It is as serene, wholesome, and comprehensive as it is powerful.

The Ecclesiastical Polity is the great theological work of the Elizabethan Age. Pope Clement, having said to Cardinal Allen and Dr. Stapleton, English Roman Catholics at Rome, that he had never met with an English book whose writer deserved the name of author, they replied that a poor, obscure English priest had written a work on Church Polity, which, if he should read, would change his opinion. At the conclusion of the first book, the Pope is said to have delivered this judgment: "There is no learning that this man hath not searched into, nothing too hard for his understanding. This man indeed deserves the name of an author; his books will get reverence from age; for there is in them such seeds of eternity, that, if the rest be like this, they shall last until the last fire consume all learning."

But it must be admitted that the rest, however great their merits, are not "like this." The first book of the Ecclesiastical Polity is not only the best, but it is that in which Hooker's mind is most effectually brought into relations with all thinking minds, and that in virtue of which he takes his high place in the history of literature and philosophy. The theologians he opposed insisted that a definite scheme of Church polity was revealed in the Scriptures, and was obligatory on Christians. This, of course, reduced the controversy into a mere wrangle about the meaning of certain texts; and as this mode of disputation does not make any call upon the higher mental and spiritual powers, it has always been popular among theologians, giving everybody a chance in the textual and logical skirmish, and conducing to that anarchy of opinions which is not without its charm to the stoutest champion of authority, if he has in him the belligerent instinct. But Hooker, constitutionally

averse to controversy, and looking at it, not as an end, but a means, had that aching for order which characterizes a peaceable spirit, and that demand for fundamental ideas which characterizes a great mind. Accordingly, in the first book, he mounts above the controversy before entering into it, and surveys the whole question of law, from the one eternal, divine law to the laws which are in force among men. He makes the laws which God has written in the reason of man divine laws, as well as those he has supernaturally revealed in the Scriptures; and especially he enforces the somewhat startling principle, that law is variable or invariable, not according to the source from which it emanates, but according to the matter to which it refers. If the matter be changeable, be mutable, the law must participate in the mutability of that which it was designed to regulate; and this principle, he insists, is independent of the fact whether the law originated in God or in the divinely constituted reason of man. There are some laws which God has written in the reason of man which are immutable; there are some laws supernaturally revealed in Scripture which are mutable. In the first case, no circumstances can justify their violation; in the other, circumstances necessitate a change. The bearing of this principle on the right of the Church of England to command rules and ceremonies which might not have been commanded by Scripture is plain. Even if the principle were denied by his opponents, it could be properly denied only by being confuted; and to confute it exacted the lifting up of the controversy into the region of ideas.

But it is not so much in the conception and application of one principle as in the exhibition of many principles harmoniously related, that Hooker's largeness of comprehension is shown. No other great logician is so free from logical fanaticism. His mind gravitates to truth; and therefore limits and guards the application of single truths, detecting that fine point where many

principles unite in forming wisdom, and refusing to be pushed too far in any one direction. He has his hands on the reins of a hundred wild horses, unaccustomed to exercise their strength and fleetness in joint effort; but the moment they feel the might of his meekness, they all sedately obey the directing power which sends them in orderly motion to a common goal. The central idea of his book is law. Even God, he contends, "works not only according to his own *will*, but the *counsel* of his own will,"—according "to the *order* which he before all ages hath set down for himself to do all things by." A self-conscious, personal, working, divine reason is therefore at the heart of things, and infinite *power* and infinite *love* are identical with infinite *intelligence*. Hooker's breadth of mind is evinced in his refusing, unlike most theologians, to emphasize and detach any one of these divine perfections, whether it be power, or love, or intelligence. Intelligence is *in* power and love; power and love are *in* intelligence.

It would be impossible, in our short space, to trace the descent of Hooker's central idea of law to its applications to men and states. The law which the angels obey, the law of nature, the law which binds man as an individual, the law which binds him as member of a politic community, the law which binds him as a member of a religious community, the law which binds nations in their mutual relations,—all are exhibited with a force and clearness of vision, a mastery of ethical and political philosophy, a power of dealing with relative as well as absolute truth, and a sagacity of practical observation, which are remarkable both in their separate excellence and their exquisite combination. To this comprehensive treatise Agassiz the naturalist, Story the jurist, Webster the statesman, Garrison the reformer, could all go for principles, and for applications of principles. He appreciates, beyond any other thinker who has taken his stand on the Higher Law, but who still believes

in the binding force of the laws of men, the difficulty of making an individual, to whom that law is revealed through reason, a member of a politic or religious *community*; and he admits that the best men, individually, are often those who are apt to be most unmanageable in their relations to state and church. The argument he addresses to such minds, though it may not be conclusive, is probably the best that has ever been framed, for it is presented in relations with all that he has previously said in regard to the binding force of the divine law.

Of this divine law,—the law which angels obey, the law of love; the law which binds in virtue of its power to allure and attract, and which weds obligation to ecstasy,—of this law he thus speaks in language which seems touched with a consecrating radiance:—

"But now that we may lift up our eyes (as it were) from the footstool to the throne of God, and, leaving these natural, consider a little the state of heavenly and divine creatures: touching angels, which are spirits immaterial and intellectual, the glorious inhabitants of those sacred palaces, where nothing but light and blessed immortality, no shadow of matter for tears, discontentments, griefs, and uncomfortable passions to work upon, but all joy, tranquillity, and peace, even for ever and ever doth dwell: as in number and order they are huge, mighty, and royal armies, so likewise in perfection of obedience unto that law, which the Highest, whom they adore, love, and imitate, hath imposed upon them, such observants they are thereof, that our Saviour himself, being to set down the perfect idea of that which we are to pray and wish for on earth, did not teach to pray and wish for more than only that here it might be with us as with them it is in heaven. God, which moveth mere natural agents as an efficient only, doth otherwise move intellectual creatures, and especially his holy angels: for, beholding the face of God, in admiration of so great excel-

lency they all adore him ; and being rapt with the love of his beauty, they cleave inseparably forever unto him. Desire to resemble him in goodness maketh them unwearable, and even insatiable, in their longing to do by all means all manner of good unto all the creatures of God, but especially unto the children of men : in the countenance of whose nature, looking downward, they behold themselves beneath themselves ; even as upward, in God, beneath whom themselves are, they see that character which is nowhere but in themselves and us resembled. . . . Angelical actions may, therefore, be reduced unto these three general kinds : first, most delectable love, arising from the visible apprehension of the purity, glory, and beauty of God, invisible saving only to spirits that are pure ; secondly, adoration grounded upon the evidence of the greatness of God, on whom they see how all things depend ; thirdly, imitation, bred by the presence of his exemplary goodness, who ceaseth not before them daily to fill heaven and earth with the rich treasures of most free and undeserved grace."

And though the concluding passage of the first book of the Ecclesiastical Polity has been a thousand times quoted, it would be unjust to Hooker not to cite the sentence which most perfectly embodies his soul :—

"Wherefore, that here we may briefly end : of law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world : all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power ; both angels and men and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and their joy."

In concluding these essays on the Literature of the Age of Elizabeth, which for many months have appeared with more or less regularity in this magazine, let us pass rapidly in review

the writers to whom they have referred. And first for the dramatists, whose works—in our day on the dissecting-tables of criticism, but in their own all alive with intellect and passion—made the theatres of Elizabeth and James rock and roar with the clamors or plaudits of a mob, too excited to be analytic. Of these professors of the science of human nature we have attempted to portray the fiery imagination that flames through the fustian and animal fierceness of Marlowe ; the bluff, arrogant, and outspoken Jonson, with his solid understanding, caustic humor, delicate fancy, and undeviating belief in Ben ; the close observation and teeming mother-wit which found vent in the limpid verse of Heywood ; Middleton's sardonic sagacity, and Marston's envenomed satire ; the suffering and the soaring and singing cheer, the beggary and the benignity, so quaintly united in Dekkar's vagrant life and sunny genius ; Webster's bewildering terror, and Chapman's haughty aspiration ; the subtle sentiment of Beaumont ; the fertile, flashing, and ebullient spirit of Fletcher ; the easy dignity of Massinger's thinking, and the sonorous majesty of his style ; the fastidious elegance and melting tenderness of Ford ; and the one-souled, "myriad-minded" Shakespeare, who is transcendently beyond them all.

Then, recurring to the undramatic poets, we have endeavored to catch a glimpse of the Fairy Land of Spenser's celestialized imagination ; and to touch lightly on the characteristics of the poets who preceded and followed him ; on the sternly serious and ungenial creativeness of Sackville ; the pensive thoughtfulness and tender fancy of "well-languaged" Daniel ; the enthusiastic expansiveness of description and pure, bright, and vigorous diction of Drayton ; the sententious sharpness of Hall ; the clear imaginative insight and dialectic felicity of Davies ; the metaphysical voluptuousness and witty unreason of Donne ; the genial, thoughtful, well-proportioned soul of Wotton ; the fantastic devoutness of Herbert ;

and the coarsely frenzied common-places of Warner,

"Who stood
Up to the chin in the Pierian" — mud!

Again, in Sidney we have striven to exhibit genius and goodness as expressed in behavior; in Raleigh, genius and audacity as expressed in insatiable, though somewhat equivocal, activity of arm and brain; in Bacon, the beneficence and the autocracy of an intellect whose comprehensiveness needed no celebration; and in Hooker, the passage of holiness into intelligence, and the spirit of love into the power of reason.

And in attempting to delineate so many diverse individualities, we have been painfully conscious of another and more difficult audience than that of the readers of this magazine. The imperial intellects — the Bacons, Hookers, Shakespeares, and Spensers, the men who on earth are as much alive now as they were two hundred years ago — are, of course, in their assured intellectual dominion, blandly careless of the judgments of individuals; but there is a large class of writers, whose genius we have considered, who have mostly passed away from the protecting admiration and affectionate memory of general readers. As we more or less roughly handled these, as

we felt the pulse of life throbbing in every time-stained and dust-covered volume, — dust out of which Man was originally made, and to which Man, as author, is commonly so sure to return, — the books resumed their original form of men, became personal forces to resent impeachments of their honor, or misconceptions of their genius; and a troop of spirits stalked from the neglected pages to confront their irreverent critic. There they were, — ominous or contemptuous judges of the person who assumed to be their judge; on the faces of some, sarcastic denial; on others, tender reproaches; on others, benevolent pity; on others, serenely beautiful indifference or disdain. "Who taught you," their looks seemed to say, "to deliver dogmatic judgments on us? What know you of our birth, culture, passions, temptations, struggles, excuses, purposes, two hundred years ago? What right have you to blame? What qualifications have you to praise? Let us abide in our earthly oblivion, — in our immortal life. It is sufficient that our works demonstrated on earth the inextinguishable vitality of the souls that glowed within us; and, for the rest, we have long passed to the only infallible, the Almighty, critic and judge of works and of men!"

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.

II.

A GROUNDLESS SUPPOSITION.

LET us suppose that in some town there are from twelve to fifty women who desire to associate themselves in housekeeping, for the double purpose of *lessening their current expenses and of employing their time profitably in a given direction*, their husbands being willing that they should try the experiment. How shall they go to work?

PRELIMINARIES OF CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.

The first step will be to hold a meeting of those interested, and, after some one has called the meeting to order and stated the general object that has brought them together, namely, the hope of devising a better system of housewifery than the expensive and unsatisfactory one now prevailing, — one of the housekeepers present should

be elected to the chair, and another chosen as secretary; and the remainder of this meeting, as well as every subsequent one, should be conducted according to strict parliamentary rules.

It should next be moved and seconded, that an organizing committee of not less than twelve housekeepers, be chosen for the purpose of drawing up a constitution and by-laws for the proposed Co-operative Housekeeping Association; and of preparing the working-plans for its different departments. If this motion be approved, and the committee chosen, all the business possible to the preliminary meeting will be over, and it may be adjourned.

The burden of the whole undertaking now falls upon the organizing committee. Its first work, after electing its chairman and secretary, will be to draw up a constitution and by-laws; and this, fortunately, has lately been rendered very easy by the publication of a work on "Co-operative Stores," which gives the latest and best result of the movement in England and Germany. In this may be found a model for the constitution of a Co-operative Store Society, which, with a few additions and alterations, would serve perfectly, it seems to me, for the organization of an association of co-operative housekeepers.

THE AUTHOR ATTEMPTS A CONSTITUTION.

Should such a body as this organizing committee ever come into being, I suppose, of course, that they will all provide themselves with copies of this work,* and, after studying it thoroughly, will draw up their plan for themselves. But as I regard their future existence as highly problematical, lest co-operative housekeeping should never boast even a "paper constitution," I will give here, in small type, my own modification of the one set forth in the book, with explanatory remarks, many of which also are copied.

* It is published by Leypoldt and Holt, New York, and sold for fifty cents, paper cover.

ARTICLE I. — *General Objects.*

The Co-operative Housekeepers' Society of — has for its object to furnish the households of its members, for cash on delivery, with the necessities of life, unadulterated and of good quality, and accurately prepared, both as to food and clothing, for immediate use and consumption, and from the profits of this sale to accumulate capital for each individual housekeeper or her family.

EXPLANATION OF ARTICLE I.

Several general and indispensable principles are embodied in this declaration.

1st. That the association is to sell only to its "members." This excludes trade with outsiders (which would complicate the business indefinitely) and in consequence induces more housekeepers to become regular members.

2d. No goods or meals being delivered except for "cash," the pernicious credit system of our present domestic economy, by which good and trustworthy customers are made (through overcharging) to pay the bad debts of the unthrifty and dishonest, is swept away; and, moreover, a check is put upon the inevitable extravagance which the credit system fosters by postponing the day of settlement.

3d. The article sold being of "good quality," every housekeeper would be sure of getting her money's worth.

4th. As they would be "accurately prepared for immediate household use and consumption," she would be saved all the expense and house-room of separate cooking and washing conveniences; all the waste of ignorant and unprincipled servants and sewing-women; all the dust, steam, and smell from the kitchen, and all the fatigue and worry of mind occasioned by having the thousand details of our elaborate modern housekeeping and dress to remember and provide for.

5th. As all the clear "profit" on the goods the housekeeper buys is to be paid back to her, — and this profit is about a third on everything consumed by her household, — even if she take no active part whatever in the executive

duties of the association, she will, by merely being a member, receive again \$300 from every \$900 she lays out. Now it costs hundreds of town and city families of moderate means for food, kitchen fuel, and servants' wages from \$900 to \$1,000 a year; nor can a woman dress with mere neatness in these times for less than \$200 a year. Then, under our present system, about \$1,200 a year passes through the hands of those among us who live with what is called moderation and economy. But in co-operative housekeeping a third of this sum would be saved, and we should have as much for \$800, and get it more easily and comfortably, than we do now for \$1,200. If, however, the co-operative housekeeper were qualified to fill one of the offices of the association, and chose to do so, then, beside her dividend of profit, she would have also the salary of her office; both salary and dividend, remember, being clear gain, since her expenses are provided for along with those of her husband and children.

REASONS FOR THE ASSOCIATIONS SELLING AT RETAIL PRICES, INSTEAD OF AT COST.

Since the association would, of course, buy everything at wholesale, like any other store, it may be asked why, instead of buying at the usual retail prices, and receiving back again the third that constitutes retail profit, the housekeepers should not simply pay to the association the cost price of their family food and clothing, — as the saving in the end would be about the same. I answer, because in Germany and England both systems have been tried, and the one proposed has been found by far the most successful. It gives greater zeal and interest to the co-operator to feel that, without the trouble of thinking about it as an economy, a little comfortable sum is accumulating for him or her which, at the end of the quarter or the year, can either be used for some household comfort or invested in some of the enterprises for the benefit of the association

that, as in Rochdale, would very soon make their appearance in connection with it.

To the five general principles of the first article of our constitution should be added two others of hardly less importance which I will embody in the second article.

ARTICLE II. — *Salaries and Wages.*

The Co-operative Housekeeper's Society of — will accept no voluntary labor, but will, as far as possible, fill its offices with its own members or their female relatives and friends, at *fixed salaries*; and these salaries, as well as the wages of all its clerks and servants, shall be the same as would be paid to men holding similar positions.

REASONS FOR ARTICLE II.

It is one of the cherished dogmas of the modern lady, that she must not do anything for pay; and this miserable prejudice of senseless conventionality is at this moment the worst obstacle in the way of feminine talent and energy. Let the co-operative housekeepers demolish it forever, by declaring that it is just as necessary and just as honorable for a wife to earn money as it is for her husband; let them, moreover, resolve that time and skill is what they will pay for, and not sex, and the age will soon see what efforts women can make after excellence when there is hope of a just reward for it. Then alone shall we begin to walk in self-respect, and the poor, wronged workwoman throughout the world to raise her drooping head.

ARTICLE III. — *Admission.*

Any housekeeper may be received as a member, and all members shall be in equal relation to the society.

REASONS FOR ARTICLE III.

Women being at present essentially aristocrats, many may demur to this article as tending to introduce into their companionship those who are not "of their own set." But, in the first place, co-operative housekeeping, being intended largely to supplant the retail trade, must succeed, if it succeed at all, on sound business principles; and, in

business, social distinctions are not recognized. Money is money, whether it come from the poor or the rich; and if a mechanic's wife wishes to be a co-operative housekeeper, though she may buy less and simpler food and clothing than a broker's or a lawyer's wife, yet, if she pay as punctually for it, she has as good a business standing in the association as they. In the second place, co-operative housekeepers, even if rich and cultivated ladies, will find themselves largely in need of the practical assistance of the middle and lower classes of women, — of the former for matrons, dress-makers, confectioners, etc., and of the latter for servants. Now it is often and justly urged in apology for the low wages given to women, that they do not, as a rule, know their trades and occupations well, and will not take pains to master them, simply because none of them expect to "work for a living" longer than the time between girlhood and marriage. To get skilful servants and workwomen then, it is necessary to make them feel that their occupation is not the business of a few months or years, but their lifelong vocation, which, the better they understood and practised, the higher would be their pay and their importance; and of course there is no way of doing this, except by making it possible for them to continue it after marriage, instead of giving it up, as they now must do, in order to cook, wash, and sew for their husbands and families. Admitting them into the association as co-operative housekeepers, however, would solve the whole problem; for then their cooking, washing, and sewing would all be done for them as for the richer members, leaving them free to give to the association their working hours, and their skill in that special branch of household duty to which they had devoted themselves in their unmarried years. But, after all, the amount of the admission fee, like the pew-rents of our churches, will decide the character of each co-operative association. Birds of a feather have never hitherto found any difficulty

in flocking together quite exclusively; and all that would arrange itself, like the different quarters of a city, without the necessity of invidious clauses in the constitution.

ARTICLE IV. — *Resignation.*

A housekeeper may resign her membership after the third settlement subsequent to her written notice of intention to resign. An immediate resignation may be accepted by a vote of the society, either in case of sudden removal, or in case of some violation of the housekeeper's obligations to the society, or in case there is some other housekeeper who is ready to become a member, and assume all the rights and obligations of the one resigning.

REMARKS ON ARTICLE IV.

The first clause of this article is necessary in general, in order to prevent housekeepers from suddenly and unexpectedly resigning, and thus withdrawing their share of stock when the association may be unprepared for it. The second clause modifies this somewhat, by making it, in peculiar cases, depend upon the vote of the society. The reason why a housekeeper who wishes an immediate resignation cannot transfer her stock to any but a new member coming in is, that if she transferred it to a member already holding a share, the latter would then have two, and the regulations concerning the amount to be held by each, and the dividends to be declared on the stock, would be impracticable; and one of the first principles of the society, which requires that there shall be an equality among members in their representation by votes, would be overturned.

ARTICLE V. — *Payments.*

Each housekeeper shall pay the sum of \$10 per week, till the payments amount to a share of \$100. The first payment shall be made on entering the society.*

ARTICLE VI. — *Balancing Accounts.*

A balancing of accounts shall take place four times per annum, on the first Saturday after the end of the quarter.

* This may be thought too large a weekly payment, and the share also may be excessive. Of course, the organizing committee would make its own recommendation in this matter.

ARTICLE VII. — *Distribution of Profits.*

The profits, as ascertained on balancing the books, shall be divided into two parts as follows: I. (Say 2) per cent on the amount of all the capital standing to the credit of each housekeeper at the last quarterly settlement shall be credited to such housekeeper's account. If the profits are not large enough to admit of 2 per cent quarterly (which is of course 8 per cent per annum) being thus credited, there shall be a credit given of such smaller percentage as will consume the entire profits. II. If, after crediting 2 per cent on the capital of each housekeeper as ascertained at the last quarterly settlement, any portion of the profits shall remain undisposed of, such remaining portion shall be credited to all the housekeepers in proportion to the amount of each housekeeper's purchases during the quarter in which said profits were accumulated.

ARTICLE VIII. — *Apportionment of Losses.*

If, on balancing the books, less shall appear to have occurred, it shall be charged to all the housekeepers equally; and if such charge shall make the balance standing to the credit of any person less than the amount required for permanent share of stock (\$100), she shall at once begin weekly payments in the same manner as a new member, and shall continue them until the balance to her credit shall equal the amount required for a permanent share of stock (\$100).

ARTICLE IX. — *Returns.*

Whenever a housekeeper's share has doubled itself, and reached the amount of \$200, its holder shall receive, three months after the settlement next ensuing, the sum of \$100. When a housekeeper resigns, not transferring her stock to a new member, the full amount of her stock shall be paid to her, if her resignation was caused by any urgent necessity; but if otherwise, 25 per cent of her stock shall be retained to the society's capital.

REMARKS ON THE FOREGOING ARTICLES.

Several of these provisions, it will be seen, have special reference to guarding the permanent capital of the association from diminution. Consisting, as it does only of the hundred-dollar

admission fees of its members, it is so small (for an association of fifty families being only \$5,000) that these precautions will commend themselves to the good sense of everybody. The seventh and ninth articles, containing the rules for the disposal of the profits of the association, provide that no money shall be paid over to the co-operative housekeeper until her dividend equals the amount of her share (\$100). This is in accordance with the expressed object of the society as laid down in the last clause of Article I., "to accumulate capital for each housekeeper out of the profits of the business." If the dividends were paid over to the housekeeper in small sums as fast as they came in, she would be likely to spend them, as she went along, in gratification of her needs or fancy. Whereas, receiving them always in sums of not less than \$100 would dispose her to turn them towards the formation of a steady capital, to be invested for her own support in old age, or for the benefit of her husband and children, should they survive her.

WHAT MIGHT BE AVOIDED IF HOUSEKEEPERS THUS "ACCUMULATED CAPITAL."

How often do we see women who have lived for years in liberal comfort and wedded state—the mistresses of pleasant homes, whose varied range of floors and apartments made them little worlds in themselves, and with the assured and dignified position in society that nothing but "one's own house" can give—suddenly stripped by widowhood of all their ample surroundings, and portioned off into one room, or at the most two, in some son or daughter's house, there to live as a supernumerary all the rest of their days. No doubt these grandmothers, saintly and subdued, often exercise a precious influence on all the members of the families they live with. But it is none the less hard for them; and if women could save and invest all the profits on the supplies and clothing consumed by their families that now slip through their fingers into

the pockets of the retailers, thousands of lavish housekeepers who are marching straight to such a life-end as this would be spared its deprivations and humiliations. In my opinion, a woman that has once had a house of her own, in which she has borne and reared children, regulated servants, and played her part in society, should never be thrown out of it into the corner of somebody's else family except from choice, and I wonder that women are not oftener apprehensive of this than they seem to be.

It may be said, that as men furnish all the means for our housewifery, so, if we are able to save anything, it ought properly to return to them. This is the doctrine of the old Roman law in regard to the *peculium*, or savings of the slave from the allowance made him by his master. In law it belonged to the latter, because it was his in the first place, and the slave was his also; hence he could at any time resume it. And, in my opinion, this would be tenable ground in regard to the savings of co-operative housekeepers; if men insisted upon our giving such savings to them we could not help ourselves. But this is so opposed to the indulgent American spirit toward women, that it is more than probable they would pass a law making such savings by any housekeeper her own. Of course, the contrary action would crush all independence of enterprise among us, and thus injure masculine business interests as well as feminine. But, this aside, would it not be almost an amusement to the men to see how women would go to work? I think there would then be no lack of something to talk about every day at the table between the husband and his wife and daughters, or in society between the gentlemen and ladies who now are so often at a loss for some common interest upon which to interchange ideas and experiences.

ARTICLE X. — *The Council.*

The highest authority of the Co-operative Housekeepers' Society of — shall be a COUNCIL of all the male heads of the families

whose housekeepers are members of the society. The Council shall be called by sending a printed notice to each of its members, four weeks after the second and fourth quarterly settlements of each year.

ARTICLE XI. — *Privileges of the Council.*

The Council shall have absolute power of veto in all the moneyed transactions of the society. It shall hold its meetings in the presence of the co-operative housekeepers or of their chief officers. It may choose from its own number certain auditors for each half-yearly settlement of accounts; but these gentlemen, before reporting, must lay their statements before the executive committee* for correction and verification. The Council may not elect or displace any officer or employee of the society, but it may pass votes of approbation or censure upon the regulations of the different departments or their divisions. Finally, it shall be the highest tribunal for cases of difficulty, inextricable by the other governing bodies of the society, and from its decision there shall be no appeal.

ARTICLE XII. — *The Convention.*

The Convention shall consist of the whole body of co-operating housekeepers. It shall be called by sending printed notices eight days beforehand to all the co-operative housekeepers, which shall contain the hour and date of the meeting and a statement of the matters to be discussed. In the Convention, every housekeeper present has a vote, and a majority of votes decides a measure.

ARTICLE XIII. — *Executive Committee.*

The Convention shall intrust the management of affairs for a year to an executive committee of not less than twelve housekeepers chosen by ballot from its own number.

ARTICLE XIV. — *Matters requiring the Action of the Convention.*

The Convention shall deliberate over amendments or alterations of the constitution; allotment of profits and losses; number of divisions in the different departments; investments of capital; receipts and expenditures of more than \$500; unperformed contracts; amount and conditions of loans received; the cautions to be observed by

* See Art. XIII.

the treasurers; and indemnification of the members of the committee for all trouble.

ARTICLE XV. — *Privileges of the Convention.*

The Convention has supreme control of the business, subject to the veto of the Council, and, except in extraordinary cases, is the highest tribunal for all complaints. It chooses, for the first and third quarterly settlement of accounts, certain auditors, who must lay their reports before the executive committee before presenting them to the Convention.

ARTICLE XVI. — *Committee and Officers.*

One half of the members of the executive committee shall constitute a quorum, and a majority of votes shall decide. It shall choose a president and vice-president. It shall be the president's duty to call a meeting of the committee at least once every month, and, in addition, as often as any three members may desire it.

ARTICLE XVII. — *When Conventions are to be called.*

The executive committee shall issue the call for the Convention, and the president of the executive committee shall preside. The call must be within three weeks after the close of the last settlement, and as often besides as twenty-five ordinary members, or five members of the committee, shall express a desire for such meetings.

ARTICLE XVIII. — *Boards of Directresses.*

The executive committee shall choose three boards of directresses corresponding to the three principal divisions of co-operative housekeeping. These boards shall severally consist of four directresses, — two to be chosen from the executive committee, and two from the Convention; and this choice shall be subject to the approval of the Convention.* The first two shall be called, respectively, Directress and Vice-directress, and the last two Assistant-directresses.

ARTICLE XIX. — *Functions of Directresses, and Functions reserved to Committee.*

The committee shall intrust to the boards of directresses the practical management of the different departments of co-operative

* I have imitated this manner of choosing the directresses from the constitution of the Co-operative Store Society. But I am doubtful as to whether the directresses should go out annually with the executive committee.

housekeeping, but shall reserve to itself the final decision in, 1. The expulsion of housekeepers, which shall require a unanimous vote; 2. Receipts and expenditures of over \$ 250; 3. Unfulfilled contracts; and, 4. The methods of keeping the books of the society.

ARTICLE XX. — *Further Functions of the Committee.*

The executive committee shall exercise superintendence over the boards of directresses, and decide all appeals from them. It can at any time institute an investigation of all business operations, and is empowered to remove directresses from office, subject to the decision of a convention to be immediately called, and to appoint members from its own body for the occasional performance of current business. In the decision of matters not herein mentioned the committee shall take no part.

ARTICLE XXI. — *Special Duties of Directresses.*

The boards of directresses shall meet twice a week in the counting-room of their several departments, and shall decide, by majority of votes, on the receiving and distribution of goods, on all receipts and expenditures arising, not already determined or brought before the convention and committee; on the admission of housekeepers, and the carrying out the details of their respective departments, whether by themselves or by persons appointed by them for the purpose; subject, however, in case of the higher officers, to the decision of the executive committee.

ARTICLE XXII. — *Legal Signature of the Association.*

The legal signature of the association shall consist of the signatures of the Directress and Vice-directress, or of one of these with that of one of the Assistant-directresses.

REMARKS ON THE GOVERNING ARTICLES OF THE CONSTITUTION.

In regard to Article X., some feminine readers may wonder why I have placed the husbands of the co-operative housekeepers as the highest authority of the whole society. For one thing, because it is perfectly evident that, in this world at least, "the man is the head of the woman," and will probably continue so for some time to come.

Being our governors, no such enterprise as co-operative housekeeping could be started or sustained without their sympathy and consent; and as they have now the power of veto on our housekeeping arrangements by virtue of being also our bread-winners, so, as their funds alone would sustain co-operative housekeeping, they should have the same power there. We should simply have to trust, as we do now, that our reasonableness and good judgment and study to please them would, in general, be such as to shield us from blame and opposition; and as "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety," we should be much more likely to find out the best and cheapest ways of doing everything than we are now, when each must experiment upon the whole range of housewifely duties for herself.

But, beside these, I will admit, rather slavish and material grounds, there is a higher that would influence me, even if these did not exist. It is that I believe all human undertakings would be much more perfect if the direct judgment and energy of both sexes were brought to bear upon them. This, of course, is not the opinion of men; for they ask our advice and assistance in nothing but what they hate to do themselves,—i.e. religious and charitable work. But I should be sorry to have women repeat what I am sure is their mistake. Everybody knows how much sweeter and easier it is to do something for the opposite sex than it is for one's own; and co-operative housekeepers, by having the direct masculine influence present in their undertaking through the half-yearly investigation of their husbands, would act with greater zeal, energy, and accuracy, give way to fewer jealousies among themselves, and take much more genuine pleasure in their work, than if they alone were the sole arbiters of it.

REMARKS ON CERTAIN PROVISIONS OF ARTICLES XVIII. AND XIX.

It may be thought, that, to allow the executive committee, which consists of

only twelve members, to expel housekeepers by unanimous vote, is a function that only belongs to the Convention, or whole body of housekeepers. But a housekeeper who ceases to pay cash for everything she daily receives violates the vital business principle of the society, besides entailing upon it the risk, in the end, of her not paying at all. She ought, then, if upon reminder she does not pay up at once, to be expelled at once. But, as the Convention only sits quarterly, this could not be the case if expulsion were left with it. This power, then, properly resides with the executive committee, which can at any time be convened with ease; and, by Article XV., the expelled housekeeper can appeal to the Convention, at its next sitting, for re-admission. For similar reasons, it is proper that the directresses, though only four in number, should be able to admit housekeepers as members of the co-operative society; for if they wish to enter immediately, to wait three months for a sitting of the Convention would entail loss both on the housekeeper and on the society.

THE WORKING PLAN OF CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING MUST ORIGINATE WITH THE HOUSEKEEPERS THEMSELVES.

At this point ends all the help that the organizing committee of our housekeeping association can gain from the book on co-operative stores. The fundamental principles of co-operation have been laid down for us by a successful masculine experience of twenty-five years; but its application to housewifery we must develop for ourselves. To prepare the working plans of the different departments of the association, then, will be the hardest task of the committee; but, if the hardest, also the most creditable, since it will be all their own.

The race being considered as one great family, and woman the mistress of its home, what more beneficent enterprise can be imagined than one which seeks to organize that home so

perfectly, that not alone the few in its drawing-rooms, but also the many in its garrets and cellars, will be clothed, fed, and sheltered in the manner most conducive to their moral and intellectual progress? For, while observation of the rich shows that superfluity and satiety make men unprincipled and women worthless, the study of the criminal classes proves that physical comfort and well-being have, of themselves, a vast influence in predisposing both sexes to virtue. The body must be satisfied before the mind and soul can rise above it into free and vigorous action; and when we think of the intellectual and artistic and moral wealth of which mere bodily need and suffering have probably deprived the world, it ought to be enough for women, even if no higher good were to be attained by co-operative housekeeping, that it would enable them to give to so much larger proportion of their fellow-beings at least physical comfort, cleanliness, and health. And, formidable though the undertaking looks, it really simplifies very rapidly when one begins to examine into it. I believe I could choose from my acquaintance an organizing committee of able and experienced housekeepers, who, in a few weeks or months, could produce almost perfect working plans for co-operative housekeeping. But, as in the case of the constitution, lest no organizing committee should ever exist, I will, without attempting details that could only be decided upon in consultation, give a rough sketch of the manner in which I suppose the organizing committee would proceed, and of the working plans which they would probably suggest.

NATURAL DIVISIONS OF CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.

Our households contain three departments at least in which co-operation is possible and desirable,—the Kitchen, the Laundry, and the Sewing-room. Our greatest trouble being, that we try to do too many different *kinds* of things, and our next greatest, the inefficiency, insubordination, and fickle-

ness of our servants, the ruling idea of co-operative housekeeping—the aim and end, indeed, of the whole movement—should be, THE DIVISION AND ORGANIZATION OF FEMININE LABOR, as men have everywhere divided and organized, and, in consequence, control theirs.

CORRESPONDING DIVISIONS OF THE ORGANIZING COMMITTEE.

To this end the organizing committee must recommend the association to consolidate its twenty-five or fifty kitchens and laundries into one central establishment, and all its sewing interests into another. The committee will then divide itself into three smaller bodies, corresponding to the three departments of co-operative housekeeping, and assign each of its members to that one wherein her special taste and skill would most naturally place her. The duties of these minor committees will now be to gain, from all possible sources, the information necessary for the organization of each division of their several departments, and to prepare their reports accordingly.

WORKING PLAN OF THE CO-OPERATIVE LAUNDRY.

It is evident that the committee on the Co-operative Laundry will have the easiest task of the three, since all it will have to do will be to copy just what it has before it in the establishments of that kind which already exist for individual profit.

WORKING PLAN OF THE CO-OPERATIVE SEWING-ROOM OR CLOTHING-HOUSE.

As for the Co-operative Sewing-room, so many women of means and position have, of late years, been in the habit of organizing and sustaining sewing-circles, and of acting as saleswomen and waiters at promiscuously crowded fairs, that the wonder is, not that they *should* co-operate in clothing themselves and their families, but that they have not long ago done so. A co-operative sewing-room or clothing-house would be

in effect a dry-goods store, owned on shares by the customers, instead of by one or several individuals, officered throughout by ladies, and where all the piece-goods sold could be made up into the desired garments more tastefully, perfectly, and at least as cheaply, as they can now be done at home.

Should the association consist of no more than twelve families, three rooms would perhaps afford all the accommodation necessary for the above purposes, namely, a salesroom, a fitting-room, and a work-room. But I am so convinced that if in any community it were known that twelve responsible housekeepers were actually about to take the plunge into co-operative sewing their numbers would rapidly swell to fifty at least, that I shall sketch a plan for a sewing-house suitable for supplying the yearly clothing of two hundred persons, since the mistresses, servants, children, and infants of fifty families would probably count up to that number, to say nothing of the gentlemen's shirts and their mending.

ARRANGEMENT OF THE BUILDING.

It should occupy, it seems to me, a good-sized building as follows: on the first floor should be the counting-room, salesroom, consulting-room, and fitting-room; on the second floor should be the working-rooms; and on the third a dining-room (with dumb-waiter), a gymnasium, and a reading-room: all of these being so connected that they could be thrown open in one suite, when the co-operative housekeepers wished to give their workwomen a ball. The two lower floors should each have a comfortable dressing-room, with lounges, easy-chairs, and toilet conveniences; and not only health, but beauty and cheerfulness, should be consulted in the arrangement of the whole establishment.

MEALS AND HEALTH REGULATIONS OF THE WORKWOMEN.

The meals of these latter should be sent them from the co-operative kitchen, and laid upon a plain but well-ap-

pointed table. During working hours they should be required to dress in some modification of the gymnastic costume adopted by Dr. Dio Lewis for the pupils of his boarding-school, — a dress which can very easily be made as pretty and coquettish and *modest* as any, and which, not having the weight or pressure of corset and crinoline, leaves the circulation unimpeded, and therefore lessens very much the fatigue of working. Being loose, and short also, it would permit them, once or twice a day, to take a little exercise in the gymnasium. In my opinion, this latter should be insisted on as a condition of their employment; for constant sewing, as we all know, is the most killing of all feminine employments to youth, health, and spirits. As a class, sewing-women grow prematurely old, both in face and figure. Their chances of marrying favorably seem as few as those of the schoolmistresses in the ranks above them. Hand-sewing predisposes them to lung diseases, and machine-sewing to affections more pitiable still; and their pay for it all is miserable, — a shame to the whole race, since all its clothing and adorning come through their defrauded fingers. It is high time that the free and favored of the sex — the women who have comfortable homes provided for them by their husbands or fathers — should feel a solicitude for these victims of the needle, and should take active measures for their relief. Benevolent associations cannot reach them, for they are too numerous. Nothing can reach them, save some device of profitable co-operative action, which shall bring the whole moneyed and employing class among women into direct and responsible relations with the whole employed or industrial class.

BUSINESS HOURS AND WORKING HOURS.

As the custom of our co-operative housekeeping establishment, by our constitution, is limited to members, it would be no object to keep the salesroom open from morning until night

for the convenience of every chance buyer that came along. Women, like cats, love their ease and their own comfortable and peculiar belongings; and to many, as I confess to myself, the greatest objection to co-operative housekeeping would be that, in case one held an office in the clothing-house or kitchen, one would be obliged to leave home at a stated minute, and for a stated time, every day. If co-operation could begin, as it eventually will, with the young girls just leaving school, it would not be so great a hardship in after life, as the habit of going out daily at a particular time is already formed. But to many of us, with our unsystematic habits and our national disinclination to facing the weather, the loss of our present freedom of choice as to what we shall do from hour to hour would be irksome in the extreme. Of course, however, in an organization, this must be done; and the only way to manage it is to limit our hours of business strictly to three, — say from nine to twelve, or from ten to one in the morning, — which is just about the time every woman now expects to devote to her household duties. All orders then would be received, sales made, business transacted, and garments fitted within those hours, after which the rooms on the first floor should be closed, and the officers at liberty to return to their families. I should further recommend that every officer be allowed to have an assistant, in case she desired it, chosen and paid by herself (but subject to the approval of the board of directresses), who could take her place in absence or illness, and also fill it temporarily in case of her resignation; and, for the rest, we must only hope that the excitement and interest of working together, and the solid satisfaction, now so often missed, of having something to show for every day, would compensate the housekeepers for the matutinal bore of having to be punctual and unfailing at their offices.

The hours for the workwomen, I hope, would not exceed eight. No man

or woman should be so overworked that he or she will not have time and strength every day for a little self-culture and social culture. If women, by means of co-operative housekeeping, should "go into business," as the phrase is, and begin making and saving money, I trust they may be preserved from that greed and fury of selfishness, that unholy eagerness to grasp more than a fair share of the comforts and luxuries of life, that in all ages have made men so willing to grind down their fellow-creatures into starvation of body and brutishness of mind, that they may reap the fruits of their prolonged and unrequited toil. Indeed, is not the typical American gentleman himself rather a melancholy object, — with his intense and unremitting devotion to dollars and cents, which leaves him no time for reading, drawing, or music, none for the love and study of out-door nature, none for communion with himself or with his fellows, so that every night he is tired to death with his day's work, and hates society because the faculties which properly come into play in company are in him wholly undeveloped? "Society?" In this country there is none. Boys and girls meet together, dance and flirt until they are married, and that is all there is of it.

STOCK IN TRADE OF THE CO-OPERATIVE CLOTHING-HOUSE.

The goods of the co-operative sewing-rooms must, of course, be bought at wholesale; and at first, while the capital is small, investment will be made only in the few standard kinds more or less of which every family uses, — such as shirtings, nainsooks, jaconets, linen and flannels for under-clothing, and for dresses, black silks and black alpacas, white *pique*s and white alpacas, linsey-woolsey, thibets, calicoes, lawns, and a few plaids for children. Numbered dress-linings should be kept ready cut and basted, so that when a customer buys a gown in the salesroom, she can go to the fitting-room and have the lining, corresponding to her size, shaped to her

figure at once. The dress-makers and seamstresses who have been hitherto employed by the co-operative housekeepers should be consulted, and if possible taken into the service and membership of the association, so they may not lose, but rather gain, by the new order of things. As there will be rich women and old-established housekeepers in town who will not, and farmers' wives in the country who cannot, give up their private kitchens and laundries, but who would probably take great interest in a co-operative clothing-house, the constitution might provide for admission to partial membership, thus allowing each housekeeper to choose what branch of co-operation is to herself most convenient.

NUMBER OF OFFICERS AND EMPLOYEES IN THE CO-OPERATIVE SEWING-ROOMS.

Of course the four directresses stand first, charged with the functions specially allotted to them by Article XXI. of the constitution. The post of the directress and vice-directress should be on the first floor, that they may receive business calls and answer business letters in the counting-room, and also keep a general eye upon the salesroom. The other officers of this floor will be a book-keeper and a cashier for the counting-room, buyers and saleswomen for the salesroom, a costume-artist for the consulting-room, and a dress-maker for the fitting-room. All of these, excepting the latter, should be chosen from among the co-operating housekeepers themselves, or from their widowed and unmarried relatives and friends; for remember, it was as a means of enabling "*ladies*" in a perfectly unobjectionable way to carry on the retail trade, that co-operative housekeeping was at first proposed.

The post of the two assistant directresses should be on the second floor. One of them will superintend the dress-making and the other the plain-sewing department. In the former, I suppose, there would be two

dress-cutters, — one for women and one for young girls and children; and, in the latter, two plain-sewing cutters, — one for boys' and men's shirts and one for women's and children's under-clothing. The fitting and shaping of all dresses, cloaks, etc. would be done in the fitting-room down stairs, by one or two accomplished dress-makers, who also could oversee the work-rooms after the officers had retired for the day. How many trimmers, embroiderers, seamstresses, and machines would be needed I can form no idea; for ladies are so fond of sewing, that probably many of them would choose, after their garments were cut out, to take them home and make them themselves; though it is to be hoped that this would disappear more and more, since, as I have said elsewhere, the true function for educated women is the superintendence and organization of manual labor, not the doing it themselves.* Finally, when the establishment was complete, it would include many minor departments, each of which would be superintended by its own lady officer, — such as a baby-clothing department, a fancy-work department, a tailoring department for boys' clothes, a cuff and collar department, where, too, not only these, but lace waists, lace sets, and all the "airy nothings" could be made up, a millinery department, and a hair-dressing department. Gloves and shoes, if not made, should be kept in the salesroom as part of the regular stock; and, in short, a perfect co-operative clothing-house should be one wherein a woman might enter, so far as dress was concerned, a fright, and come out a beauty.

FUNCTION OF THE COSTUME-ARTIST.

As the idea of this officer is a favorite one with me, in closing my remarks about this branch of co-operation, I should like to enlarge upon it a little.

* This need not exclude us, however, from the higher kinds of artistic sewing, which require fancy and invention, and, indeed, might not unworthily employ genius, such as the embroidering of stuffs in rich designs for altar-cloths, vestments, girdles, jackets, etc.

All women know, by irritating experience, the countless days and hours we spend in wandering from shop to shop to find things a few cents cheaper or just a shade prettier, — the indescribable small tortures of doubt and anxiety we suffer in long balancing between what is more or less becoming, or better or poorer economy, — the exasperating regrets that rend us when we find (as in five cases out of ten we do find) that we have made a mistake. Now, all this could be saved if we could go to a person for advice, who, from talent, study, and experience, knew better what we wanted than we do ourselves. Some women possess the special instinct for, and insight into, dress that others enjoy as regards cooking. Its combinations and results are as much a matter of course to them as are those of his formulæ to the mathematician. With unerring judgment they select the right stuffs, the right shapes, and the right colors; the effect they see in their mind's eye they reproduce to the eyes of others, and it is delicious and satisfying in proportion as with the boldness of originality they unite the refinement and taste diffused by culture through the educated classes of society. Such women I would make Costume-Artists, for they in truth possess, in this direction, the creative quality of genius. They use their talents now only for themselves, and within very narrow and conventional limits, while the comprehensive glance they are very apt to give one from head to foot is enough to make them dreaded by the whole circle of their acquaintance. But let one utilize this glance; convert it from an involuntary mental comparison between what one is and what one ought to be, into a kindly professional summing up and decision of what one *can* be, and dress for most of us would become a very different matter.

The post of the costume-artist would be in the consulting-room, on the first floor of the co-operative clothing-house, whither whoever wanted a dress could go, if she chose, and be advised as to

the fabric she had best select for her purpose, and in what mode it should be made and trimmed. But as every woman might not care, or in every case be able to afford, to pay for the finished artistic touch or "air" in dress, the costume-artist, as such, need have no regular salary, but should ask so much for every consultation. Thus the establishment would avoid the mistake made by fashionable dress-makers who irritate their customers by overcharging them for the "trimmings," instead of having it understood that a consultation-fee of from three to fifty dollars, according to the brain-work required in designing a dress, will be charged to begin with. There is no fear but that the costume-artist would make a handsome income, when we consider the need women have of dress to heighten their charms and to palliate their defects, and the little knowledge or instinct that many of them possess for the successful accomplishment of these results.

WHY DRESS IS NOT A FINE ART, AND HOW IT MAY BECOME SO.

For the whole subject of the æsthetics of dress is in a crude, and in some respects positively savage, state among us. What, for instance, does the clerk who urges the stuff upon the buyer, or the dress-maker who cuts and trims it, know about that harmony of texture, color, and form which should subsist between the wearer and her robe? What about the grace of outline which should control its fashion? the effectiveness of inline and crossline which should guide its ornamentation, and manifold other subtle considerations? Nothing; and therefore nothing could better repay the co-operative housekeepers than to offer inducements and facilities to those two or three in every circle who are distinguished for taste and elegance in dress to make a study of the whole matter, with a view to elevating it into one of the finer arts, instead of perpetuating the coarse, often vulgar, apology for beauty and fitness that it is at present.

The imperfect adaptation by women of the means of dress to its true ends is a never-failing subject of complaint and ridicule against us by the other sex ; but it is not surprising that the fashions are so often grotesque, exaggerated, inconvenient, and even physically and morally injurious, when it is known who sets them. Not the ladies of the French Court, not even the "queens of the *demi-monde*" that the newspapers so love to talk about, design the things that destroy our peace ; but French and German men, in the employ of the manufacturers, and for their benefit make water-color drawings of every novelty and extravagance that comes into their heads, and send them, with the new stuffs and trimmings that another set of men have invented, to the Parisian *modistes*, who, in conjunction with their rich patronesses, the court ladies and courtesans, contrive to modify them into something wearable, but still absurd enough, as a suffering sex can testify. Toilets at once healthful, suitable, and beautiful for women of every age, of every grade of means and position, and on every occasion, will never be attempted nor so much as dreamed of, until cultivated ladies, uniting that special talent for dress which is one of the most belied and abused of the feminine attributes to an accurate knowledge of the structure and requirements of the feminine physique, a fine perception of the ideal possibilities of all its types, and a historical and artistic mastery of all the resources for its adornment, shall make the attiring of their fellow-women their special vocation. One or two such costume-artists in every co-operative sewing-room would in the end effect an entire revolution in the whole idea of fashion ; for within certain limits every woman would have a fashion of her own. Such distressing anomalies as blond hair smoothed and pomatumed as it was twenty years ago, and dark hair curled and frizzed as it is now, with a thousand others equally melancholy, would disappear, and every assemblage of women, instead of presenting a monotony

at once bizarre and wearisome, would afford the variety and beauty that now is only attempted at a fancy ball.

THE CO-OPERATIVE KITCHEN.

Beneficent and important as co-operative sewing-rooms would be to all of us, however, to my view, they are secondary in dignity and usefulness to the CO-OPERATIVE KITCHEN, since good, abundant, and varied food, accurately cooked and freshly served, lies at the very foundation of family health and happiness, and doubtless has an incalculable influence both on physical perfection and intellectual activity. Probably the easiest way for the co-operative housekeepers to organize their kitchen would be to send for Professor Blot, and place themselves under his direction. Failing in this, the committee on the co-operative kitchen must have recourse to hotels, restaurants, bakeries, and provision stores, and from these will, no doubt, be able to judge what kind and how large a building will be needed, whether the kitchen can be combined with the laundry, and what its stoves, ranges, ovens, boilers, general arrangement, and accompanying cellars and storerooms must be. These large establishments will also enable the committee to report on the number of divisions, officers, assistants, servants, carts, and horses that would be necessary. For the method of conveying the meals *hot and on time* to the different families of the association they will probably have to go to France or Italy, where cook-shops have long been an institution, — though whether it would be quite fair to take from a hundred Yankee wits the delicious chance of inventing a Universal Heat-generating Air-tight Family Dinner-Box I do not know. How many of the co-operative housekeepers would choose to be connected with the kitchen of course themselves alone could decide. Obviously it must have a superintendent, a treasurer, a book-keeper ; a caterer to contract with butchers, gardeners, farmers, and wholesale dealers ; a stewardess to keep the storerooms and cellars and give out the supplies ;

and an artist-cook or chiefess with her assistants, a confectioner, a pastry-cook, and a baker, to preside over their preparation. As all of these would be positions of peculiar trust and responsibility, demanding superior judgment, ability, and information, as the salaries connected with them would be large, and the persons filling them necessarily of great weight and consideration in the community, I cannot imagine any woman, except from indolence, ill health, or a preference for some other employment, unwilling to accept of either of these offices. Regarding cookery, I believe that, like dress, it will never be what it can and ought to become, until women of social and intellectual culture make it the business of their lives, and, with thoughts unfettered by other household cares, devote themselves, like lesser providences, to its benign necromancy. Being one of the great original functions of woman, like clothes-making and infant-rearing, there is no doubt that she has a special gift or instinct for it; while the superior keenness of her senses and fastidiousness of her taste must fit her peculiarly for all its finer and more complicated triumphs. All the Paris letters lately have mentioned Sophie, cook of the late Dr. Véron of Paris, — only a woman, and probably an uneducated woman at that. Nevertheless, she is said to be "the most consummate culinary artist of the day; looking down with unspeakable contempt on Baron Brisse, and even on Rossini and Alexander Dumas. Ministers, bankers, artists, men of letters, paid obsequious court to this divinity of the kitchen, who ruled despotically over her master's household and dining-room, and who had made it a law that no more than fourteen guests should ever sit together at the doctor's table."* If such is her success, what an artist was lost to the world in the New England housekeeper I attempted to describe. Delicate to etherealness, accurate to mathematical severity, she might have wrought marvels indeed, had she been initiated into the mysteries of the

* Paris Correspondent of The Nation, October 24.

modern cuisine. Therefore, above all things, let the co-operative housekeepers appoint one of their number, at a liberal salary, to the office of cook-in-chief. If possible, let them afford her every advantage of gastronomical education, such as go through the great French *chefs*, who learn sauces from one master, *entrées* from another, confection from a third, and so on. If the co-operative kitchen should ever become universal, we shall probably see American ladies by dozens going out to Paris to study under just such artists as the great Sophie above mentioned, and then returning home to benefit the whole country with their accomplishments. It is a well-known fact that no nation in the world has such a variety and abundance of the best food that Nature gives as we ourselves. She teems with such bounty to her adopted children that it has often seemed to me a misnomer to call our country "Fatherland," — *Mother-land* she is for the whole earth, with her broad lap of plenty sloping from the Rocky Mountains down to the very Atlantic shore, as if inviting the hungry nations to come over to it and be fed. What feasts fit for the immortals might grace every table, if we only knew how to turn our treasures to the best advantage, — and to think that millions of us live on salt pork, sour or saleratus bread, and horrible heavy pies!*

WHAT ACTION SHOULD FOLLOW THE REPORTS OF THE ORGANIZING COMMITTEE.

When the co-operative housekeepers have heard the reports of their various committees, have adopted their constitution and decided upon their working plans, they should call the Council of their husbands, and submit the whole to them for approval or final amendment. These gentlemen must also decide whether they will advance the funds wherewith to start the enterprise, or whether, like the Rochdale Pioneers, their wives shall save up small sums

* This is the ordinary farmers' diet even in New England!

from their current expenses, — say ten dollars a month each, — until a capital is accumulated sufficient for their purposes.

The last step of all will be, immediately after the ratification of the constitution by the higher powers, to proceed to the elections under it of the executive committee, the board of directresses, and the officers and agents of the different departments. All the persons elected, who do not perfectly understand the duties to which they are assigned, will have to qualify themselves for them as thoroughly as possible; and it would be better to spend *two years* in fitting every officer perfectly to her post, than to attempt so great a revolution with any chance of failure.

THE AUTHOR INTRENCHES HERSELF.

Here, now, dear friends and fellow-sufferers in housewifery, ends my plan for your and my relief. Excepting one, I will freely admit any criticism you may pass upon it. It is vague, sketchy, unpractical, extravagant, — any adjective you choose. But what can you expect of a single mind? Like the German in the story, I might as well attempt to evolve a camel out of my inner consciousness as to construct even a tolerable plan of anything so complicated as housekeeping for a whole community must be. Every single clause of the constitution, every detail of every department, would have to be discussed in committee, submitted to the Convention, carried before the Council, perhaps sent back again, and, after all, could not be said to be fairly decided until it had been put into practice and tested by experience. But, in making out my plan, I have consulted

nobody, and, in truth, I submit it only to provoke your minds to action. One only charge against the conception I will not suffer, — that it is *impossible*. I will not consent that this first-born bantling of my brain be murdered before it has had a chance to live. Two things only can make co-operative housekeeping impossible: —

1st. That women cannot work together.

2d. That men will not let them, or, at least, will not encourage them to do so.

The first does not trouble me. Let the world slander as it will, I know that the frivolous, the violent, the obstinate, the mean, the malicious, constitute but a small minority of the sex. The great mass of women have both Christianity and common sense, and these are the only two influences needed to make any human corporation work smoothly and successfully. As for the second, that men will not promote it, here, indeed, is room for fears. Had men ever done anything directly for the happiness and development of women, one might hope that they would set forward this. But they will probably distrust or laugh at it, and women, accustomed to take them for God and Bible both, will accept the sneer or the doubt with unquestioning faith, will not so much as attempt to reflect, to reason, and to arrive at an independent judgment even about what is so intensely their own concern as this of housewifery. Well, be it so. Perhaps my baby must die; but none the less for this shall I in two or three more numbers of the Atlantic go on to tell the world what might have been the consequences could she have become there a Living Power.

A WATCH IN THE NIGHT.

I.

WATCHMAN, what of the night? —
Storm and thunder and rain,
Lights that waver and wane,
Leaving the watch-fires unlit.
Only the balefires are bright,
And the flash of the lamps now and then
From a palace where spoilers sit,
Trampling the children of men.

II.

Prophet, what of the night? —
I stand by the verge of the sea,
Banished, uncomforted, free,
Hearing the noise of the waves
And sudden flashes that smite
Some man's tyrannous head,
Thundering, heard among graves
That hide the hosts of his dead.

III.

Mourners, what of the night? —
All night through without sleep
We weep, and we weep, and we weep.
Who shall give us our sons?
Beaks of raven and kite,
Mouths of wolf and of hound,
Give us them back whom the guns
Shot for you dead on the ground.

IV.

Dead men, what of the night? —
Cannon, and scaffold, and sword,
Horror of gibbet and cord,
Mowed us as sheaves for the grave,
Mowed us down for the night.
We do not grudge or repent,
Freely to freedom we gave
Pledges, till life should be spent.

V.

Statesman, what of the night? —
The night will last me my time.
The gold on a crown or a crime
Looks well enough yet by the lamps.
Have we not fingers to write,
Lips to swear at a need?
Then, when danger decamps,
Bury the word with the deed.

VI.

Warrior, what of the night?—
Whether it be not or be
Night is as one thing to me.
I for one, at the least,
Ask not of dews if they blight,
Ask not of flames if they slay,
Ask not of prince or of priest
How long ere we put them away.

VII.

Master, what of the night?—
Child, night is not at all
Anywhere, fallen or to fall,
Save in our star-stricken eyes.
Forth of our eyes it takes flight,
Look we but once nor before
Nor behind us, but straight on the skies;
Night is not then any more.

VIII.

Exile, what of the night?—
The tides and the hours run out,
The seasons of death and of doubt,
The night-watches bitter and sore.
In the quicksands leftward and right
My feet sink down under me;
But I know the scents of the shore
And the broad-blown breaths of the sea.

IX.

Captives, what of the night?—
It rains outside overhead,
Always, a rain that is red,
And our faces are soiled with the rain.
Here, in the seasons' despite,
Day-time and night-time are one,
Till the curse of the kings and the chain
Break, and their toils be undone.

X.

Christian, what of the night?—
I cannot tell; I am blind,
I halt and hearken behind.
If haply the hours will go back
And return to the dear dead light,
To the watch-fires and stars that of old
Shone where the sky now is black,
Glowed where the earth now is cold.

XI.

High-priest, what of the night? —
The night is horrible here
With haggard faces and fear,
Blood, and the burning of fire.
Mine eyes are emptied of sight,
Mine hands are full of the dust,
If the God of my faith be a liar,
Who is it that I shall trust?

XII.

Princes, what of the night? —
Night with pestilent breath
Feeds us, children of death,
Clothes us close with her gloom.
Rapine and famine and fright
Crouch at our feet and are fed;
Earth where we pass is a tomb,
Life where we triumph is dead.

XIII.

Martyrs, what of the night? —
Nay, is it night with you yet?
We, for our part, we forget
What night was, if it were.
The loud red mouths of the fight
Are silent and shut where we are.
In our eyes the tempestuous air
Shines as the face of a star.

XIV.

England, what of the night? —
Night is for slumber and sleep,
Warm, no season to weep;
Let me alone till the day.
Sleep would I still if I might,
Who have slept for two hundred years.
Once I had honor, they say;
But slumber is sweeter than tears.

XV.

France, what of the night? —
Night is the prostitute's noon,
Kissed and drugged till she swoon.
Spat upon, trod upon, whored.
With blood-red rose-garlands dight,
Round me reels in the dance
Death, my savior, my lord,
Crowned; there is no more France.

XVI.

Italy, what of the night? —
Ah, child, child, it is long!
Moonbeam and starbeam and song
Leave it dumb now and dark.
Yet I perceive on the height
Eastward, not now very far,
A song too loud for the lark,
A light too strong for a star.

XVII.

Germany, what of the night? —
Long has it lulled me with dreams;
Now at midwatch, as it seems,
Light is brought back to mine eyes,
And the mastery of old and the might
Lives in the joints of mine hands,
Steadies my limbs as they rise,
Strengthens my foot as it stands.

XVIII.

Europe, what of the night? —
Ask of heaven, and the sea,
And my babes on the bosom of me,
Nations of mine, but ungrown.
There is one who shall surely requite
All that endure or that err:
She can answer alone;
Ask not of me, but of her.

XIX.

Liberty, what of the night? —
I feel not the red rains fall,
Hear not the tempest at all,
Nor thunder in heaven any more.
All the distance is white
With the soundless feet of the sun.
Night, with the woes that it wore,
Night is over and done.

A DAY AT A CONSULATE.

AN American consulate is a veritable Mirza's Hill, where human life, in its various phases, with its sharps and flats, its tragedy and comedy, passes in continuous though informal review. Lexically it is a commercial agency, but practically it is that and a great deal more; in an accommodated sense, it is a police-station, a criminal court, despatch agency, bank of deposit, reading-room, post-office,—in fine, a general depository, or sort of *omni-ana*, where from time to time you may find everything, from a love-letter to a Saratoga trunk, or from a sailor's tarpauling to a lady's *trousseau*.

So, too, a consul is supposed to be a commercial agent; but in fact, and of necessity, he is everything by turns, and nothing long. What with debentures, invoices, protests, legalizations, and the rest of that category, his official duties are sufficiently numerous, and often perplexing; but his unofficial services, which never figure in the despatches, are still more multiform and multiplied. He conducts trials, in which he is at once advocate, judge, and jury. He draws up a legal instrument as a notary, signs it as a witness, and legalizes it as a consul. Now he is engaged in the humble vocation of an interpreter, or *valet de place*, and, presto! he is discharging the functions of a minister extraordinary. Now he is looking after the stray baggage of some unfortunate tourist, and anon he is deciding cases involving, not only the property and personal liberty, but even the lives, of his countrymen.

Then, too, as the recognized agent of Uncle Sam,—that benevolent old gentleman, with a great, capacious pocket full of double-eagles,—he is regarded as a sort of special providence to the whole tribe of improvident scapegraces. If some peripatetic vagabond, or seedy nobleman, or political refugee, is out of funds, and minus credit, especially if he can lay claim to a nationality

that has figured in some war of independence, no matter how remote, he calls for aid upon the United States Consul. If one of his countrywomen contemplates marriage, she consults the consular oracle. If she is married and wishes she were not, or if she is not married when in all conscience she ought to be, she confides the terrible secret to the consul. If a male child is born of American parentage, the consul is forthwith notified of the happy event, and thereupon issues a certificate of United States citizenship. Should one of his countrymen conclude that "it is not good for man to be alone," the consul may solemnize the rites of matrimony; or, should he die intestate, the latter becomes, by virtue of his office, the executor or administrator of his personal estate.

I should have considered the foregoing an exaggerated statement of the case, if I had not recently had occasion to pass a day at one of the principal Italian consulates, of which I propose to furnish a brief record from notes taken upon the spot. Having ordered a small box of sundries sent to my address by steamer from Marseilles, I called at the consulate to ascertain its whereabouts and to inquire for letters. Antonio, the messenger, soon arrived with the mail. By way of parenthesis we may say, that Antonio is a fixture of the office, having been connected with it for the last twenty years. He speaks four or five different languages, and yet is in blissful ignorance of his own age and surname. He knows that everybody calls him Antonio, and that's all he knows about it. He is slightly at fault sometimes with his languages, as he exclaimed, on coming into the office, and glancing at the stove to see if it were drawing well, "The stufa pulls fast-rate."

This struck me as being rather extraordinary, as one of the peculiarities of an Italian fireplace is, as Dickens has

it, that "everything goes up the chimney except the smoke."

"How about the box, Antonio?"

"All right, Signore."

Though, to the best of my knowledge, it contained nothing dutiable, still, as I had been totally oblivious of the fact that the custom-house "Cerberus loves a sop," I anticipated some difficulty on that score, and inquired, with a little nervous anxiety, "How did you get it through, Antonio?"

"Why, sir, I told 'em it was only a little tapioca for the consul, who has the dyspepsy."

"*Birbante!*" exclaimed that worthy functionary with considerable fervor, as he wheeled around upon his tripod, "how dared you tell them that?"

"Why, you know, Signore Console, it is right to lie for my *padrone*; so I told 'em a lie in order to be honest."

"A very singular idea of honesty, certainly!" rejoined the consul, his severe aspect relaxing, notwithstanding his evident displeasure, into an involuntary smile. And yet not so singular either, when we consider the moral possibilities of a *régime* under which pious brigands, baptized with sacrilegious rites in human blood, can repeat with sanctimonious airs the Ave Maria over the mutilated corpses of their foully murdered victims. It was only an efflorescence of Machiavelianism, — a rather original statement of the old dogma, that "the end justifies the means," enunciated and illustrated by an ignorant Italian porter.

I might have read the now crestfallen messenger a homily on veracity, but for the entrance of an honest-looking peasant, who wished to procure the consular legalization to some paper that he evidently deemed of considerable importance. As a preliminary, it was necessary that he should be sworn. The consul, after explaining the nature of an oath, requested him to raise his right hand. This he positively refused to do, until fully assured that, whatever other terrible consequences might follow, he would probably not fall down dead, as did Ananias and Sapphira, in

the event of his failing to tell the truth. It soon became further evident that he was superstitious to the last degree, and in this respect he is, probably a fair representative of his class. As from believing too much we end by believing too little, so the natural rebound of superstition is infidelity. This is eminently true of the religious metamorphosis which is now taking place in Italy.

"What is your creed?" I inquired, a few days since, of a professor in one of the universities.

"Credo in Dio e buon vino," (I believe in God and good wine.)

It is to be feared that, among the more intelligent classes, Epicurus has more disciples than Jesus.

Meanwhile the consul had been despatching the mail that lay upon his desk.

There was a note from the mayor, enclosing an invitation to attend, on the following Sabbath, a military review in the morning and a grand ball in the evening; which, as the consul is a Protestant clergyman, seemed rather incongruous.

There was a letter in a feminine hand, in which the consul is informed that velvets and human hair are frightfully high in the United States, that she understands they are both very cheap in Italy, and that she will consider herself under lasting obligations if he will do her the favor of sending a quantity for herself and several of her lady friends, provided he can do so without the payment of the duties, — the velvets, no doubt, because the duty is so high; and the hair, I suppose, on the ground of its being second-hand.

There is one in Italian, from a youth of belligerent proclivities, who proposes enlistment in the United States Army on condition that his expenses are paid to the United States and he is guaranteed a commission.

There is another in French, from a Hungarian refugee, who is desirous of emigrating to America. He is confident that the United States government

will provide him with transportation, but, in case that he is mistaken, he has no doubt but that the consul will advance the money for the expenses of himself and family, consisting of a wife and seven children, begging him to accept in advance his most distinguished consideration and hearty thanks. The consul is reluctantly compelled to decline this modest request, which would take the greater part of his salary for a year, notwithstanding the assurance that every cent will be refunded on the establishment of the applicant in some lucrative employment. This is a fair specimen of that shabby-genteel way of begging — borrowing without the slightest intention of paying — which is so common on the Continent, even among those who lay claim to rank and respectability.

There is a note from a representative of Young America abroad, hailing from the insane hospital. It appears that the previous evening he had been mixing up claret and champagne with something stronger at a *café*, until, laboring under the illusion that he had been transformed into a Flying Dutchman, he attempted to execute a pirouette upon a marble-topped table, to the no little detriment of wine-glasses and queen's-ware, and to the utter amazement of the more sober *habitués* of the establishment. As the proprietor interfered, Young America, whose blood was now fully up, brought one of his fists in rather violent collision with the right eye of that worthy individual, which did not dispose him to see this affair in the most favorable light. The natural consequence of all this was a polite invitation, on the part of a couple of policemen, to accompany them to the guard-house. But as the belligerent youth exhibited some rather extraordinary symptoms which excited suspicions of temporary insanity, he was subsequently transferred to the ward for the insane in the hospital, where, after being divested of every article of his own wardrobe under protest, he was furnished with a wooden spoon, a soup-dish of the same material, a

narrow cot-bed, and a coarse linen shirt. He besought the consul to come at once, and extricate him, if possible, from this most embarrassing situation; though it was very evident from the tenor of his note, either that he had not recovered from the effect of last night's potations, or else was really insane. The only account he could give of this ill-starred adventure, in connection with the singular proceedings on the part of the authorities, was, that, having been arrested whilst laboring under that peculiar mental phenomenon denominated double consciousness, upon the false charge of having committed an assault and battery upon the Virgin Mary, he was fully satisfied that he was the victim of a most atrocious conspiracy. Poor fellow! he is the representative of an unfortunately large class of American youth, who, like mountain torrents, live too fast to live long.

Then there is another note of a very different character. It is from an American sailor in prison, charged with the murder of a shipmate on board an Italian brig. He pleads his innocence, begs the consul to intercede with the authorities in his behalf, and, in the postscript, requests him to send him any letters from his poor mother, and, if possible, a little tobacco. Thus do the comedy and tragedy of human life go hand in hand.

A consumptive invalid writes from one of the principal hotels, making inquiries relative to less expensively furnished apartments, and then jocularly adds that he can hardly afford to die at an Italian hotel. In truth, so superstitious are the Italians with regard to death, that, when a traveller dies, his friends are expected to indemnify the landlord for the expenses of thoroughly renovating the apartment occupied by the deceased; and the bill too often contains the following item for renewing the furniture, scraping, papering and frescoing the walls:—

“Indemnité pour refaction des meubles, et de la chambre occupé par le défunct, — £100 sterling.”

So, too, in private families, upon the death of a member of the household the friends of the deceased immediately desert the apartment, sometimes even before life is extinct; seldom, if ever, attending the funeral, whilst the apartment is either thoroughly renovated, as indicated above, or, if possible, is exchanged for another. Besides these, there were sundry notes relating to matters of minor importance, — to a stray Murray or Harper, that had gone sight-seeing on its own account; to a truant opera-glass, that was playing "hide and go to seek" among the *palchi* of the theatre, or had found another proprietor; to sundry trunks that were making excursions in one direction whilst their owners were travelling in another, or else to prime Havanas, that in a most provoking manner had found their way into the capacious pockets of custom-house officials, and were doubtless rapidly disappearing in volumes of smoke.

"Sprechen sie deutsch?"

"No, Signore."

"Parla l'italiano?"

"Sì, sì."

These questions were hastily ejaculated by an extraordinary-looking individual, who, striding into the office like an English grenadier, announced himself as a Russian ex-captain from Montenegro, just returning from the Paris Exposition, and unfortunately out of funds. His singular appearance, no less than his manner, attracted my attention, — a swarthy complexion, dark hair and eyes; an enormous mustache hanging down on either side of a sufficiently large mouth; dark blue Turkish trousers; an ex-white tunic, reaching down below the knees, and embroidered with gold lace; skull-cap, or fez; a silk sash with a leathern holster, minus the pistols; and a riding-whip of undressed chamois, minus the horse, which he had pawned, as he said, to pay his expenses to Paris.

He showed a scar upon his right wrist, and another upon his left thumb, that he had received, according to his own account, in the war of '57, with the

Turks; spoke of the *entente cordiale* existing between Russia and the United States, and then came to the main point in hand, namely, money.

"Have you been to see the Russian Consul?"

He slightly colored, and stammered, "Yes." His manner excited suspicion.

"Bring me a note from your consul, and, if it is satisfactory, I will do something for you."

"No! impossible! I ask you only for twenty francs, and that's not worth writing a note about."

The consul's suspicions were confirmed, and, having made up his mind to give nothing, to repeated solicitations he resolutely said "No." The ex-captain's countenance assumed a portentous longitude. Rising from his seat, he began to pace the floor, growing more and more excited all the while, until he resembled nothing so much as a polar bear in a menagerie.

"Say ten francs, then."

"No, not without the note."

"Five francs."

"No."

"Per l'amore di Dio, solamente cinque franchi," and then, in the midst of a passionate invocation to the Holy Virgin and all the saints, he went down upon one knee, gold lace and all, grasped fervently one of the consul's hands in both of his, and carried it passionately in the direction of his lips. Now, of all things in this transitory world there is nothing more transitory than a kiss; and yet it is not altogether objectionable on that account, provided it is tendered by the lips of beauty or of love. But in this particular instance the consul very prudently declined the proffered favor, and, resolutely withdrawing his hand, executed a flank movement, which very naturally resulted in a change of base on the part of the suppliant captain. The two stood eying each other rather awkwardly for a moment, when the latter, gathering up his fez and riding-whip, started for the door, and, growling an adieu, disappeared like a thunder-cloud.

Footsteps were now heard in the hall,

with a regular Anglo-Saxon accent, the heels being brought down with an emphasis that denoted energy and a will. It proved to be the captain of an American brig.

"Consul, there's been a row on board."

"What now?"

"Two of my men have nearly killed the mate."

The captain then, with some minuteness of detail, gave an account of the bloody affray. He warmed up as he proceeded, until he so far forgot himself as to indulge in some "percussion English," as he apologetically styled it; and though he spoke of the uniform good treatment and moral influence exercised on board, it must have been patent to the most casual observer, that in the discipline of seamen he had very little faith in moral suasion, and was better versed in the "Fool's Litany" than the Apostles' Creed.

"Where are the seamen?" inquired the consul.

"In the other office."

The "men" were now brought in, accompanied by two policemen in uniform. They gazed doggedly upon the floor and said nothing, though their bloodshot eyes and blood-stained shirts spoke volumes. Then followed the examination and cross-examination, when it appeared that the motive for committing this deadly assault was, as one of the sailors characteristically expressed it, cruel treatment, hard work, and "poor grub." As the result of the examination, the seamen were remanded to prison.

The captain subsequently related a number of amusing passages in his own experience at sea, and, among others, how Captain Semmes, on his return from England to the United States, after the destruction of the *Alabama*, came on board his vessel at Havana under the assumed name of John Smith; and that, although his manner attracted considerable attention, he never suspected he was carrying contraband of war until his arrival at Matamoros.

"Signor Console, I pray you tell me

what this is for!" exclaimed an Italian shop-keeper, as he entered the office, accompanied by a boy carrying a patent clothes-wringer. "I have had this in my establishment for nearly a year, and I should like to know certainly what it is."

"Why, that's for drying clothes."

"*Per Bacco!*"

"What did you think it was?"

A shrug of the shoulders was the only response, but it afterward appeared that he had been trying to sell it to the artists as a great improvement in photography.

The boy, we may add, by way of supplement, was a very necessary part of the transaction. A gentleman in Italy, going to market with a market-basket on his arm, would run great risk of being mistaken for a porter. Even the humblest artisan would lose caste if he could not afford to keep a servant to carry his tools. If a mason comes to adjust your bell-rope, or a glazier to repair a broken pane, he is accompanied by the inevitable boy. The consul related, in this connection, that on the previous day a poor woman, who had formerly been a *signora*, but was now reduced to extreme destitution, called at his residence to beg for broken victuals and cast-off clothing, but who at the same time, as a saving clause to her respectability, was accompanied by an old family servant to carry them home to her desolate garret.

There was a rustling of silks, and, a moment after, a lady who had evidently seen better days was ushered into the office, and announced as Signora B—.

"A veritable countess," whispered the consul in a scarcely audible aside. It soon appeared from the conversation that she was one of that unfortunate class of our countrywomen who have bartered wealth for a title. Her personal appearance was by no means prepossessing, but in her youth she had been an heiress with a hundred thousand in her own right, in the shape of a Southern plantation, with its chattels real and personal, upon which she herself was the only encumbrance. During

a European tour she had met and married an Italian count, who proved, as is generally the case with such fortune-hunters, a worthless adventurer, and who, after having squandered a large portion of her property, had abandoned her in the most heartless manner. Since then she had been married *de facto*, if not *de jure*, several times, and had led an altogether irregular life. In a state of society where so much latitude is allowed to the marriage relation, her character was not decidedly compromised; but it had reached that equivocal stage, when the more severe censors of social morality thought it prudent to subject it to a sort of informal quarantine.

After the usual civilities her conversation turned upon her domestic infelicity, of which she made no secret, and which appeared to have become hopelessly chronic. From any other standpoint than that of her present disreputable life, her story of domestic wrongs — though related, as witches say their prayers, backwards — would have been sufficiently touching.

As it was, the consul, desirous of terminating an interview which had already become not a little embarrassing, intimated that he had no disposition to interfere in domestic controversies.

"It is your duty, as an officer of the government, to do so," she exclaimed, with much fervor.

"I will consult my consular instructions," he replied, in a vein of quiet humor; "and, in case I find this duty imposed upon me, I will not shrink from its performance."

"I'll have justice," she continued, not in the least disconcerted by the last remark, — "I'll have justice, or I'll — *non mangerà più pane*."

Under the surface of this mild but expressive form of denunciation so common among Italians, — "He shall eat no more bread," — there lurks a terrible significance, which contemplates nothing less than a forcible divorce of soul and body.

"That would be a most remarkable change of venue, certainly," rather solilo-

quized than said the *genius loci*; "and yet I am not sure but that she would be more likely to procure justice in that court than any other."

"What court?" she inquired rather abruptly, and slightly coloring.

"Heaven's Chancery."

The entrance of a party of American tourists interrupted this awkward interview, and changed the current of conversation. Presently there was heard the heavy discharge of cannon in the direction of the harbor, which fell upon the ear in slow and measured pulsations.

"An American man-of-war!" cried Antonio, who was ever on the *qui vive* for the old flag.

"Papa," chimed in a childish treble, between two successive discharges, "why do they make such a fuss over men-of-war? Is it because they kill people?" But as papa only sat in a fit of abstraction, beating the devil's tattoo upon a writing-desk, the poor child turned her eyes, full of interrogation-points, first upon one and then another of the company, but there was no response.

The silence was ominous. Let us consult Victor Hugo!

"That's a fine picture you have there, Consul," observed a rather titanic specimen of feminine humanity, pointing at the same time to an indifferent copy of Titian's Assumption of the Virgin. "As we are thinking some of investing in the fine arts, I would like to know the name of the artist."

Other considerations aside, you would naturally have taken the fair author of the preceding remark, whom we shall designate as Madame Malaprop, to be a lady of considerable importance, judging from the size of her chignon, and the profusion of jewelry and other gimcracks with which her person was adorned. You could not say that she was positively attractive, but then, like Miss Crawley, she had a balance at her banker's, which, with all her drawbacks, would have made her beloved and respected anywhere.

"I am unable to give you the name

of the artist," the consul replied, after some hesitation, "but the painting evidently belongs to the Venetian school."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, applying her eye-glass, and observing it again with the air of a *connoisseur*. "O, I see! the schoolmarm is having prayers with the scholars," — doubtless led into this very innocent, though rather ludicrous, mistake, by the devout attitude of the Virgin, enveloped in an aureola of cherub faces in the act of adoration.

There was a very significant silence, which really began to grow embarrassing, when she again commenced and continued in a strain that could have reflected credit upon Don Eraclio in the Raggiatore, which, if the truth must be told, was much more amusing than edifying.

Madame Malaprop evidently belonged to that worthy, but nevertheless to be commiserated class, whose intelligence has not kept pace with their acquisition of wealth. Her former husband had the good or ill fortune to strike oil, which had rather served, however, for the enlightenment of others than of himself and family. When apparently just ready to enter upon the enjoyment of his suddenly acquired wealth, he fell ill and died. The buxom widow, who was by no means a proper person to grieve over what she termed "a merciful dispensation of Providence," resigned herself without a murmur. Shortly after she consoled herself with another husband, though we are bound to add, by way of extenuation, that he was an unusually small one, which she doubtless considered a very plausible excuse for marrying so soon.

He was a dapper little gentleman of apparently her own age. His hair and whiskers were of the most formal cut; his linen was unexceptionable, and even Beau Brummel could not have objected to the tie of his cravat. There was withal a certain stiffness in his manner decidedly suggestive of the tincture of ramrods, whilst his slender proportions reminded one constantly of Philetus and his leaden sandals. Either he was easily disconcerted or slightly absent-

minded, for he had a most singular fashion of looking for his spectacles when they were upon his nose. There was one other striking feature in the appearance of this eccentric personage. His hair was quite gray for about one half of its natural length, whilst the remaining half appeared to be of no very decided color, — whether from the effect of disappointed love, domestic infelicity, or from a failure in his supply of hair-restorative, we are unable to decide. If two persons would ride the same horse, as Dogberry would say, one of them must ride behind; and so with this amiable couple, though it was very evident that it was the husband who occupied this rather unenviable position. He rarely ventured to more than echo the oracular utterances of his titanic spouse, unless he occasionally presumed to modestly suggest a modification of their plans, when she would abruptly interpose her *sic volo*, and then there would be an energetic fumbling in waistcoat pockets for a pair of lost spectacles, and that was the end of the matter.

Madame Malaprop and her husband were evidently in quest of a social position. In such cases, a season at Saratoga or the grand tour of Europe is the Pons Asinorum on the other side of which many worthy but mistaken people expect to find respectability and position in society.

At this moment an American officer in full uniform entered the consulate, and announced the arrival in port of the C—, a United States man-of-war, stating, at the same time, that the captain's gig was at the consul's disposal whenever it suited his pleasure or convenience to pay his official visit.

"I will go at once," the latter replied; and fifteen minutes later the consular salute of seven guns announced his arrival on board. And now follow the official calls, official dinners, official excursions, and official shopping, in which the consul, who is expected to officiate in a variety of capacities, will have a most excellent opportunity of exhibiting the versatility of his talent, no less

than the quality of his hospitality. Meanwhile the *locum tenens* exercises a little brief authority. Just as we were on the point of leaving, a whole ship's crew, having been paid off and discharged, came into the office in a body, and, being in various stages of intoxication, made themselves as variously disagreeable. Shortly after, several policemen brought in an American seaman, who, having succeeded, whilst under the influence of liquor, in getting upon the roof of a six-story house, minus everything but his shirt, was amusing himself by dancing a sailor's jig, to the great consternation of the spectators below. And thus ended a day, such as we saw it, at an American consulate.

It was with a feeling of relief that we strolled out into the public square. The day was superb, such a one as is not to be found outside of "Paradise or Italy." The old cathedral with its black-and-white marble front, with its colossal lions of fierce and forbidding aspect flanking the side entrances, with its spiral columns and antique sculpture, constituted an admirable background to as quaint and varied a picture as is to be found anywhere in Europe. There were priests with their long black cassocks, cocked hats, and silver shoe-buckles; Turks with their white turbans and baggy trousers; Bersaglieri sporting their flowing crests of cocks' feathers; marines with their broad blue shirt-collars and glazed tarpaulings set jauntily upon their heads; gens-d'armes who might be taken for major-generals in full dress,—great strapping fellows, strutting about in showy uniforms, that poor peasant-women may have an opportunity of laboring in the fields. Then, too, there were monks with coarse brown cowls, bare feet, and skull-caps, in all the odor of sanctity, which, if my olfactories do not deceive me, is certainly not a very agreeable one; nurses with jaunty white caps, caressing babies swaddled like Egyptian mummies, or coquetting gayly with soldiers; and everywhere the inevitable *cavour*,—a cigar that makes up in length what it lacks in body and flavor.

Here a cabman is despatching a dish of *ministrone*, whilst another is asleep upon his box, his horses nodding alternately to the pavement. There a cripple hobbles about on crutches, with a portable variety-stand suspended from his neck, containing—I was about to give an inventory, though I see no good reason for advertising his goods—but his quick and practised glance has detected my apparent interest in his wares, and so, bearing down upon me with his crazy-looking craft, he shouts out in auctioneer style, "Tre per un franco!" at the same time shuffling a package of cards, among which I noticed the photograph of Booth, which he sold as President Lincoln's, along with those of some theatre actresses, *in pieno costume d' Eva*. There goes a dandy officer with laced waist and delicate kids, bedizened with gold lace and redolent of lavender, leading a poodle,—a fair representative of those drawing-room heroes whose theatre of conquest has ever been the hearts of foolish, faithless women, who from time immemorial have had a *penchant* for fine feathers and brass buttons,—knightly heroes who fence with a fan, or charge with a parasol, as they cry,—

"To arms! to arms! so they be woman's."

And then the numerous street cries, pitched upon every possible and impossible key from A sharp to X flat,—this is Bedlam run mad. As a climax to the discord of sounds, earthly and unearthly, several donkeys commenced braying in lusty style for the further edification of the passers-by.

Now there is infinite pathos, as well as irresistible laughter, in the braying of a donkey. It ranges all the way from high tragedy to low comedy or broad farce. There is in its incipency the subdued neighings of unbridled love. Then there comes a solemn protest against the hardship and abuse of centuries. Then it culminates in a climax of despair,—in utter abandonment to grief like that of a mother for her first-born. It seems as if some lost spirit had taken up its temporary abode in

that unpromising tenement, and would wail out an infinite despair were it not for the imperfection of the instrument. And then there is an anti-climax ; beginning with a sort of inarticulate running commentary on the "Vanity of Vanities," and ending in a reckless devil-may-care, as if it were reconciling itself to its hard lot, and saying, after all a little provender would be very acceptable, though it may be somewhat transitory.

We continue our stroll down to the sea-shore. What a sky and sea ! Who can paint the dissolving views of such a landscape, ever varying, ever changing ! Should an artist succeed in catching the golden glories and imperial splendors of yonder sunset, and transferring them to canvas, no one would dream that the picture could have its counterpart in reality. The quaint old city with its semicircular sweep, its towers and palaces and gardens, is beginning to bathe itself in shadow. The gayly decorated villas with their grated windows, dilapidated gateways, and faded frescos, each a sort of compromise between a prison and a palace, have just enough of ruin and decay attaching to them to give them a flavor of romance and poetry. The valley beyond, with its unfading mantle of green in the presence of eternal snows ; the antique well-sweeps ; the little garden lodges, from which is kept up a perfect fusillade against the little songsters

that would otherwise fill the orange-groves and olive-orchards with the melody of their song, now saddened into singular harmony with the pensive music of the monastery bells. You look away to where the Mediterranean rolls her liquid emerald, now dark with shadow or resplendent with light, as it reflects the ever-changing aspect of the sky, or else kindles in the sunlight, — a sea of glass and gold and glory. Here the clouds nestle in the valleys, or conceal the summits of the mountains so that they appear like truncated cones ; yonder they lift and betray the snow-clad peaks, bathed in sunlight and pure as heaven. In the clear morning light, villas and villages gleamed with a white radiance through the crystalline atmosphere. Now, a blue haze slumbers upon the sides and summits of the distant mountains, investing them with all the inexpressible charm of a veiled beauty. And still your eye wanders away to the vanishing point of the fading landscape, until it finds repose in the "bridal of sea and sky."

Italia ! thou art Paradise without the angels. And yet if Momus had given us a charter of fault-finding as large as the wind, we could not find it in our heart to chide thee, though one of thine own poets has sung that the straightest thing in all thy fair domains is the leaning tower of Pisa : —

"Oggi giorno ogni cosa è storta in guisa
Che la piu dritta è il campanile de Pisa."

A GOTHIC CAPITAL.

WHEN the time was come for building the Valerian Way, almost due eastward from Rome, across the mountains to the Adriatic, if we do not know precisely the measures by which it was brought about, we may guess pretty confidently what was *not* done. It is hardly likely that a *senatus-consultum* was lobbied through, granting peculiar privileges to "The Grand Central Trans-Apennine, Tyrrhene, and Adriatic Valerian Way Company," with right of way through the Volscian reservations, and liberal grants of the public domain. It does not seem probable that the money-changers' shops along the Via Sacra were filled with parchments and charts representing the importance of the enterprise: "The Valerian Way a Necessity!" "Growth of the Adriatic Slope!" "Need of more Direct Communication with Illyricum, Epirus, and the East!"—showing the superiority of the proposed route over the Flaminian and the Appian, for directness, facility of construction, gentle gradients, and freedom from obstruction by snow;—and finally demonstrating that its stock (which was nearly all taken) could hardly pay the holder less than twenty per cent, while its bonds (of which a limited number "are for sale here") were a really safer investment than city lots fronting on the Forum, or olive-orchards among the Tiburtine hills. This would have been a more enlightened way of doing it; but the Consul Valerius went about it with a more soldier-like directness. Having determined that the deepest notch in the mountain range was cut by that pass, straight beyond Lake Fucino, which is now called *La Forca Caruso*, he sent forth his simple mandate, and forthwith the grand thoroughfare began to ascend the steepes with sinuous *tourniquets*, to twist through the bleak summits of the Apennines, and to find its way downward, on the opposite slope, to the Adrian wave.

Through this pass, along this route, I trudged alone, towards evening, late in March. Not a trace is left of the pavement of broad, smooth stones with which the Consul covered it; not a fragment of the columns marking the increasing distances from the Golden Milestone in the Forum; and through a principal highway of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies the deep snow which buried the road was broken only by the sharp hoofs of an occasional mule. If the "overseer of highways" of old times was able to keep clear through the winter this road, which almost in April was thus buried, our Pacific Railroad companies might be glad to revive his system as a lost art. It is said that out of such a Roman road-master a Romish saint once happened to be made. The broken milestone, which showed only part of his title of *custos VIARum*, was taken for a sepulchral inscription, and *Saint Viar* was thereupon canonized. If the good man had been in charge of this particular line, much might be said for his claims to the honors, at least, of martyrdom.

From Popoli, the first town beyond the pass, the road descends, at first rapidly, through a narrow valley; and not until its forty miles of distance to the sea are nearly accomplished do the enclosing mountains recede enough to suffer the torrent, which the road has followed, to disport itself over a sandy plain of no great width, before it is at rest in the Adriatic. Just where this broader opening is entered, salient into it like the bastion of a fort a single mountain springs forward and upward, detached almost from the rugged mass, wearing on its very summit, for a mural crown, the provincial capital, Chieti. Up its steep sides—so steep that the battlements which enclose the city are not half so rigorous a limit to its expansion as is the abrupt plunge of the mountain-sides from the city walls—twists and zigzags a broad road, with

splendid engineering, to reach the town with hardly a sharper grade than that over which a horse may trot easily. As I plodded up the circuitous ascent, a squadron of a hundred brilliant Neapolitan lancers came winding down from far above, their red and white pennons fluttering and their weapons sparkling in the afternoon sun, — a long-drawn column as they marched by twos, beautiful to look upon, and their graceful captain quite charming as he returned my salute, but worthless in use, as no doubt this very squadron may have shown itself against Garibaldi a few weeks later. As the summit was neared, a turn in the road brought suddenly into view a vast blue expanse, whose edge was very near; and, looking backward from this first and glorious view of the Sea of Hadria, the majestic range of the Apennines, now quite left behind, presented itself in a *coup d'œil* more magnificent than any that I know of, excepting the views of the Alps from Turin and from certain points in Lombardy. From the stupendous mass of La Maiella, near the left of the scene, the great chain of snowy peaks stretched away for fifty miles to the northwest, until the tall pyramid of Monte Corno — well deserving its commoner name of The Great Rock of Italy (*Gran Sasso d'Italia*), and shooting its slender point more than ten thousand feet above the blue sea so near its base — hides all meaner summits from sight; while all over their lower slopes, and sprinkling the valleys which opened here and there among them, innumerable white towns and villages dotted the green. From Genoa around to Pæstum (what may be farther than Pæstum I cannot say) there is no such view of the Apennines as this from beyond them.

From this hill-city, next morning, by a three-hours' walk I reached the very shore of the sea, where the odd little walled and bastioned town of Pescara bestrides the shallow river at its mouth. From this point the route was to follow closely the unbending shore to Ravenna. The mountains, crowding with their huge bulk upon the sea, —

not sheer cliffs, as sometimes along the Gulf of Genoa, but rugged and broken, and sending down at frequent intervals terrific torrents from their snowy reservoirs, — would suffer a highway almost as well along their summits as a half-mile inland from the water's edge.

This coast-road, therefore, is the only means of communication between this part of the later Kingdom of the Two Sicilies and its capital, or with the rest of the kingdom and the rest of the world, unless two or three such snow-buried mule-tracks as I had just traced over the mountains, or the open sea at hand, should be reckoned as travelled roads. Nor did the Bourbon-Farnese government fail to recognize the primary importance of the road. The exceedingly minute and accurate map of the *Cavaliere Marzolla*, of the royal topographical bureau, which was my *vade-mecum*, distinguishes this by a strong red line as one of the highest rank, — a *Strada Regia Postale*. Yet of all the violent streams which tear across the road between Pescara and the Pontifical frontier, — streams which after a rain, and especially at the season of this journey, are swollen to such torrents as to be absolutely impassable by anything without wings, — not more than one or two have anything resembling a bridge. At such times, therefore, all communication with the rest of the world is suspended, whatever necessity for it may exist, even for ten or twelve days together.

Near the gate of exit from Pescara an advantageous bargain with the owner of an open wagon gave me half the seat, of which the other part had already been engaged for five miles' distance. The elegant Neapolitan officer who soon appeared to take the other place was apparently not overjoyed at the company of a tramp with his knapsack. But that universal passport to a friendly interest — *Civis Americanus sum* — instantly conciliated his military dignity, and we were not only friends, but confidants, as long as we were together. We forded a broad, shallow stream, jolting over its

stony bottom. "Why don't they make bridges?" I asked. Shrugging his shoulders, "*Non si sa!* — Nobody knows!" he answered, at the same time giving me a look and smile which, while unseen by the driver, who might have reported it at the next police station, said plainly enough to me, "Everybody knows." Then he must know about my strange travels, alone, and in such humble guise. Had I been at Rome? So had he — "in the '48"; but not then (looking down at his uniform) as a Neapolitan officer: "*Faceva la guerra sul conto mio*, — I was making war on my own account," — was making war, that is, under that same Garibaldi for whose coming into what they called "*the kingdom*" king and subjects were looking so anxiously, and who *came*, sure enough, only six weeks after this, and was not very stoutly opposed. No wonder either, if his Sicilian Majesty's forces were made up of such as my gentlemanly friend here, or of those unsafe men of whom they arrested two hundred, the newspapers said, in this same army of the Abruzzi only a few weeks before.

Less agreeable was the ride in a rude two-wheeled cart with some stolid clods of peasants, with which the day's walk was further varied. So long as wheels were available, the question of crossing rivers was easily solved. But in the afternoon I reached, alone and on foot, a flood of portentous width, without bridge, ferry, or ford apparent, — the river Tordino. Within reach was no man nor habitation; beyond was a humble house or two. No resource presented itself but that of the captive Hebrews by the rivers of Babylon, — to sit down and weep. But fortunately there came up just then an indigene, in similar case, who leisurely commenced baring his feet and pulling up the garment which was nearest like trousers, sending forth meanwhile one or two vigorous shouts. A speedy result was seen on the opposite bank, in the descent to the water of a muscular native, who proceeded by devious ways to wade across to us, and put

himself into an attitude to be mounted. This done, the legs of his passenger well twisted around his neck, he cautiously retraced the perilous path he had come by, the bare feet of the rider dipping at times in the flood that came breast-high, and returned for his next fare. Three or four of these torrents, before the line of the Papal States was reached, could be crossed only in this extraordinary fashion; — this on a royal post-road of the first class, and the sole connection of these provinces with the capital. The streams north of the Tronto are not different in character from these; yet on crossing that frontier into the territories of what I had been accustomed, until I was in "*the kingdom*," to regard as the meanest of European despotisms, I found all admirably bridged; some indeed with trestle-work, which presents less surface of resistance to the flood, but several more solidly, and all *well*. It may not be unreasonable to attribute this, and some other like phenomena of difference which one observes in comparing the Trans-Appennine provinces of the two powers, not so much to the greater beneficence as to the greater weakness of the priestly administration. In these Adriatic possessions of the Holy See there has always been a semblance of local autonomy, of provincial life, which the priestly administration was not strong enough to extinguish as the royal and Bourbon has done, and which does therefore some few things like these for the provinces, in spite of the central government.

It was growing dark as I entered the town of Giulia Nuova, set upon a hill a mile back from the highway. It was necessary to ask for the "*inn*" the guide-book mentioned; but the person accosted could only say that there was no such thing, but that a certain good woman was wont to entertain strangers in her private house for a consideration, — and to this he led the way. Seeing that this town of three thousand people close to the frontier was just then crowded with fifteen hundred

Neapolitan soldiers, no one, not even the respectable old lady who was glad to give me lodging, had much room to spare. There were no barracks; there was in her little house, she said, but one spare room besides the one she gave me; and in the other, for more than a year past, she had had two soldiers quartered, for whom she never had received a farthing, and never should; and as long as I could listen by the dim lamplight she recounted the various enormities of the rough fellows, who soon came stumbling in to bed. A new significance and value came then upon that half-forgotten and uncared-for article of our Constitution which provides that "No soldier shall, in time of peace, be quartered in any house, without the consent of the owner."

Part of the next morning's walk was in the casual company of a gendarme off duty. He, too, like his superior who had ridden with me yesterday, had his questions to ask,—some of them about that great name with which Italy has rung loudly several times since, but which then was not so well known in Southern Italy but that its semivowels were commonly twisted into "Gallibaldi." He, too, had seen service "in the '48." He was at Velletri, where Garibaldi, sallying southward from Rome, had come upon the Neapolitan army for restoring the Pope, and served them shortly as Neapolitans seem always to be served in fight; and where this worthy fellow had received a bullet-wound, of which he showed with much complacency the scar—in the back of his neck! At noon, crossing the bridge of boats over the Tronto, I entered once more the States of the Church, whose frontier I had passed on my southward course at Terracina. Almost instantly the change already adverted to was not only obvious, but striking. The road was charming, though very hot. Not only were villages frequent, but the hillsides were sprinkled with gentlemen's country-seats, many of them elegant, and sometimes approaching the stately

splendor of the villas with which Rome and Naples are surrounded. Orange-gardens loaded the air with their exquisite perfume, while the half-tropical effect of the near scenery, and of the sun's ardent brilliancy, was heightened by the vistas often opened up by some short valley of the snowy mountains at the left. There was no more borrowing the aid of a cart, or of the friendly shoulders of a *contadino*, to cross the mountain streams,—all were well-bridged; while everything in the appearance of the country and of the people showed a difference so decided that it might almost be called a contrast with all that was visible south of the frontier.

So, after a day or two of walking and wagon-riding along this pleasant coast, I climbed the steep from which there shone afar the goal of so many other pilgrimages, the holy city of Loreto. It was doubtless rather curiosity than veneration, which had made me look forward with some earnestness of desire to this visit; yet it was a disappointment that it should be so difficult to arouse an enthusiasm of whatever kind, even in the sanctuary itself, which, if its walls did not in very truth enclose the sublime events of the Annunciation and the Incarnation, has yet been for many centuries the object of the ardent faith, the reverent pilgrimage, and the sacrificial offerings of monarchs and pontiffs, and of their subjects by tens of millions.

Facing a broad piazza upon the utmost height of the hill city, flanked by a stately palace and a convent in the magnificent style which marks the date when the Papacy, though in the decline of its strength, was efflorescing in corruption, stands in like profuse splendor the church of the Santa Casa; and within the church, small, black, and dingy, yet at once the centre and the cause of this assemblage of church, palace, and city, the Holy House itself. Black, I have said; yet of its outer surface no one can speak but by conjecture or inference; for though you face the sanctuary, in whatever of the

four arms of the cruciform church you stand, if only you look inward from the entrance (for the House is at the intersection of them all), yet so closely incased is it in a glittering crust of sculptured marble, that the undevout visitor may well forget the doubtful miracle within for the sure marvels which are outside. The architecture of Bramante, and the patient sculpture of such as John of Bologna and Sansovino, and whatever there was greatest in their art through the first full third of the *cinque-cento*, have hidden from sight the simple structure of Judæan shepherds, while they represent in work almost divine the events of which the House itself was witness, or the wonderful passages of its own later history. That history, too, in minute detail, including the migration from Nazareth to the coast of Dalmatia, and at last, in 1295, to the spot where it now stands, is inscribed on stone tablets in various parts of the church, in different languages, that pilgrims might be built up in the faith that brought them here; yet the only languages that considerable search discovered were English, Welsh, and what purported to be *Scotch*. How justly this last is published as a language distinct from the English may be judged from the heading: "*The Storie of the Marvellous Flyttinge of y^e Holy House of Our Ladye of Loreto.*"

Within, a simple curiosity, not sharpened by faith, is soon sated. A mere cell, or cabin, of rough, irregular brick, less than twenty-eight feet long, not half so high, and narrower still than its height, is black and grimy with the smoke of six centuries' incense. A single door gives entrance to humanity; one window, to all the light but what is furnished by the silver lamps that hang burning night and day before the shrine. Over a little altar is one, perhaps the most famous one, of those hideous images in black wood of which St. Luke, evangelist, physician, and sculptor, has the unenviable credit, which have been deemed the most precious treasures of more than one

Italian town; and to no one of which can this Lady and Child, of half life size, be reckoned inferior, whether in ugliness of feature or in splendor of vestment. But whatever be one's incredulity in respect to the cabin and the doll, there is no room to doubt the genuineness of the jewels that adorn the one, or of the treasures, in the form of votive offerings, that fill the other; nor, better yet, of the wide vista over land and sea which the declining sun was touching with a more splendid glory when I left the shrine of superstition, and looked forth from the lofty ramparts of the town.

Charming, but with something other than a true Italian beauty, is the region over which I looked that evening from the walls of Loreto, and through which I walked in the cool and cloudy morning: *Il Giardino d' Italia*, as others call it than those who live there; *La Marca*, — the March, or Marquisate, of Ancona. Undulating, and to a degree of irregularity sometimes that one should almost say mountainous, it is yet under high and thorough cultivation to the tops of its highest hills; while hills and vales and the winding roads and lanes are dotted or shaded by the young foliage of innumerable trees, which would alone have served to dispel the illusion to which I was tempted, to fancy myself in the Massachusetts valley of the Connecticut River. Almond-trees were blossoming in peachy fragrance; blue violets peeped from the grass along the road; un-Yankee boys in white smocks and caps, from the crowns of which hung gay colored tassels, looked up from their work, and helped to show that this was not New England: but, among them all, the eighteen miles seemed to have been no long walk, when at one o'clock I passed by the town of Ancona, — by houses, on the landward side, in whose walls were imbedded Austrian cannon-balls, fired in its twenty-six days' bombardment in 1849, when revolution was suppressed for the Pope's benefit, — around to the only entrance of the town, where its north wall joins the

port. Along the little strand, within the town, beside which my road led, were many squads of soldiers hard at drill. These, too, were Austrians; there were fifteen hundred of them here, besides those of other nativity; their flag was not the Emperor's, however, but the Pope's. They were recent volunteers, whom the annexation of the Æmilian provinces, just north, and the threatening movements of "the bloody Piedmontese" upon the receding Papal frontier, had lately impelled to the defence of the few remaining jewels of the tiara. A crowd of young officers of these same dark green fellows spent the next morning, being Sunday, at their breakfast in my hotel, with such enthusiasm of champagne and warlike clamor as to belie the name of the *Albergo della Pace*. It was only a few weeks later that these same blooming fields through which I had just walked were reddened by the blood of the hirelings who were now exercising or carousing about me; when Lamoricière had collected his twenty thousand mercenaries about that very hill of Castel Fidardo, which I had looked at with its little village on its crest, only to be overwhelmed and routed by Cialdini, and to see this stronghold of Ancona pass for the last time from the hands of the Roman pontiff.

Perhaps this Mount of Ancona, in a nook or "elbow" (*ancōn*) of whose northern base nestles the town, may be set down as the exact point where the Apennine range, pushing down from the northwest, fairly strikes the sea, and from which it presses against the sea, with its lofty side along all that coast over which I had come. From here to the north, the coast road no longer has to struggle for a narrow footing under the base of steep mountains. If it still keeps close to the shore, it is only because the shore is straight, and is the shortest line between the towns upon it. As I set out at noon in the lumbering diligence, the mountains at once receded on the left, and, instead, a range of low, monotonous hills accompanied us at a little

distance. At no more rapid rate, including frequent stoppages, than if I had been afoot, the melancholy vehicle trundled along through the afternoon and all the dismal night. Past Sinigaglia, where the gloomy palace frowned over the road, where John-Mary Mastai-Ferretti began that life which he was to end, perhaps, as the last Pope with temporal dominion, and, at all events, after a reign surpassed in duration even now by not more than five of the successors of Peter; past Fano, with its triumphal arch of Augustus; after night had fallen, through Pesaro, and suffering long delay at the post-station of La Cattolica, which marked for the time the extent of Piedmontese aggression, and where the gray Sardinian uniform looked pleasantly once more under the light of the lanterns by which we were inspected; and in full daylight to Rimini, having accomplished sixty miles in seventeen hours of painful travel. Here were thousands of the new invaders from Cisalpine Gaul, who had crossed the Rubicon but a few miles back, and had passed into Rimini over a noble Roman bridge, and under a magnificent Augustan arch of triumph, on their way toward the Rome at which they arrived, but who were now busy in building great modern earthworks, as if they meant only to keep what they had got. From the ramparts, looking westward, there meets the eye, conspicuous across the plain, a dozen miles off, a long black cliff, the highest, apparently, in sight, its upper outline broken against the sky with towers, its summit and sides streaked all over with snow, which is all the territory of the Republic of San Marino, with its army of forty men, and its population of seven thousand.

If the country was now flat and uninteresting, yet even in such a region the late torment of the diligence was not better than freedom and independence on foot. So in two or three hours next morning I reached the little stream which even now is called *Il Rubicone*, flowing "ruddy" with clay between high banks, and spanned by a wooden

bridge, it may be at the very spot where Cæsar, on his way from Ravenna to seize the important fortress of Rimini, made that plunge upon which the fate of the world was to turn. The sea was near enough to the road, but hidden behind low mounds of sand. There were two or three little towns; Cervia, surrounded by a turreted wall, a square city of a couple of thousand people, through which, in its precise centre, the highway passes, broad and clean, and just three minutes' walk from gate to gate. Then, for ten or twelve miles, the road skirts the *Pineta*, — the grove of umbrella pines stretching along the sea in a narrow belt of wilderness. But at last the *Pineta* falls into the rear; the land spreads out into an utterly desolate low marsh, without house, stick, or stone to break its monotony, out of the midst of which rises, in solemn isolation, three or four miles before the gates of Ravenna are reached, and quite as far from the sea, the noble basilica of *San Apollinare in Classe*, — stupendous monument of that Gothic empire and that Arian heresy which came near to universal sway over the souls and bodies of Christendom, and of which Ravenna was the Rome, the glorious metropolis and capital. In this character alone, aside from all other claims, this lonely, half-deserted city, within the ample circuit of whose walls are streets overgrown with weeds and lined with vacant palaces, could never fail to excite the reverent enthusiasm of any one to whom ecclesiastical or simply historical antiquities are of interest, if only he should place himself within the circle of its attraction. Yet this is not all; for before the Goths Ravenna was great; and after orthodoxy had restored the unity of the Western Church, it needed many centuries of combined natural and ecclesiastical and political causes to reduce it from a splendid rank among the cities of Christendom. Before Venice rose upon the islands that cluster about the head of the Adriatic, but a few miles to the northward, Ravenna was Venice. This inland town, from which the sea

is distant by seven miles of dreary marsh, sat like Venice upon its clustered islands; the sea, as in those of Venice, was

"In its broad, its narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing";

countless bridges maintained communication between its isolated quarters; like Venice, its walls were impregnable and unattainable by the strong defence of the lagunes that encompassed it; while all the wealth of the East, that afterwards built the palaces of Venice, flowed into its lap, to be distributed by its merchants over all Western Europe. When Rome was shaking under the successive shocks of Northern invasion, the degenerate Cæsars fled hither to establish the still splendid court of the Western Empire. But her greatest magnificence was under the sway of that extraordinary people, that blue-eyed, fair-haired race whose name is a synonyme for savage brutality, who yet conquered the conquerors of the world, and who from this capital, which they made to rival in splendor the city of Constantine itself, exercised a dominion reaching from the mouths of the Danube to the extremity of the Italian peninsula, and to the Pillars of Hercules and the Bay of Biscay. In that grand process which never ceases, by which the mountains are being brought low and the valleys exalted, the Alps and the Apennines have been robbed of their substance to raise these miles upon miles of firm land from the bottom of the sea. No natural landmark points the successive stages of this vast but silent and constant change; only the names which faithful tradition has kept impressed upon the local topography serve to show how gradually the Adriatic retreated from the steps of the throne of its queen. When Rome was a republic, and Ravenna a town in its province of Cisalpine Gaul, the ships of Alexandria and Joppa discharged their cargoes in her very streets. Two miles from her walls, the lonely church of *Sta. Maria in Porto* shows by its name that at some early time, which

cannot be fixed, the harbor had retired so far from the city which had been built upon it; and the square light-house, which then had guided the mariner to his destination, was many centuries ago turned from its ludicrous inutility to pious uses as the bell-tower of the church. At nearly twice that distance from the gates there is nothing but the name of the magnificent church of San Apollinare (*in Classe*) to show that its site was once that of the suburb where the imperial "Fleet" lay moored; while between it and the sea are now four miles of black and dreary moorland, or of

"Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flowed o'er."

Thus, when the queenly city had been abandoned by her handmaid the sea, her commercial greatness fled to upstart Venice, or was shared by Venice with Genoa and Pisa; while, the Gothic sceptre having passed from the giant arm of Theodoric to successors as puny as the latest Cæsars, imperial power and ecclesiastical primacy were transported to the Rome which had so lately lost them, or went wandering and divided to Saxony or Franconia, to Paris or Aix-la-Chapelle. But though her dominion is long ago departed from her, Rome herself has not to-day such monuments of the period from Constantine to the death of Justinian, a space of two centuries and a half, as Ravenna possesses in unimpaired magnificence. Compare these dates, for example, of all existing works in mosaic, up to the time last named: in Rome, at Sta. Sabina, but almost wholly destroyed, A. D. 425; part of the mosaics at Sta. Maria Maggiore, 432; SS. Cosmo and Damian, 530;—at Ravenna, at the tomb of Galla Placidia, 440; at San Giovanni in Fonte, 451; at San Vitale, 547; at Sta. Maria in Cosmedin, 553; at San Apollinare in Classe, 567; and at San Apollinare Nuovo, 570; while the superiority of these to the few Roman works is far greater in extent and splendor than in mere number. Something, perhaps, of this inequality is due to the fact that the

returning power and wealth of the Roman episcopate made possible a lavishness of reparation and improvement which left little but the name to many a venerable relic of the earlier centuries, while deserted and declining Ravenna had hardly the vigor even to destroy; but it cannot be doubted that the period in question was that which came nearest to a total eclipse of Roman splendor, and during which the heretical supremacy and the barbarian invasions that were oppressing her were building her Trans-Appennine rival into a gorgeous seat of empire.

Of all the monuments of that schismatic faith and that barbaric empire, hardly one is more impressive than this lonely basilica of San Apollinare in that dismal moorland, which was once the busy suburb of the Fleet. More than thirteen hundred years ago, the thin, flat bricks—as Roman in their shape and the fashion of their putting together as if they had not been laid by those Goths whose name imports all that is brutal and destructive—rose into its arcaded sides and clerestory, and its lofty circular campanile. Within, it is green now with damp and mould, and its lower chapels swamped in water. No worshipper kneels before its altar; a sickly looking priest or two, caring for the unused utensils of church service, is the only living thing to be seen by the visitor, except the spiritual life of thirteen centuries ago, petrified into the deathless colors that cover the great tribune and the spandrels of the arch before it. Here, with reverent boldness, the sacerdotal artist has essayed the wonderful scene of the Transfiguration. From the apex of the half-dome which roofs the tribune, the hand of the Almighty, issuing from the clouds, points to the head of Christ, in the centre of a great gemmed cross just below. Above the cross are the Greek letters ΙΧΘΥC; near its arms the Alpha and Omega; and at its foot the words *Salus Mundi*. Resting on clouds on either side of the cross, and pointing to it, are the figures of Moses and Elias, their names inserted near them

in strong Roman characters. Below, on the green earth (and how brilliantly and perennially green that landscape is, after these thirteen centuries, no one who has seen it can ever forget), the apostles Peter, James, and John gaze upwards in the guise of sheep, surrounded by flowers and rocks and pines and cypresses. Below the cross is the saint under whose invocation the church is dedicated, in his ancient archbishop's robes, his arms raised in the act of preaching, his congregation symbolized by a flock of sheep surrounding him. Near by, upon another wall of the presbytery, the great mystery of the Atonement appears under its several Hebrew types,—the sacrifices of Abel, Melchizedek, and Abraham. Above the arch of the tribune, upon the broad wall which looks down the nave, are still other and various subjects,—archangels, evangelists, symbols of Christian faith and hope, and the cities of Bethlehem and Jerusalem, with processions of believers, typified, as before, by flocks of sheep issuing from the open gates.

Such are the themes which, in representations splendid in color and colossal in grandeur, are spread over the whole surface of that altar-end of this deserted church, which alone has preserved its treasures to this day. But if we enter the silent city, its almost vacant streets offer still richer jewels to our gaze. Here is that other church of the same name (*San Apollinare Nuovo*), which, yet half a century earlier, the great Theodoric himself built as the metropolitan cathedral of the Arian world,—that church which might have been to-day what St. Peter's is, had Clovis, instead of Alaric the Visigoth, while its walls were rising, fallen upon the plain of Poitiers, and the world become a universal Gothic empire, and Arian heresy become Catholic orthodoxy. Not merely the extremity of this "Church of the Golden Roof," but the walls of its nave from end to end, and up to the gilded ceiling itself, are covered with these pictures in stone whose colors never fade. On one side a single gigantic composition shows the

city of Ravenna of that day, in which are conspicuous the structures which still remain to us; opposite, that suburb of the Fleet, with harbor and ships, which now is vanished,—ships, city, and port; both rising from the round arches of the nave, which rest on columns borrowed by the Gothic king from that Constantinople to which he owed so slight an allegiance, up to the windows of the clerestory; while every space between those windows, and above them to the roof, contains its separate subject.

If it is thought strange that a period of Gothic domination should be commemorated by such structures as these, how much more marvellous is it that the most gorgeous work of Christian art, though far from being the greatest of the earlier centuries, should have been going steadily on through precisely those years when the struggle of Barbarian and Byzantine for final domination had burst out afresh, and was raging with a fury unknown in the first invasions, and when Ravenna itself, as well as Rome, was held alternately by the contending hosts! Yet such was the eventful infancy of San Vitale. It is rarely that the date of so ancient a work can be determined so precisely as may that of this singular structure from the marks it bears upon itself. The most brilliant of all historical records in the mosaics covering the chair and tribune, and representing the consecration of the church, fix the time of that event as nearly as may be at the year 547. On opposite walls stand the Emperor Justinian and his wife Theodora, "whose vices were not incompatible with devotion," attended, the former by the consecrating archbishop St. Maximian and a splendid retinue of courtiers and officers, the other by a train of ladies from the Byzantine court, all in such vivid distinctness of costume and feature that one does not think of questioning their likeness, while the identity of every principal figure is established by the bold lettering of a name near it. As the disreputable actress turned empress and devotee died in

548, the limit for the completion of the church is fixed at once. For its commencement this strange, Oriental-looking octagon could have been suggested by no other than that magnificent temple which the same Emperor had begun at Constantinople in 532, and six years later had dedicated to the Eternal Wisdom; even as San Vitale itself, after two centuries and a half, suggested to Charlemagne the ideal which that greater than Justinian executed in the octagon "Chapelle" that gave a name to his capital and afforded himself a sepulchre. Nothing, therefore, seems so probable as that, when Belisarius had recovered the Gothic capital in 539 for his imperial master, he should at once have begun, a votive offering for his success, the gorgeous monument which eight years later was completed. Rarely, in any age, have the arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting (if that may be called so which uses only fragments of colored stone as the vehicle of its expression) combined to make so splendid a memorial of triumph or devotion. Unlike as it is in shape to the basilica or the later church, yet the analogy to the nave, aisles, and side-chapels of the latter is closely maintained. Above the two tiers of circular arches, resting on superb monolithic columns of Grecian marbles whose capitals are cunningly undercut with vine-work and reticulation and strange devices, bespeaking far more the vigorous play of a young and growing art than the decline and corruption of an old art, rises a clerestory and a dome; while such parts of the inner fabric as are not covered with costly marbles and sculptures blaze with the profuse and varied pictures of the workers in mosaic, as bright and clear and perfect in color, as well as design, as on the day when St. Maximian first read there the prayers of consecration. It would be a wearisome task to reproduce from note-books a catalogue of all the subjects that glitter on the walls of San Vitale, or of any one of the greater churches of Ravenna; a sufficient idea of their character

and diversity has already been given by examples. Whatever external splendor these structures may have (and some of them are extremely imposing) is in spite of the simplicity of their material; for this, upon that great alluvial plain, where not so much as a pebble can be found, is almost uniformly the broad, flat, Roman brick, an inch and a half in thickness. But the most distant quarries have contributed their wealth to the adornment of their interiors; while these mosaics, which glitter in such vast extent upon their inner walls, whether their subjects be historical, symbolical, or dramatic, are not merely inestimable studies of the costume and the whole life of the fifth century, but as works of art are immensely superior, in color, in action, in expression, and even in composition, to those of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries elsewhere in Italy.

If it had been attempted to give a summary of the attractions of this Gothic capital to a student of early Christian art, it would still be incomplete. Overreaching in antiquity the final Gothic conquest, the mausoleum built by a Roman empress, who had also been a queen of the Goths, as her own sepulchre and that of an emperor who was her brother, and another who was her son, is on some accounts of singular value. Constructed at least before the death of Galla Placidia in 450, it is with a single exception, also at Ravenna, the sole example remaining in Italy of the *Memoria* or funeral chapels which once covered the country like the Santons' tombs in Turkey, the origin of which may be traced, if not to Byzantium itself, to the sepulchral cells of the Catacombs, and which seem to have given place long ago to the mortuary chapels that were annexed to churches and cathedrals. Its three imperial tombs are, perhaps, the earliest specimens of Byzantine sculpture now remaining; the mosaics which cover its cupola are not only peculiarly beautiful, but constitute, with the strict harmony of its architecture and its sculpture, what has been called by

one of the most philosophical writers on Christian Art (Lord Lindsay) "by far the most perfect and interesting example" of the early Byzantine symbolism. Yet this monument, too, the sepulchre of a Gothic queen and of that Roman Emperor who diverted himself with cock-fights behind the walls and ditches of Ravenna while Alaric was taking Rome, helps to remind one of those barbarians under whose rule Ravenna was at its greatest. "Barbarians" the world has agreed to call them, and to name "Gothic" whatever is base, brutal, unspiritual, and wantonly destructive. Perhaps the world's nomenclature might have been different, had the fortune of war been other than it was with Belisarius in the East and Clovis in the West. *Les vaincus*, like *les absents*, *ont toujours tort*. Looking back these thirteen hundred years, through the false medium of a literature made by the victors, it is yet not hard to see that these barbarians had in them much of all in the world at that time that was good, that was generous, that was liberal, that protected and promoted art, learning, jurisprudence, and religion. The Code of Justinian, in which culminated twelve centuries of Roman juridical learning and a national life devoted in some measure to the arts of peace, is no more remarkable monument of enlightened legislation than that Visigothic code which was struck out by these Teutonic organizers, before Justinian's century, in the ferment of incessant campaigning and amid the daily clash of arms. Under the undisputed dominion of the East Goths, Saint Benedict, who was a heretic to them, was suffered to found on the Monte Cassino that monastery which was for centuries the very fountain-head of all manner of learning, and Cassiodorus established, in his graceful retirement at Squillace from the office of prime minister of the Gothic Empire, the first great library in Italy; while the monarchs themselves invited from all the world whoever excelled in art or science, and promoted the cultivation of science and the arts among

their own subjects by a liberal system of rewards. Dio Cassius could no better express the wisdom and refinement of these barbarian rulers than by comparing them favorably with the Greeks themselves. Accustomed, wherever they were subject to orthodox rule, to the relentless persecution by which orthodoxy was sure to vindicate itself, no sooner did these gentle barbarians establish their own domination than they showed to those who had "despitefully used them and persecuted them" the new virtue of full toleration for differences of religious opinion; so that during the great Theodoric's reign of thirty-three years it was said that no Italian Catholic had adopted, either from compulsion or choice, the religion of his monarch. Then, first and last in all the centuries from the time of Constantine almost to our day, did a Christian government protect even the Jew from the superstitious or avaricious fury of the mob, and, by a refined justice which only our latest American statutes have expressed, levied upon the community responsible for the outrages a proper compensation for the injuries inflicted. What a different Europe it might have been, had barbarism like that controlled it for the past thousand years!

"But surely the Goths and Vandals pillaged Rome?" — *Capture* Rome no doubt they did. So have British troops in our day taken Pekin and Delhi and Magdala, and, not long ago, Washington. But when we read how our cousins plundered and sacked and desecrated temples, and destroyed public monuments, and call them Goths and Vandals, we do the barbarians a wrong. Their enemies have told their story; yet their enemies have recorded that Alaric protected the churches of Rome, and all who might take refuge in them, and the consecrated vessels, even in the fury of a capture by assault; and that even the public edifices suffered rather from the inevitable damage of the occasion than from wanton destructiveness. Augustine compares the moderation of the heretics with the

wanton barbarity of the Romans themselves in the wars of Marius and Sylla, as each party in turn gained possession of the imperial city; and a later historian confidently affirms that the ravages of these barbarians were less destructive than those of Charles V., "a Catholic prince, who styled himself Emperor of the Romans." Orthodox piety had already suffered the monuments of paganism to fall to decay; and it was reserved for the Gothic Theodoric to protect by positive edict, by the appointment of an efficient architectural commission, and the appropriation of large annual revenues, the public edifices, the statues, whatever was valuable for antiquity or art, from the ravages of time and the depredations of Roman citizens. As Rome grew rich and great again, her own princes completed the ruin of her most glorious monuments, content to see their own evil work charged upon the Goths who were their betters; so that, in a stronger sense than Pasquin meant it, may it be said in Pasquin's words, "*Quod non fecerunt barbari, fecere Barberini.*"

It was pleasant to visit now, at the centre of that imperial power of Theodoric, the fabric which the hero built for his final resting-place, as if conscious that those who should come after him would be unworthy to make his sepulchre. Beyond the noise of the then busy city, in the midst of fruitful fields a mile without its gates, "upon the sides of the north," as if the conqueror would return at least so far toward the birthplace of his nation, he built his tomb in his lifetime of massive blocks of Istrian limestone, brought from beyond the sea into this land of clay and bricks. Long ago a pious fervor has expelled and scattered the remains of the great heretic who protected the worship of his Catholic subjects, and the sepulchre is now a chapel of the orthodox *Santa Maria della Rotonda*. The sole remaining example, except the mausoleum of Galla Placidia, of the Funeral Chapels of the earlier ages, it rises in two stories, an equal-sided decagon, from a base which,

although lately uncovered by excavation, is left by the unceasing rise of the land several feet below the general level. Each of its ten sides is occupied by a round recessed arch, of which the members are curiously notched and fitted into each other; and around the whole runs a continuous moulding through the impost of all the arches, which brought at once to recollection a similar feature in the Terracina palace. But crowning the structure, as if to exhibit to the feebler races who should come after, and who should use the name of "Goth" in scorn or derision, a feat beyond their power to imitate, the mighty architect has placed a roof which the resources of nineteenth-century engineering might be inadequate to construct;—one single block from the Istrian coast, forty feet in its diameter, a rounded dome above and concave vault within, its thickness varying from four feet at the centre to something less at the edges, and its weight two hundred tons. A mountain covered the grave of Theodoric, as a river flowed over that of Alaric. Equidistant about the side of this mass are twelve projections pierced with holes, which the peasants of the neighborhood have called by the names of the twelve apostles, as if they had once furnished support to their statues; but no statue could have stood upon their downward-sloping tops. Perhaps the great architect left them there to aid our imagination to the method by which this mass of two hundred tons was moved to its position. There, at all events, it stands, and has stood these thirteen centuries and a half, as firm and level as when the Gothic builder lowered it to its place, defying time, defying the puny assaults of modern men. Orthodox fanaticism has availed only to desecrate the tomb and scatter the kingly ashes. No feebler force than the lightning of heaven has rent in two parts, which yet remain unmoved in their places, the work of that hero whose empire was at least coextensive with Charlemagne's, and whose glory deserves to be no less.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

DEAR MAMMA:—

I fear you are a little impatient to know why it was that Jean Baptiste and I were married and off to Paris six weeks before the time fixed for our wedding, according to your latest advices. I also fear you were not quite satisfied with the little letter I sent you the morning we were married. I do not remember one word of that letter, but I know it was too short to contain any proper explanation of the affair. I assure you, my dear mamma, that it was impossible for me to be any more explicit then. I do believe that no other girl was ever hurried as I was that morning and the night before.

Only seventeen hours before the wedding actually took place Jean Baptiste came to my school-room in a buggy, and called me out. He said that a friend of the family had lately died in Paris, leaving him a large legacy,—quite a little fortune, in fact; that his father had just received intelligence to that effect through the Atlantic Cable Telegraph; that this rendered it necessary for us to start for France immediately, instead of waiting till August, as we had intended; and that it had been decided, in family council, that the wedding should come off quietly *next morning at eight o'clock*, so that he and I, and his father and mother, who were to accompany us, could take the 9.15 train eastward.

"Dismiss your school," said he, "if it costs you half a year's salary, and get into the buggy, and come with me. Father and mother wish to explain to you our relation to this man who has just died in Paris. Father and he were engaged together in a curious affair a great many years ago, which laid the foundations of both their fortunes. Father thinks you ought to know all about it before we are married, and I quite agree with him. There is nothing criminal nor disgraceful in it, and if there

were, it all happened long before I was born, so I know it will make no difference with your willingness to marry me. I will therefore improve the time while father is enlightening you with this scrap of family history by driving around to the school authorities, and telling them all about the matter."

So saying, my lord and master elect handed me into his buggy, after I had dismissed my wondering pupils, drove home with me, and turned me over to his father and mother, who received me with a degree of kindness that ought to have put me at my ease. But I was so dazed that I could not, and did not, make any objection to being married at such short notice, nor plead for even one day's delay, but sat helplessly repeating to myself, "To-morrow morning at eight o'clock,—to-morrow morning at eight o'clock."

Father Moran said, that, in his early youth, he and his friend, who had just died in Paris, had been engaged together in a somewhat extraordinary adventure which he thought ought to be related to me before I united myself irrevocably with a member of his family. The story, he said, had been confided to many of his friends, and was now no secret. Still he preferred that I should hear it from his own lips before Jean Baptiste and I were married, so that it might not appear that any important fact in the history of the family had been concealed from me. He then proceeded to give me an outline of his early history. Since that time he and Mother Moran have returned to the subject so freely and so frequently, that every incident and every situation in the story is impressed upon my memory as distinctly and vividly, I verily believe, as it is upon theirs.

I have been greatly aided, no doubt, in following the narrative, by my own knowledge, acquired while I was teaching in Canada, of the topography and

the local habits and traditions of the neighborhood where Father Moran met with his main adventure.

Father and Mother Moran and Jean Baptiste all think that I ought to write to you a full account of the matter. Father Moran, especially, desires me to do so. He says that if I neglect it ten days, you will, in the mean time, hear from some source that I am married to the son of a reformed brigand or some such character.

I have promised to put the whole story into this letter, and I shall do so if I can find an envelope in Paris large enough to contain it. I have also promised — and I renew the promise to you, mamma — not to draw upon my imagination any more than my nature absolutely requires.

Before I begin this long story, let me finish what I started to write about my wedding.

When I got away from Father and Mother Moran, it was almost five o'clock. I was to be married early next morning to the best-dressed man in St. Louis, and I had no clothes fit to be worn at a drayman's wedding.

In my despair I went straight to my dress-maker, who had already undertaken to get up my wedding finery, but had not as yet put a stitch in it, and told her my story with tears in my eyes. As soon as my deplorable situation was known in the shop, I commanded the sympathy of the whole establishment. When the regular hours for work were past, the good dress-maker and her dear girls, together with four angels from another establishment, took me in hand; and it is but simple justice to say that they presented me at the altar next morning in unexceptionable attire, and with my trunks packed as became a bride starting upon her wedding tour.

We were quietly married at eight o'clock (no cards), and started immediately for Paris, and here we are.

Now for Father Moran's story: —

Edward Moran was born in Massachusetts, and is doubtless related to the Morans of Springfield. His parents removed to Lower Canada while he was

a baby. His father was a physician, and a poor man his life long. His mother died when he was twelve years old. At fourteen he was articled — whatever that may mean — to an architect in Montreal. Shortly after that his father died, leaving less than property enough to pay his debts.

It would have gone hard with poor Edward in his poverty and his orphanage, if the architect and his lady had not been kind and generous people. They pretended that his services were worth more than his instruction, and made that their pretext for forcing upon him what money and other things he needed. When he was twenty-one, and no longer a student or apprentice, or whatever he had been, the good architect, who was an Englishman, and whose name was Nevins, as I ought to have told you before, gave him fifty pounds. [Fifty pounds in Canada equal two hundred dollars. The Canadians count their money the same as the English do theirs, but their pounds, shillings, and pence are only about four fifths as valuable as the £, s., and d. sterling. At least, it was so when I was in Canada. From this time forth even unto the end of this letter, I shall reduce every sum I am called upon to mention into rational dollars and cents, so that you can have some notion whether the sum be worth mentioning or not.] Mrs. Nevins gave him several valuable presents, which she called keepsakes, and an honest motherly kiss; and little Nellie Nevins cried till her eyes were very red when he went away. Mr. Nevins had procured for him a job, or order, or contract, or whatever else an architect would call it, to plan and superintend the erection of a big house above Brockville in Upper Canada, and immediately opposite the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence.

Of course Edward was very much in love with Nellie Nevins. She must have been a splendid girl, she is such a superb old lady. He not only loved her very desperately, but felt quite sure that she loved him. But he was quite

penniless, and was, or thought he was, a pensioner on her father's bounty; so it seemed to him that every principle of honor and gratitude conspired to close his lips, and he and Nellie parted without coming to any understanding in words. The true state of the case was nevertheless plain enough to all concerned, including Nellie's good father and mother.

Young Moran went to his new field of labor with a vague notion, not reasonable enough to be called an idea, nor definite enough to be called a wish, but still an ever-present lurking fancy, of making some sudden and signal display of genius, or achieving some grand stroke of fortune before his image should quite fade out of Nellie's tender heart. His aspirations were vague and dreamy, and mixed up with his little love affair, as the heroic tendencies of very young people always are. They found, however, some expression, I verily believe, in the work he had in hand,—a gentleman's dwelling, built on a generous and costly scale. I well remember how proudly, and yet how tenderly, it crowned its hill when I saw it, and was never tired of gazing at it, more than twenty years after the young lover and dreamer had built it, and into it some of his lofty day-dreams. His nature was not sordid, but his imagination frequently revelled in gorgeous visions of wealth; and many of his ground-plans of life were laid out for a solid foundation of gold and silver. His aspirations, I feel sure, would not have taken this form, poor as he was, if his imagination had not been fired by stories of hidden treasures among the islands.

No better hiding-place could have been found. The Thousand Islands are not extravagantly named. There are, it is said, more than fifteen hundred islands in the group. They vary in size from a mere point of rock to several hundred acres. The St. Lawrence here abandons the solemn rôle of a deep, broad river, and frolics madly about among the islands in a perplexing maze of narrow, devious channels, some of them mere rivulets. It was one of

the mysteries of my Canadian days, not yet cleared up, how the pilots ever find their way through this labyrinth of waters.

Moran was protected by his pure love for Nellie from running into any excesses which would make him unworthy of her. He was, at the same time, driven by his utter loneliness and his hardy, adventurous spirit into much rough company. A knot of hard-drinking, story-telling cronies who assembled nightly at the Tripe and Trotters tavern had a special attraction for him, though he never joined in their drunken orgies.

Here he heard the story of O'Donnel, the smuggler, *par excellence*, of the Thousand Islands.

This worthy, it seemed, was a native of Kingston, Upper Canada. His mother was a wretched creature who hung around the soldiers' barracks at Fort Henry, near that city. He was awfully deformed, there being such an inequality in the length of his legs and the height of his shoulders as to produce a constant distortion of his countenance, when walking or even standing. When he was sitting, or lying quite still, however, his features were said to have been singularly regular and *spirituelle*, and to have worn a sad and stern expression. His mother, whose name he bore, died when he was a mere lad. From his infancy to his early manhood he fought a battle without a truce with the world for his daily bread. His manner was surly and unsocial. He was a miser from his boyhood and a misanthrope from his cradle. When he was about twenty-two years of age he established himself on one of the Thousand Islands, situated about midway between the shores of the river, far away from the route pursued by vessels of any considerable burden, washed on every side by swift narrow channels and fierce eddies, containing about an acre and a half of rocky soil, and approachable only by crooked and unfrequented channels. This delectable retreat soon came to be known as Smuggler's Island, for reasons that will presently appear.

O'Donnel was strong and resolute, as many deformed men are. He was a skilful trapper and hunter, but was chiefly renowned as a smuggler. In Moran's day many anecdotes were afloat of the cunning and prowess with which he, time and time again, baffled the custom-house officers. In the summer he transported his goods across the river in a large light canoe. In the winter he used for the same purpose a light sleigh, drawn by powerful and fleet horses, some of them almost as celebrated as he was. Winter and summer alike, his route of transit was only known to himself. He confined his traffic to valuable articles having but little weight or bulk, so that he needed no assistance. Many of the islands were wooded with large forest trees and a dense growth of what the natives called underbrush. O'Donnel was reputed to have made himself familiar with many secure hiding-places, tortuous channels, and blind forest paths which no other man could find or trace, but which were plain to him in the darkest night. There was something weird and uncanny, it was said, in the suddenness and unaccountableness of his appearances and disappearances.

Thus he flourished some twenty years. Toward the latter part of his career he seemed a little more amenable to the influences of civilization, and a little more attentive to his own comfort. He built himself a decent "shanty," and, what astonished the people still more, he invested over one hundred thousand dollars in lands. This last operation, however, exhibited him in the character of an ordinary human being so much that he soon became disgusted with it. Just before his death he sold all his lands for cash, some of them at a small sacrifice, but most of them at a considerable profit.

After his haunt was revealed, it became the settled policy of the revenue officers to make a descent upon Smuggler's Island once in about three months. These raids never resulted in the discovery of any contraband goods, but were continued from mere

force of habit, which, in such cases, is, I believe, called official routine.

One morning just before dawn, the period of the day always chosen for these visits, a party of three officers landed suddenly and silently on Smuggler's Island, as they had done many times before. They first explored the island outside of the cabin, as was their settled practice. They then entered the shanty in the old unceremonious way, and found the smuggler dead. He had evidently been dead as much as a week. Wretched outcast as he was, he was rich; and so his remains were taken to the main shore and buried in consecrated soil.

Speculation was now rife as to the disposition of his money. He had no family. No man had ever owned him as his son, nor had his paternity ever been distinctly charged upon any man. Nothing was known, nor could anything be learned, of the early history or family connections of his mother. Who was she? Whence came she? Was O'Donnel her family name, or the name of some deserted husband? or had she assumed it, as most of her class assume some name other than that by which they were known in the days of their purity? These questions had gone down into the wretched woman's grave unanswered, and the clay of the Potter's Field had closed over them forever. It was morally certain that no rightful heir would ever appear to claim the smuggler's treasures. They must go to the government, unless a will should be found.

But these treasures,—where were they? Every cranny of the shanty was searched, every inch of Smuggler's Island was examined, and all the islands immediately surrounding it were carefully explored, under the supervision of two magistrates; but no money, and not a scrap of paper, was found. Unofficial treasure-hunters, alone and in parties, kept up the search for years, but to no purpose.

The smuggler's land sales just before his death rendered it certain that he had left over one hundred thousand

dollars. This was probably only a small part of his riches; for smuggling was then very profitable, and parsimony never fails to lay up money. O'Donnel had been a most successful and enterprising smuggler, and a life-long, self-denying miser. Somewhere along the shores or among the islands there was hidden a treasure well worth the finding. These facts and many others, and not a few fancies in the same connection, did Moran hear discussed nightly at the Tripe and Trotters.

These wild stories about this hidden hoard conspired with his poverty, which stood like a lion in the path between him and his love, to fill his musings by day and his dreams by night with gold, gold, gold; until at last the future of his fancy was as bright and rich with treasure as it was sunny and musical with love; or sublime with high achievements.

It was then about ten years since the smuggler's death. During the last six years of that time Smuggler's Island had been occupied by a French Canadian named Jean Baptiste Boisvert.

Of course you foresee that this is the man for whom my Jean Baptiste was named. I beg you to treat the name a little more respectfully than you did in your last letter. Please don't write it "J. B." any more, as if I was married to Joey Bagstock or James Buchanan. I'm sure I can't comprehend your objections to the name. John the Baptist was the greatest of all the prophets. His character, I think, stands high above that of the patriarch Joseph, after whom your only son is called—Joe. At any rate, the Baptist did not lose his raiment of camels' hair as Joseph appears to have lost all the coats he ever had.

This Jean Baptiste Boisvert was generally called simply Baptiste, or, as it was oftener pronounced, "Batteese."

He was tall, lean, sinewy, brown, hawk-eyed, and hook-nosed. His inner man was a queer compound of shrewdness and simplicity, fierce passion and easy good-nature. He was totally illiterate. He seemed to understand

most that was said to him in English, but his efforts to convey his ideas in our language consisted in gesticulations, shrugs, and grimaces, with a little broken—nay, crushed and pulverized—English, the performance being generally more entertaining than intelligible. He drank pretty freely among boon companions, but was never known to get drunk, in the sense of being weakened or muddled. The only effect which liquor seemed to have upon him was to improve his English. Under the inspiration of whiskey, he would arrange his limited stock of English words into combinations which no uninspired man would ever venture upon. His grand independence of all the rules of English syntax on such occasions made him far more easily understood than when, under other circumstances, he tried to conform his speech to what he supposed were the laws of the language.

We have just such a case here. An octogenarian French gentleman, who was an *attaché* to the French Embassy at Washington in the days of President John Adams, and who still dresses like the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and wears his hair in a *queue*, frequently visits us here at our hotel. He *will* try to talk English. At first his anxiety to be precise and correct renders him painfully helpless, with his small stock of English words; but when he has sipped away half a dozen glasses of Father Moran's good wine, then—to quote the strong language of an American medical student who also visits us—"old pig-tail slings English, regardless of Lindley Murray and all his works."

As it was evident that Baptiste had plenty of money, and as he lived on Smuggler's Island, the people thereabouts concluded that he was a smuggler, as his predecessor had been. The revenue officers shared the popular belief, and spent much valuable time laying snares and setting traps for Baptiste and his smuggled goods. They visited Smuggler's Island as regularly as they had done in the days of O'Don-

nel, and with as little success in the way of finding contraband goods. In other respects their visits were now more satisfactory than in the days of the miser, for Baptiste always met them with great cordiality, invariably persuaded them to take breakfast with him, and, as he was an excellent cook and a generous host, never failed to send them away in the best of humor.

His long-continued impunity from detection gave him a reputation among the people and at the custom-house for almost superhuman shrewdness. The official and the public mind, having taken up the theory that he was a smuggler, steadily refused to regard his case from any other point of view. To take a new departure, and to say, "This fellow can't be caught smuggling because he don't smuggle," would have been a mode of reasoning far too simple and elementary for these sagacious officers and profound people. Baptiste rather encouraged his questionable reputation than otherwise.

He was good-natured to a rare degree, but under strong provocation had more than once proved himself an ugly customer in a fight. There was one curious peculiarity about his fighting. After one desperate and damaging onset, which was sure to upset his antagonist, — or half a dozen antagonists, if so many stood in his way, — he always ran away with the speed of a greyhound to his canoe, escaped with all possible expedition to his island, and there secluded himself two or three days. *Nobody ever pursued him.* It was generally understood that, cornered and cut off from all retreat, he would be an uncommonly dangerous man; for his strength and agility were incredible, and he always carried in his belt a heavy hunting-knife. This weapon, however, he was never known to draw upon a human being, except in the single instance which I shall relate by and by. When I have added that he was occasionally subject to violent attacks of hypochondria, which, while they lasted, threw a glamour of gloom over every object he looked

upon, and made every sound, even that of his own voice, seem hollow and sepulchral, you have the portrait of Jean Baptiste Boisvert as well as I can paint it.

Moran first became acquainted with Baptiste in this wise. He happened one day into a store in the neighborhood which had just been opened by a newly arrived Scotchman from Dumfries. Baptiste was there, and had been trying to sell a pack of beaver-skins to the new merchant. Beaver fur was at that time very valuable, and not very scarce in Canada. Every country merchant dealt in it as a matter of course. Indeed, it was regarded almost as a legal tender.

Sandy with his broad Scotch, and Baptiste with his execrable English, had each reduced the other to a condition bordering on lunacy. When Moran entered the store, Baptiste was tying up his bundle, and muttering to himself.

"Sacre bleu!" said he. "Zat man not onderstan no French, and he know not some English. How sal somebody wiz heem, vat you call make bargain, by tonder! eh?"

This he said as if to himself, but without lowering his tones, for he fully believed that the merchant could not understand anything he could say. The latter, however, took him up warmly.

"Hoot, mon," said he, "gin your French be like your Ennglish, ye canna parlevoo for the twa hurdies of a frogue, nor e'en whistle to a French dogue to ony pourpose."

Baptiste, who understood nothing of this, shrugged his shoulders, took up his pack of skins, and started for the door. Moran called him back in French, and offered to interpret for him.

With his aid the Frenchman and Scotchman soon came to a satisfactory understanding.

After that Moran and Baptiste frequently met, and soon became quite intimate. They were a queerly assorted pair, but their friendship grew and strengthened apace. Each found in the other a sort of supplement to his

own character. Baptiste was volatile, quick of resource and fertile in expedients, but singularly wanting in persistence, except when some powerful passion dragged him steadily on. Moran, on the other hand, was clear-headed, slow but sure in his mental processes, and, though a dreamer of wild young dreams, he was none the less a man of firm purpose and unyielding decision of character. They were both generous fellows, and capable of strong friendship; and so it happened that they became constant companions during their hours of leisure, and the firmest and truest of friends.

It was not long until Baptiste invited Moran to visit him at his home on Smuggler's Island. The time fixed for the visit was one Saturday evening, late in the fall. Moran was to stay all night at the shanty, and return to the main-land in the morning. At the appointed hour Baptiste appeared with his canoe. Moran entered it boldly, but was immediately afterwards aware of no little trepidation. It was a birch-bark canoe such as you have seen described many times. Moran had been a distinguished member of a boat-club in Montreal, but this craft showed such a determined tendency to escape from beneath its burden, and was withal so slippery on the water, that he began to lose faith in the law of gravitation the moment after he set his foot in it. Baptiste, however, held the restless vessel firmly until his passenger was seated near the bow. He then stepped lightly aboard, and pushed off with as much unconcern as though he had been navigating a raft. He apologized to Moran for the clumsiness of his craft, said it was his canoe for carrying loads, answered that purpose very well, but was not to be compared to his hunting canoe, which, unfortunately, would not carry two men, unless they were both experienced canoe-men.

"Zat leetle canoe," said he, "ees so light, zat, when somebody shoot from heem, he mose shoot right over ze bow, so,"—taking aim with his paddle. "Eef he shoot ziz vay,"—taking aim

again in another direction,—"ze canoe vill spill ze man, before ze shot sall get out of ze fusil,—vat you call gone."

"You must excuse me from hunting in that canoe until I get over being nervous in this," said Moran in French.

Moran's French always recalled Baptiste from his raids against the King's English. So he went on extolling his little canoe in French. He gave several instances of its extraordinary buoyancy and sea-worthiness; also its remarkable tendency to upset with inexperienced navigators.

He dwelt with special unction upon the case of an old lake sailor, who swore that he could manage any craft that ever floated, but was ignominiously upset before he had fairly got clear of the shore with the little canoe; and who excused his mishap by averring, with many fearful imprecations, that he had careened the craft by carelessly shifting his tobacco from his starboard cheek to the port side of his face.

When they had landed upon Smuggler's Island, and entered the shanty, they found a great wood-fire blazing upon the hearth. This had been kindled by Baptiste before he started for his guest, and so built up with green logs that it was sure not to burn down before he returned. Its warmth was right welcome that cold November evening.

The shanty was built of logs "scored and hewed,"—i. e. chipped with a common axe, and partially smoothed with a broad-axe inside. The interstices between the logs were first stopped with strips of white cedar, then "chinked," or calked with moss, and plastered, or "pointed" with "mud,"—i. e. clay tempered with sand,—a kind of mortar formerly much used by the common people in Canada. The roof, which was also the ceiling, was nearly flat, and was composed of "troughs,"—that is, logs split in halves, and hollowed out, so that each piece resembles a great slab of bark. These were disposed in two layers, so that the upper layer battened the lower. This form of roof is quite waterproof and very dura-

ble. Only the better class of shanties boast such roofs. The inferior sort are covered with bark. The floor of rough plank was well fitted, or "jointed," and securely fastened to the "sleepers" below with wooden pins. There was but one room, and only two small windows. The great feature of the establishment was the fireplace, which occupied at least one third of the north wall. It consisted of a fire-back of rough stones laid up in mud, built into an opening left in the side of the building for that purpose. It was flush with the inside face of the wall, and extended back, out of doors, some four feet. Above the stone fire-back the chimney was carried up entirely outside of the shanty, and was built of strips of cedar, laid up cob-house fashion, and thickly daubed inside and out with "mud."

Should you ask me how I happen
To be so well versed in building,
Roofing, flooring, warming shanties,
I would answer, I would tell you :
The first Winter I taught school in
The primeval, hyperborean
Backwoods of the New Dominion ;
I and my Canadian pupils
Housed were we in such a shanty.
Only the great generous fireplace
Was not there, — was sadly wanting.
And its place was meanly taken
By a dingy stove of iron,
Redolent of heat and headache.

Baptiste's domicile was furnished with a rough pine table, three stools, a big chest banded with hoop-iron and fastened with a padlock. A few cheap religious prints hung on the walls, also a large assortment of guns, powder-horns, and other hunting implements. Bedstead there was none ; but there was, instead, a big pile of skins and blankets in one corner.

Into another corner there were fitted four triangular shelves, upon which rested the culinary resources of the establishment, also a plentiful supply of pipes and tobacco.

Baptiste was, as I have before remarked, a good cook and a generous host. He soon prepared a savory supper, to which his guest did ample justice.

After supper the two friends smoked and talked until bedtime. Their con-

versation consisted of ordinary neighborhood gossip, seasoned by a few marvellous hunting-stories on the part of Baptiste, and a demonstration by the young architect that the defunct smuggler could have erected a comfortable stone house on the site of the shanty for less than the cost of that rude structure, inasmuch as the logs of which the shanty was built had to be brought some distance, and at considerable expense, while the materials for a good stone house were to be found in great abundance on the island.

After this they retired each to a liberal pile of skins and blankets, and slept soundly till daylight.

The next morning turned out to be windy and rainy, and miserably cold withal, and Moran was easily persuaded to spend the Sunday on the island.

After breakfast Baptiste amused his guest by showing him some astonishing tricks with playing-cards.

Of these he had a large and various assortment in his big chest. Being unable to while away the solitude of his home with books, he had by long practice acquired astonishing dexterity and skill in manipulating cards. He explained each trick to Moran after he had exhibited it. Some of them involved intricate mathematical calculations, others consisted merely in rapid and dexterous handling ; but the most numerous and bewildering of his feats were due solely to his ability to *distinguish the cards by their backs*. Moran was naturally astonished at this faculty, but Baptiste made light of it.

"Ze gamblur," said he, "he mark ze carte so, and so, and so ; but zat ees vat you call clomsky. Ze pack of carte, he ees all make on von big sheet, and zen cut in pieces. Ze back of von carte not vill like ze back of anozer carte be never. You mose look close at ze back of von carte and remember heem, zen anozer and anozer. 'T is ver' easy. You can learn eet to make queek in two, tree year."

"I should think," said Moran in French, "you might win all the money you chose at cards."

"So I might," said Baptiste in the same language, "but what good would it do me? What good does a gambler's money ever do him? My father used to say, 'It is more comfortable to pick up red-hot pennies bare-handed, than to win cool guineas at play.' My father was right. I have seen a few gamblers, and I know he was right.

"No," continued Baptiste, after musing awhile, "I am not a gambler, thank God, nor a smuggler neither, though the stupid people think I am. Bah! the sots! Where do they think I sell my smuggled goods? I never go away, except sometimes to Brockville, and once in a great while to Kingston, and there the custom-house officers stick to me like my shadow. No, messieurs, I am obliged to you, no smuggling for me. It would fatigue me too much. Still, you must not tell the people that I am not a great smuggler. They would not believe you if you did. Besides, it is convenient for me to be thought a smuggler. While the people and the officers are looking out for my smuggled goods, they are blind to my real faults. I have enough of them, God knows."

The day wore away with smoking, drowsy talk, and downright napping. In short, the two bachelors spent the Sunday as unprotected males are apt to do.

After supper, when they were once more seated before the big fire, Baptiste suddenly exclaimed: "Eet ees not von beet — by tonder! — use to have a man for your fren, or be hees fren, if you can't trose heem. My boy, tell me your leetle story, zen I sall to you tell eet mine. You beegen, for yours sall be moche, — not so longer as mine."

Moran readily complied, and frankly and modestly related his short and simple annals. He approached the subject of his passion for Nellie Nevins reluctantly. But he felt sure that the rough, uncultivated man before him was as pure-minded and chivalrous of heart as the proudest chevalier of them all. The sacred name of Nellie Nevins he knew would rest in the

memory of this semi-barbarian as free from evil associations as in his own. Besides, he was anxious, not merely to have, but to deserve, Baptiste's entire confidence. So he made full confession of his hopeless love, hopeless because of his poverty.

"Ma foi!" said Baptiste, in his mother-tongue, "you have but little to look back upon. You are all the more free to look forward. At your age my story was even shorter than yours. For I was then living with my father and mother, and had no cares.

"My father, after whom I am named, and his brother Cyril, were first voyageurs, and afterwards traders, — factors they called them, — in the service of the Northwest Company of fur-traders. When that company was swallowed up by the Hudson Bay Company my father returned to his native village, about twelve miles from Montreal, bought a house in the village, and a farm near it, married, and became a quiet citizen. He had money enough to make his family comfortable and respectable, and, being a prudent, sober man, his property increased to the day of his death. My father and mother had but two children, — myself and my sister Marie, two years younger.

"About ten years after my father left the fur trade, my uncle Cyril also came out of the woods, and settled in our village. He, too, married, and his wife was a dear good woman. They had no children. A yellow devil possessed my uncle. He was rich; but the more gold he had the more he toiled and schemed for gold. Give him a chance to do a good deed which cost no money, and he was a good man. He would sit up all night, and many nights, with a sick neighbor. Once, when a feeble old man was attacked by a big bully, my uncle defended him so bravely and so stoutly that every one applauded him, and the bully never showed his face in the village again. Another time, when a fire was raging in our village, he rushed into the very flames, and rescued a little girl who would have been burned in her bed but for him.

That little girl was afterwards my wife. She loved and trusted my uncle, in spite of his avarice, as long as she lived. My sister, too, always defended him. She said his love of gold was a disease rather than a fault; and that he ought to be pitied and not blamed for it. These two girls could, either of them, persuade him to give a little money for a good object, when no one else could get a *sou* out of him.

"At twenty-two I was married to a dear good girl, — the same that my uncle had saved from the fire. My sister was betrothed to an excellent young man, and we were all happy. My father and mother had never been taught, and cared nothing for learning. There was no school in our village. We had two villages in one parish. The parish school was in the other village, and more than four miles from us. So I never went to school, and know nothing. But my good aunt had persuaded my father to send Marie to a convent-school, and she was quite a scholar. So was my wife.

"Now comes the miserable part of my story: —

"There came to our village a terrible fever. No one who was taken down with it recovered. More than half the people in our village were swept away by it. First my mother died, then my aunt, then my father was taken down at my uncle's house, where he happened to be; and, in four days from the time he took to his bed, he died there. My wife and my sister were worn out with watching and grief, and, two days after my father's death, they died, both in one hour. Then, in the midst of my wild grief, I was summoned to my uncle's to hear the reading of my father's will. I went. My uncle, a villanous little notary, and I, were there together. No one else was about the house. The notary produced a big parchment, which he said was my father's last will. He explained to me, before he commenced reading it, that, two days before my father's death, while I was away at Montreal to buy medicine, my father had sent for him; that he came and

drew this will at my father's request, and after his dictation; and that my uncle was not present when the will was drawn, and had not yet been informed of its contents. The will, he said, was witnessed by my wife and my sister and another person, whose name I had never heard before. He then read the will. It left all my father's property to my uncle to dispose of as he pleased, except a miserable little tract of cedar swamp, which my father had lately bought to get fencing-timber from. This was willed to me. The will then went on to say that my father had full confidence in his brother that he would treat his children justly, and provide for them better than they could provide for themselves.

"I did not believe that my father had ever made or intended to make such a will, nor that my wife and sister had ever signed it as witnesses, knowing what it meant, and I do not now believe they did. I was mad with grief and rage. I denounced my uncle and the notary as forgers, swindlers, robbers, and every other evil thing I could think of. My uncle coolly said: 'Nephew, you are not well; you had better go to bed.' The little notary took a pinch of snuff, and smiled a wicked smile. This so inflamed me, that I seized my uncle and the notary each by the throat, and rapped their heads together till they saw twenty thousand stars. I then became frightened at my own violence, as I always do when I hurt a man, and ran away and hid myself in my swamp, and stayed there two days and two nights with nothing to eat.

"While I was there, the Devil, who is ever at the elbow of an angry man, put a miserable scheme of vengeance in my head, which it took me nearly a year to execute. It was a wretched fraud, as you will say when you hear it; yet I swear to you, Moran, that, during all the time I was planning and carrying out that sneaking business, I never once thought I was doing wrong.

"I sometimes have a curious disorder which is not sickness. The doctors call it a disease of the nerves, and

give it a long name which I cannot speak. When this trouble is upon me, everything looks blue and strange. The fire burns blue on the hearth. The air seems full of smoke, every sound seems to come from an empty barrel. Even my own voice sounds like the voice of another man, and a very surly fellow at that. I can think well enough, and talk and act like other men; but it all seems like the thinking, talking, and acting of another man. When I am very bad, my own thoughts and words sometimes take me by surprise, as if another man had said something I had never before thought of.

"The first, worst, and longest attack of this kind that I ever had came upon me while I was hiding, shivering, and starving in the swamp, and lasted until I had been some two months on this island. Perhaps it was this that prevented me from seeing as I now see the wrong I was doing."

"I went straight from my swamp to my uncle, told him that I had been mad with grief and surprise at the reading of the will; that I had since thought the matter over, and was satisfied that my father had done what was best for me, and what would have been best for my poor sister if she had lived; that my wife and sister, who were wiser than I, and who had always loved and trusted him, my uncle, had, no doubt, thought my father was disposing of his property wisely and well when they signed the will as witnesses. I begged my uncle to forget what had passed, to excuse my conduct to the good notary, and be my friend.

"This he readily undertook to do, and from that time forward, as long as I stayed there, we seemed to be friends. Heaven forgive me; I stayed at his house, and ate his bread—execrable black bread—most of the time.

"My father had given me some money, a good team of horses, a wagon, and some other things, when I was married. My mother also had left a little property, which had come to me, so that I was able to go and come, and work and play, as I pleased.

"When I was hiding in the swamp, I discovered a black pool there, which seemed to gather in water from every direction, and to have no outlet. It was very deep and cold.

"Coarse salt was then very cheap at Montreal. The ships that came from England for lumber and ashes used to come ballasted with salt. I brought a wagon-load of coarse gray salt from the city in the night, and salted the pool. I brought three other loads, and hid them near it. Why did I do this? I had heard, when I was a little boy, of the discovery of a salt spring somewhere, and how rich men with piles of money had come to buy it.

"By some means the deer found my salted pool, and came to it in great numbers, so that the ground around it was beaten like a path with their feet.

"I took three men, one at a time, and showed them the pool and the deer-tracks, and let them taste the salted water. I charged each of them not to tell any one of my salt-spring,—told them I had carried some of the water to Montreal, and had learned from one who knew all about such things that it was very valuable for the manufacture of salt. Of course the news spread fast, that I had discovered a salt-spring of great value in my swamp.

"Soon people from Montreal and other places began to visit this new wonder. One evening an old gentleman who wore spectacles, and spoke no French, and a young fellow who carried a note-book in which he often wrote with a pencil, and who jabbered all the time in French almost as bad as my English, came to our village, and stopped at the little tavern there. They inquired for me. I was sent for, and came. The youngster told me that they desired to visit and test my salt-spring. He said that the old gentleman was a scientific man, and that he himself was the editor of a newspaper in Montreal. I told them I should be happy to wait upon them next morning, and show them the spring.

"All this time, remember, if you please, there was a continual buzzing in my head, everything looked blue and

dismal, every sound seemed hollow and sad, and, worse than all, I seemed to have within me two minds at the same time,—one thinking and planning as usual; and the other looking on, criticising, mocking. The doctors may say what they please, I believe I was possessed by a devil. I went to my swamp that night, and was obliged to hide myself until three hunters had each killed a deer and carried it away. Toward morning the coast was clear, and I succeeded in putting three big sacks of salt into the pool unobserved.

"I conducted the two gentlemen to the swamp. They had come out from the city in a light wagon, and had brought with them a small filter and a brass kettle. The old gentleman fixed the filter so that the water would run from it into the kettle. We then built a brisk fire under the kettle, and the old gentleman commenced filtering the water, first measuring it carefully with a quart measure. The black water came from the filter clear and beautiful. After we had filtered and boiled down I don't know how many quarts, we let the filter run dry, and kept up a slow fire under the kettle until the thick brine in it was dried down into about a quarter of a pound of salt. I was astonished to see that the salt in the kettle was very much finer and whiter than the coarse gray salt I had put into the pool.

"An old, red-nosed Yankee who loafed about our village, and who had been a schoolmaster before he became a common drunkard, plucked my sleeve, and led me aside when I had returned with the two salt-hunters to the little tavern.

"'Baptiste,' said he, 'if you know what is good for your salt-spring, you will set up that little editor with some money.'

"'I'm afraid, Uncle Dan,' said I,—everybody called him Uncle Dan,—'I'm afraid it will offend him to offer him money.'

"'You're greener than cabbage,' said Uncle Dan. 'Here, you fellow with the note-book, come here.'

"The young gentleman came to us, and asked Uncle Dan what he wanted.

"'This young man,' said Uncle Dan, 'knows nothing about the newspaper business. Of course you found his spring all right, and a big thing. Now, how much will a first-rate puff cost? He is n't rich unless his spring turns out to be a fortune. Do the fair thing by him, and I'll warrant he'll do the fair thing by you.'

"'I should think,' said the young gentleman, 'that ten pounds (\$40) would be about right.'

"I paid him the money before Uncle Dan had time to ask him to take less, as I saw he was about to do.

"I then gave Uncle Dan a glass of whiskey, the young gentleman gave him another, and everything was satisfactory.

"A day or two afterwards a flaming account of my salt-spring appeared in one of the Montreal newspapers. Uncle Dan read and translated it to me, and borrowed twenty-five shillings (\$5) of me.

"Then people began to offer to buy my swamp of me. I always answered: 'You do not offer me enough; besides, I intend to sell to my uncle, if he wants to buy.'

"At last a gentleman from Vermont offered me five thousand pounds (\$20,000). I answered him as I had answered the others, and then went to my uncle and said:—

"'Uncle, a Yankee has offered me five thousand pounds for my land. Give me forty-five hundred pounds (\$18,000) for it. I will take the money, and go away, and see what I can do with it. Everything here reminds me of my dead. I shall go mad if I stay here.'

"All this was true. If you want to have a lie believed, always tell as much truth with it as you can; or, better still, keep the lie out of sight altogether. The truth is so much stronger than a lie, that I believe the Devil always tells the truth when he can make it answer his purpose by any means.

"'You speak wisely,' said my uncle; 'but how am I to get forty-five hundred pounds?'"

"'Bah!' said I, 'that is a bagatelle for you, uncle.'"

"'I am going to Montreal to-morrow,' said he, 'and I will see if I can get the money. If I can, I will take the property.'"

"He went to the city the next day; and, the day after, we went to the notary. My uncle became the owner of the swamp, and I went to Montreal with my money.

"I knew that my fraud would not be discovered at once, so I loitered several days at Montreal. I intended to go to New Orleans, where I had a cousin who was doing well. Before I got ready to leave I heard that my uncle had sold the swamp to the Yankee for six thousand pounds (\$24,000).

"My miserable trick was, after all, played at the expense of an innocent man. My uncle had made a cool fifteen hundred pounds (\$6,000) out of the punishment which I had sneaked and lied so much to prepare for him. I became disgusted with myself. I changed my plans, and resolved to push straight West into the great wilderness, and hide myself among the savages.

"When I had come as far as here I said to myself, Where can a man hide better than in these islands? There is no proof against me. I am in no danger of being pursued and arrested. My uncle can never make any one believe that I defrauded him as he defrauded the Yankee. His reputation for sharpness is too good for that. I have no one to please but myself. These islands are some of them wild and lonely enough for the greatest wretch alive. I will stay here awhile, at any rate. I found this shanty not claimed by any one, and took possession of it. I have been here and hereabouts ever since. A banker at Kingston pays me some interest on my money. That and what I can make by hunting and trapping is more than I can use here. I have added more than five hundred pounds (\$2,000) to the money I brought from

Montreal. I have never heard from my uncle since I came here. I am as happy here as I should be anywhere, and so I stay. The people think I am a great smuggler, like poor O'Donnel, and the custom-house officers watch me and visit me, as they did him. But I never smuggle, as I told you this morning. That is my story. When you have reached my age, you will have a happier story than mine, for you are not a wild man like me. Whether you win all you seek or not, you will always know what you are doing, and will, at least, try to do it like a man."

At the conclusion of Baptiste's long recital, the two friends refilled and relighted their pipes, which had long been cold and empty, and fell into a desultory conversation concerning the departed smuggler, O'Donnel. Moran's superior knowledge of the English language had enabled him to pick up more of the traditions afloat upon that subject than had ever come to the ears of Baptiste. After they had discussed the affairs of the dead smuggler about an hour, Baptiste went lazily to the big chest, remarking as he went: "Dees big box, — I found heem here ven I come here. I'm s'pose O'Donnel mose forgot to hide heem before he die."

He then removed a large and varied assortment of bachelor's dry goods, groceries, hardware, hats, caps, boots, and shoes, throwing them in wild confusion on the floor, until the chest seemed quite empty. He then stuck the point of his hunting-knife deep into what appeared to be the bottom of the chest, lifted it up, and disclosed the fact that the chest had a false, or, more properly speaking, a double bottom. The false bottom fitted so closely to the true one, that there was no room for anything a quarter of an inch thick between them. The removal of the false bottom brought to light an old yellow half-sheet of foolscap paper.

Baptiste took this up, and handed it to Moran, saying in French, "Read me these two words, if they are words."

Moran instantly read the words point-

ed out to him. They were "shanty" and "money."

"I suspected as much," said Baptiste.

Moran sat down, and diligently scanned the paper, which had on one side what appeared to be three diagrams. The other side was blank. The diagrams were drawn apparently with a blunt lead-pencil. The two words above mentioned were inscribed in rude imitation of printed letters, evidently with the same implement, one at each end of one of the diagrams.

One of the diagrams seemed to represent a crooked and intricate route among islands,—the smaller islands being fully outlined, and the larger ones being represented only by so much of their coast lines as lay along the supposed route. This diagram, Baptiste said, indicated, in his opinion, the route by which O'Donnel had transported his goods from shore to shore during the season of navigation. Baptiste felt sure that he had found and traced it.

The second diagram corresponded with the one above described, except that the supposed route sometimes went across the islands. Baptiste surmised that this represented the track by which the smuggler had transported his goods in sleighs when the river was closed with ice. He was sure he had traced it. The road across the islands, he said, was still visible by its effect on the vegetation to one who observed it closely. He said it came ashore at each end across a narrow channel, where so much of the sleigh-track as was visible from the main-land could be hidden in two minutes by covering it with snow.

The third diagram seemed to have been made purposely obscure. It consisted of a long and crooked series of small circles of uniform size placed at uniform distances. All the circles except the first and last had dotted lines across them, running in the general direction of the series. The first and last circles, having no dotted lines across them, were marked respectively "money" and "shanty."

This diagram Baptiste called a string of devil's beads, and said it had baffled him completely. If it was intended to represent islands, it showed them all of one size and shape, and at uniform distances from each other, which made it impossible to follow it among the real islands of the group, varying as they did in size, shape, and position.

"Besides," said Baptiste, "you cannot tell which way to start. There are three islands, any one of which may be meant by the little circle next to the one marked 'shanty.' I fear we shall never find our way from 'shanty' to 'money.'"

So saying he replaced the paper on the bottom of the chest, put the false bottom over it, tumbled his miscellaneous stores back into the chest, and locked it. While he was doing this he explained to Moran that it was only a little over two years since he had found the false bottom and the paper under it. He said that a ball of shoemaker's wax had found its way down to this board, and had stuck to it. In his efforts to remove the wax he had started the board from its place, and had so discovered it to be a false bottom. Upon removing it, he had found under it this paper, and nothing else.

It was now more than an hour after midnight. The two men retired to their couches, Baptiste to sleep, Moran to dream, but not to sleep. The Frenchman's strange story, and the enigmatical diagram, kept his mind in a constant ferment of wild fancies, until daylight, and long afterwards.

Some two months afterwards, when the river was bridged with thick ice, Moran met Baptiste at the Tripe and Trotters, where he was an occasional, though not a frequent visitor.

It was Saturday evening, and a goodly company were there. Baptiste drank pretty freely, and became quite lively and chatty. About ten o'clock he went to the bar to pay his reckoning, also his compliments to the landlady, preparatory to going home. The landlady was a blooming English widow of about thirty-five.

"W'y do you come so seldom, and leave so hearly, Mr. Batteese?" said the landlady.

"Eh, Madame?" said Baptiste with an interrogative grimace.

"W'y don't you come hoffner and stay longer?" said the landlady, repeating her question, so as to make it more easily understood.

This time Baptiste caught her meaning, and, not wishing to be outdone in civility, he laid his hand upon his heart in a very impressive manner, saying, "O Madame, eef I vill come here ver moche, and ver long stay, I sall ruin ze Tripe and Trottair. I sall like von leetle dog all ze time follow you roun', and — vat you call — quarrel wiz every zhontilman zat vill say two, tree word to you."

The landlady, who was not at all averse to Baptiste, laughed at his strangely worded compliment, called him a hodd fish, and cordially shook hands with him as he bade her good night.

He then started towards the door, but paused on his way to look at a game of cards which was in progress.

Two young men, sons of rich parents, had foolishly come into this rough company, and, more foolishly still, had allowed themselves to be drawn into a game of cards with two strangers, who were professional gamblers. It was this game which Baptiste stopped to look at. The gamblers were fleecing the young men unmercifully, the victims being by this time excited and reckless. One of the gamblers favored Baptiste with a malignant scowl. Baptiste shrugged his shoulders, and stepped on lightly towards the door; as he was about to raise the latch, he seemed to change his mind. He paused, and an ashy pallor overspread his swarthy countenance; he walked back to the card-table with unusual deliberation, and addressed the gamblers in a tone so low and soft that, judging from it alone, one would have thought he was asking a favor.

"Zhontilmen," said he, "you are dam two swindleurs. You are robbing the bigad *yong* men. Your carte every von

of heem he is marrrk." One of the gamblers — a big, truculent bully — sprang to his feet with a great oath, put himself in a scientific attitude, and struck a quick, powerful blow at Baptiste. The latter avoided the blow by springing lightly aside, and then greatly astonished the gambler by seizing him with both hands, raising him high above his head, and dashing him to the floor with a force that threatened the integrity of bones and floor alike. He then turned upon the other gambler, for it was his habit on such occasions to pay his respects briefly to every one who stood opposed to him before he ran away. The other gambler, who was a spry little man, had retreated into a corner. When the enraged Frenchman turned upon him, he quickly drew from his vest pocket a very small pistol, and fired.

Baptiste staggered, but did not quite fall. Instantly he stood firm upon his feet again, and then for the first and last time did he draw the big hunting-knife upon a human being. With this weapon in hand he sprang upon the little gambler like a wounded tiger. A dozen strong hands interposed to save the little reptile from being cut in pieces; as it was he lost his left ear, and a thin slice off his left cheek, besides receiving a severe flesh wound in his left shoulder, — all from one half-arrested sweep of the big knife. Baptiste then staggered back into the arms of Moran, who was one of those who had interfered to prevent him from killing the gambler. He was now quite faint, and was carried to a bed in a room just back of the bar. Fortunately, there was a surgeon at hand, — a seedy, drunken, but skilful man, who haunted the Tripe and Trotters nightly. Him the landlady seized by main force, dragged him behind the bar, and showered upon his head copious libations of cold water, which had already done duty in the way of rinsing glasses.

"Now, Doctor," said she, "do your best, and your scores for the last 'alf-year, and the next, too, you may consider paid."

Thus refreshed and incited, the surgeon examined and dressed Baptiste's wound promptly and skilfully. The ball had entered his right breast obliquely, had glanced around outside of the ribs, and was found lodged in the muscles of the back, whence it was easily extracted.

Everybody's attention having been given exclusively to Baptiste, until it was ascertained that he was not dangerously wounded, the gamblers had been permitted to steal away. When their absence was at last noticed, search was made for them far up and down the road that ran along the river-bank, and upon another road which ran back northward from the river. When daylight came, the blood-stained tracks of the wounded gambler showed that he and his fellow had wallowed through the snow-drifts to the ice, and then made the best of their way through the islands to the New York shore.

It was well for them that they escaped, for, if they had fallen into the hands of the crowd at the Tripe and Trotters, they would have been roughly handled.

In about a week Baptiste was well enough to go to his cabin; but when he got there he over-exerted himself providing firewood for his big chimney, and was taken down with a fever. He had good medical attendance, and the people thereabouts were very kind to him. Moran was with him every hour that he could spare from his work.

The fever was very severe, and lingered long. It was early in May when Baptiste was well enough to take his seat in his hunting-canoe, and then he was too weak for long voyages or hard toil of any kind.

About the 10th of May, Moran put the finishing stroke to the building he had undertaken to plan and superintend, and was ready to go and seek his fortune elsewhere.

He went to Smuggler's Island, intending to make a long farewell visit. He arrived there in the evening, and found Baptiste much improved in health since he had last seen him, but still fee-

ble and languid, compared with his former self.

They were sitting outside the shanty, smoking their pipes, and fighting mosquitoes, after sunset, when Baptiste, having mused a little while, said: "Moran, you remember the turning-point in my fever last winter, — the time that the doctor called the crisis, when I lay senseless so many hours?"

"Yes. I was here then."

"Well, I had a strange dream then. I dreamed that I had spread out before me that diagram — as you call it — with a word at each end of it. I thought the little circles grew and grew, and changed their shapes, until they became islands, many of them well known to me. Then I saw that the dotted lines were made of little stumps of bushes, cut off with a knife about an inch from the ground. Beside every little stump there lay a little flat pebble, such as they find on the shores of Lake Ontario, and in some places along the river-banks."

"That was a very strange dream."

"It will not seem so strange when I tell you that I had often seen some of these little stumps and pebbles on two of the islands near here, where I get firewood. I suppose that in my deep sleep, when all manner of memories were mingling in my brain, the old yellow paper and the little stumps and pebbles happened to stumble against each other, and each took its proper place beside the other, as would have been the case at any other time if I had happened to think of both in the same hour."

"Do you think there is anything in the dream?" said Moran, anxiously.

"I don't know whether there is any money in it or not, but I have found the lines of stumps and pebbles across three islands, corresponding to the dotted lines across the three circles nearest the one marked "shanty." If you had not come here this evening, I should have gone after you to-morrow morning. Will you come and help me find out whether that diagram, as you call it, tells the truth or a lie?"

"Certainly I will," said Moran with a good deal of *excitement*, "if it takes two months to decide the question."

"It may take longer than that," said Baptiste; "for if the island, 'money,' happen to be a large island, we may have to hunt there a long time. You remember there is no dotted line on that island."

Baptiste seemed tired of the subject, and abruptly forced the conversation into another channel, whereupon Moran fell into the habit, for the first time in his life, of being inattentive to his friend's remarks, and answering them at cross purposes.

They retired at an unusually early hour, but Moran could get no sleep until after daylight.

Then he fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamed that the Right Reverend, the Lord Bishop of Montreal, the landlady of the Tripe and Trotters, Baptiste, and himself were pitching golden quoits about three feet in diameter at little stumps about an inch high, for an immense pile of bank-notes of the denomination of one hundred pounds each. At the conclusion of the game, while the landlady was putting away the quoits in her snuff-box, and the bishop and Baptiste were each lighting his pipe with one of the bank-notes, he awoke with the sun shining in his eyes.

After breakfast the two friends freighted the big canoe with provisions for three days, including a good supply of tobacco. They also took with them two spades, two axes, a rifle, a shotgun, a good supply of ammunition, and two pairs of blankets. Thus armed and equipped they set out upon their voyage of discovery.

Baptiste steered directly for the island he had last explored. They landed, and Baptiste pointed out the line of little stumps and pebbles, reaching straight across the island.

"Zis trail," said he, "ees more as plain as a vagon road. I vas an idiot eet not for find wizout ze dream. My poor fazer would eet find in von minute, and follow heem on ze ron, so

would mine oncle. Von dronk Indian scout would find heem and follow heem in ze dârk."

"Every man to his trade," said Moran in French. "You and I were not educated for trail-hunters."

"You have reason," replied Baptiste. "Now you go back, if you please, and bring the canoe around to this place. I must save my strength, or the doctor will be feeding me on bitter bark again."

All that and the next day they toiled upon this trail. The little stumps were rotten, and many of them gone altogether. The flat pebbles, being unlike the little stones that belonged on the islands, were very noticeable when visible; but most of them were covered with dead leaves, and had to be dug up. The sun was still visible, on the afternoon of the third day, when they reached the island indicated by the circle marked "money." To their great relief, it turned out to be a small island, thinly wooded. It was situated only about thirty rods from the south bank of the river, but was hidden from the main-land by a long and densely wooded island.

Baptiste took his spade, and examined the soil of the island at various points.

"Here are," said he, "about five inches of black mould below the leaves, and under that there is gravel. We must find a place where the mould is gone, or thin, or mixed with gravel. There is no use hunting among the roots of the big trees, for they were here before O'Donnel's great-grandmother was born; but if we find a root that has been cut, we must see what that means."

They then went systematically to work, examining the ground with the points of their spades, commencing at the west end of the island, and thoroughly testing the ground, clear across the island as they advanced eastward.

They had thus examined perhaps one tenth of the surface of the island, when it became too dark to work. Then they built a fire. Baptiste made some

Excellent soup, seasoned with all manner of weeds, it is true, but so proportioned and harmonized as to produce a very agreeable and appetizing flavor. This, with the cold meat and bread which they had brought with them, afforded them a good supper. After supper they lighted their pipes, and talked an hour or more upon every subject but treasure-hunting. Baptiste then wrapped his blanket around him, and lay down for the night. Moran essayed to follow his example, but no sooner had he stretched himself upon the ground than he arose hastily, and went and lay down in another place.

"Vat's ze mattair?" said Baptiste.

"There were some little stones or something under my blanket," said Moran.

"Leetle stones, eh? — leetle stones," said Baptiste, springing up and pawing away the dead leaves where Moran had first lain down, "vat beezness leetle stones have ope here among ze leaves, for deesturb zhontilmen's rest, eh?"

He pursued his investigations in silence for a few minutes after the above remark. Moran looked on, and felt humiliated by the thought that he ought to have been as well aware as Baptiste that gravel above the vegetable mould was not the normal condition of the soil. Baptiste next fetched his spade, and marked off a rectangular space about six feet long and two and a half feet wide.

"Dig here," said he to Moran, "if you would rather dig than sleep. I must rest."

So saying, he wrapped himself in his blanket again, and was soon sound asleep.

Moran mended the fire so that it would afford him some light, and then fell to digging with a will. The spade was a new implement to him, and he did not make very satisfactory progress. But towards morning, having penetrated the gravel to the depth of about five feet, and having blistered his hands and lamed his shoulders, and being on the point of climbing out of his pit to

rest, his spade struck something which returned a wooden sound. He renewed his efforts with redoubled energy, and with no sense of pain or weariness left in him. In less than an hour he had laid bare the top, and most of the sides and ends, of a chest, which seemed to be a fac-simile of Baptiste's big chest in the shanty, padlock and all.

He then awoke Baptiste, who yawned and stretched himself at least two minutes without intermission, and then took a brand, and went down into the pit, and examined the old rusty padlock. He tried it with the key of his own chest, but to no purpose. He then fetched his powder-horn, and deftly filled the old lock with powder. He then lighted a small bit of "punk" (a kind of rotten wood which takes fire from the merest spark, and then burns very slowly). He put the punk into the keyhole so that when nearly consumed it would fall into the lock and ignite the powder, sprang lightly out of the pit, and retired several paces, taking Moran with him to await results. In about two minutes there was an explosion, which blew the old padlock into fragments.

"Now open ze ole box, and see vat you have find," said Baptiste. "I mose sleep von more leetle hour. I am no more good for something after I vas seek."

So saying, he retired to his blanket once more, and was almost instantly asleep.

Moran, without stopping to decide, at that time, which he ought to admire most in the Frenchman, his grand indifference to the contents of the chest or his generous confidence in him, proceeded to open the chest, and examine its contents as well as he could by the light he had. He saw that there was in one end of the chest a considerable pile of silver coins, and in the other a much larger hoard of gold coins. He had no very clear notion how much money there was, but he had seen and counted money enough to know that there was not one hundred thousand dollars, — the amount which the smuggler was reputed

to have realized by his land sales. It was with a feeling of deep disappointment that he reflected that he and Baptiste would find no difficulty in carrying away this whole hoard of gold and silver. He sat and mused some time on the strange adventure in which he was engaged. The result of his cogitations was that the gold and silver in the chest did not constitute the sum total of the treasures left by the deceased smuggler, and that it would be childish to leave the island without further search. He was aroused from his reveries by the twittering of the early birds, and the appearance of daylight in the east. He then set about removing the coin from the chest. He wrapped it carefully in one of his blankets. He then sat down, and, being very drowsy and tired, he fell asleep, and of course nodded himself awake again instantly. But the momentary slumber had done the business. In his brief sojourn in dream-land the box he had just rifled metamorphosed itself into its fac-simile in the shanty, with the false bottom full in view. All that he remembered of his dream when he awoke was that same false bottom. He rushed to the canoe, seized one of the axes, returned to the pit, and split the apparent bottom of the chest into narrow slits so that it was easily removed, although it had been very carefully fitted in. The board thus ruthlessly reduced to kindlings turned out to be a false bottom, and beneath it there lay a very handsome deposit of notes of the Bank of England, in a perfect state of preservation. Of these Moran speedily took possession. He did not stop to count them, but could readily see that they were far more valuable than the hoard of coin. He put them with the coin, and resolved to emulate the generous confidence of his sleeping friend. So he wrapped himself in his remaining blanket, and composed his weary limbs to rest, well knowing that Baptiste would be awake hours before he would.

When he awoke it was afternoon. Baptiste had dragged the canoe ashore,

and had turned it over the pit which contained the chest, having first so arranged the fresh earth which Moran had thrown out of the pit, that it was all hidden by the big canoe.

A kettle of savory soup was seething over the fire, and the last remaining fragments of bread and cold meat were laid out on a piece of white birch-bark.

Moran's first business was to appease his keen appetite. This done, he examined the blanket in which he had wrapped the exhumed treasures. He found the money just as he had left it.

"You are a better scholar than I am," said Baptiste; "count this money, if you please. Let us each take half of it, and be gone from here before we starve to death, with money enough to buy a month's provision for an army."

"But that is not fair," said Moran. "I am not entitled to half the money. I have done hardly anything towards finding it."

"You can take it," said Baptiste, "or put it back in the old box, just as you please; I shall only take half of it."

Thus overruled, Moran proceeded with all possible expedition to count the money and divide it. There was four hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and it was nearly dark when Moran had finished counting and dividing it.

When this was done, Baptiste said, with an air of great seriousness, "Moran, *zis money*—belong not he to *ze roy*—*vat you call ze—ze keeng?*"

"What king?" said Moran in French, a little impatiently. "This island is in the State of New York. The Yankees can probably take care of themselves."

"True," said Baptiste, in a musing tone in French. "This money was no doubt buried here by a British subject. We find it in Yankee soil. If it were known that we had found it, there would be a dispute about it between the United States and Great Britain. Let us suppose that the Yankees win, —then it must be settled whether it belongs to the general government or

the State of New York. On the contrary, if the British should win, then there would be a dispute between England and Upper Canada about it. We had better keep our little secret and our little money, and let the big-wigs drink their wine in peace."

"What do you propose to do, now you have so much money?" said Moran.

"I shall go to Paris," said Baptiste. "I will employ masters, and learn to read and write the beautiful French language in its purity. In a word, I will become a Frenchman. I must leave here at once. If I stay here, I shall meet that little wretch who tried to shoot me. He will again try to kill me. If he fails, I shall kill him. There is murder in that little scoundrel's face. He is a much worse man than the big gambler who was with him. He and I will be safer with the sea between us."

The two friends went to Montreal. There Baptiste so disguised himself that there was no danger of his being recognized.

He found, upon inquiry, that his uncle was in good health, was married again, and had two children. With Moran's assistance, he made diligent inquiry for the Yankee who had purchased his swamp. He found that this unfortunate was living in Boston, and was worth half a million, notwithstanding his unlucky salt speculation. Baptiste, however, insisted upon remitting to him the amount he had paid for the salted pool, with legal interest carefully computed. He also caused Moran to prepare for publication a statement of the fraud he had practised in the matter of the salt-spring, the reparation he had made to the purchaser, and the fact that his uncle was not at all implicated in the fraud. This he insisted was due to his uncle's innocent children, if not to himself. This statement was to be published after his departure for France. He then employed a competent French teacher, and set out for Europe by the first ship that left Montreal.

Of course, he and Moran arranged to correspond regularly and frequently.

As for Moran he went to the house of Mr. Nevins upon his arrival at Montreal. Baptiste had strongly advised him to confide to his old instructor and benefactor the whole story of the treasure he had found, and after much hesitation and reflection he had concluded to do so.

When Moran arrived at Mr. Nevins's house, he found the old gentleman in his working-room, the garret of a tall house. Mrs. Nevins and Nellie were out shopping. The old architect met his late pupil with unaffected cordiality. Moran had made up his mind not to delay his disclosures an hour, lest his resolution to make them should be weakened. So he dashed into the subject at once, and greatly astonished his old master by a circumstantial narrative of his treasure-hunting and its result.

"I congratulate you most sincerely," said Mr. Nevins, when Moran had finished his story. "You are one of the few young men I know not liable to be spoiled by such a piece of fortune, and you must guard yourself well against giddiness, my friend. Your course is far more difficult than it would have been if you had remained dependent upon your profession for your bread.

"But," said Moran, "ought I to keep this money? There can never be found an heir of O'Donnel, that is morally certain; but has the government no claim?"

"Fiddlesticks!" said Mr. Nevins. "The very sensible remarks of your French friend upon that subject ought to set your patriotic scruples at rest. To show you that I have no doubt of your right to this money, I will gladly accept a loan of a thousand pounds of it for such time as it will be convenient for you to spare it. I have an opportunity to use that sum very profitably, and I can give you the best of security."

"You are welcome to five times that sum, and I will not hear of security," said Moran. "I owe all that I am to

you. But for your generosity I should have been obliged to surrender my articles and go into service very soon after my father's death."

"You are always perfectly absurd upon that little subject," said Mr. Nevins. "Your poor father paid for your articles upon the reasonable hypothesis that you would develop the usual degree of stupidity, and give the average amount of trouble. How did the facts turn out? In less than two years you had mastered the theory of our profession, and had become an excellent draughtsman. From that time forward I made money out of you all the time. I could hardly have procured at any price the valuable and faithful service you rendered me. I hope that my wife and I would have had the grace to treat you kindly, if you had been ordinarily or even uncommonly stupid. Your own professional knowledge must teach you that you earned more than you received during the last five years you were with me. I will borrow one thousand pounds of you, and no more, if you will lend it to me. I will waive giving security if you insist upon it, and I will hear no more of your being under obligation to me. As for this treasure trove of yours, I think you will do well not to publish it at present. Of course I shall tell Mrs. Nevins of your good fortune, but we had better say nothing to Nellie about it. Young girls find it hard to be burdened with a secret. I hear the ladies down stairs. Let us go down to them. They will be very glad to see you."

About six months after the above conversation Mr. Moran and Nellie Nevins were married. They made an extended wedding tour in Europe. At

Paris Moran renewed his intimacy with Baptiste, who had mastered the mysteries of reading and writing, was a diligent student of French literature, and was by fits and starts an enthusiastic amateur chemist.

My Jean Baptiste was born in Paris. Baptiste was his godfather and always promised to make him his heir.

When Mr. and Mrs. Moran returned to Montreal, the severe climate seemed to irritate the lady's lungs, and they removed to St. Louis, where they have ever since resided. Mr. Moran is, as you know, very wealthy. He purchased a large tract of land when he first went to St. Louis, which is now in the best part of the city.

Father Moran has looked over my version of his story. He is pleased to say that I have been quite as conscientious and faithful to the facts of the case as was Mr. Abbott in his *Life of Napoleon*. He thinks I have not done full justice to the characters of Baptiste and Mr. and Mrs. Nevins. We must be critical, or we are nothing, here in Paris.

Jean Baptiste thinks I had better not attempt to describe the great exposition of last year in this brief note. He advises me to defer that task till I have time to write a good long letter. He sends his dutiful respects to you. Father and Mother Moran also salute you, and bid me add that we shall visit you, and take you to St. Louis with us, if you will go, upon our return to America next fall.

Dearest mamma, adieu.

ELEANOR MORAN.

PARIS, July 20.

TO MRS. W. H. WILMAN, Lowell, Mass.

THE FIRST AND THE LAST.

I SUPPOSE that both the beginning and the end of most things are clouded or unnoticed. With a good index or two, I could probably look up some excellent quotations to this effect. Somebody says, for instance, that epic poems are like a bass-relief frieze, at one end of which you see a man's leg, without any body, and at the other end the head of a ram, who has no hind legs nor tail. By an index, I say, — or at worst by a line to "Notes and Queries," — nay, by stopping Fred as he drives down Lincoln Street in his buggy, we could find out who said this if we cared. But fortunately we do not care; for the remark is not only true of epics, but of most things in life, if they ever achieve importance. The meteor goes flaring across the sky, and you see it; but when you come to compare notes as to where it began to be visible, why, none of you happened to be looking; and when you inquire where it ended, why, it blew up into such little bits that none of you saw. Most human transactions have this meteoric quality.

So it happens that the horrible "Middle Passage," as men called it, — the slave-trade from Africa to America, which had, in the three centuries of its endurance, caused such untold suffering to such myriads of men, women, and children, — came to what seemed its end so gently and simply, in the midst, indeed, of such a day-dawn of brighter light for the world than the world had ever known before, that it proved that the world's great audience was not even looking on at the *dénouement* of the play. The audi-

ence would have said that it knew what the end was to be. Indeed, the audience was a little tired of that play, and had been looking up its cloaks and canes, that it might go and see another spectacle. For myself, I know I was not looking on, — I was looking at quite a different performance, — and I first knew that the curtain was down from a little word of dear Old Abe's in one of his last messages. In 1863 he had announced that the right-of-search treaty had been carried into execution, and expressed the belief that, for American citizens, "that inhuman and vicious traffic had been brought to an end." Before he died he was happy enough to be able to announce that no slave had for a year been brought from Africa to America. There was nothing, I think, which he had more at heart, and no success of which he was more proud. That set me to look up the history of its last decline; and two or three years have brought along the documentary returns, — reports written by hard-working men, who are dying in the horrid climate of the Western African bays and harbors so that this trade may come to an end. When I found the last return of the year 1864, it seemed to me that the crime of crimes had come to its end in a fitting way. The usual blank was filled out just as it used to be in the horrid days when perhaps a hundred of slaving vessels slipped through. Commodore Wilmot, of the English navy, had this same long blank to fill; but, thank God, he had not so much to put into it. And see what is the record of obscurity in which the horror of horrors seemed to end.

ENCLOSURE II. IN NO. 151.

Return of Vessels which are said to have escaped with Slaves from the West Coast of Africa between January 1 and December 31, 1864.

Date of sailing from Port.	Name of Vessel.	Nation.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Cargo.	Place where Slaves were shipped.	Date of Ship-ment.	Remarks.
Unknown.	Unknown.	Unknown.	Brig.	Unknown.	Unknown.	600 Slaves.	Moanda.	1864. Jan. 28.	This vessel has never been heard of since. Being in a very leaky state at the time of shipment, she is supposed to have foundered at sea.

Is not that a weird bit of history? This unknown vessel, on a devil's errand, foundering in the ocean, carried with her, as it seemed, the end of the story. Eighteen months after, another vessel, a little brigantine, slipped the blockade, but she arrived in Cuba only to be arrested there. The last "successful" slaver, so far, as yet reported, — the last slaver who ran every human blockade, — is the unknown man of an unknown nation, who with these unknown blacks slipped out from Mo-
 auda on the 28th of January, 1864, and foundered in an unknown sea. Fit inscription is Commodore Wilmot's record for the end!

Now it happens, courtly reader, — if indeed you exist, — always an inquiry so curious to the writer, — it happens that this writer has a personal interest in seeing that iniquity thoroughly ended. If the usual hyperbole of expression may be allowed, the blood in these veins, — namely, in the veins and even the arteries which pass through the fingers which drive this pencil over the blue lines of this writing-book, — is blood which, according to the hyperbole, flowed in the veins of John Hawkins, English seaman, born about 1520, died at sea 1595, who invented and set in being the English slave-trade. A great sailor and a brave man, and I hope my boys may show some of the traits that made him so; but I have always wished he had not stumbled on that Guinea trade, and had not initiated this business. Let us hope he did it more kindly than his successors, — as, in fact, I believe he did.

You will find it said in the books, that Queen Elizabeth expressed her disgust at the seizure of the men whom this John Hawkins took captive in Africa in his first voyage, and that he promised her that he would do so no more. But I can find no original authority which says she did so, and I do not believe it. If she did, it was as she said a good many other things, and she concealed her disgust pretty well afterwards, while he did the same thing again and again, — and when she made

him knight for doing this and other things in the same line. For when, years after, she made him a knight, the crest her heralds permitted him to wear is this, as they state it in their funny slang: —

"CREST, upon his Helm, a wreath argent and azure, — a *Demi-Moor* in his proper color, bound and captive, with annulets on his arms and ears or; mantelled gules, doubled argent."

That was the public cognizance of this brave gentleman and true knight, — a black man captive in chains. I am afraid that meant something. Well for me, his descendant, I can have no crest, because in heraldry clergymen bear none; but I have told my anti-slavery relations, that, if my children cut this crest on their seal-rings, I will bid them add the motto, "Am I not a man and a brother?" That is the way they must amalgamate the blood which they draw from Beecher and from Hawkins.

No, we must not try to figure off anything from what Hawkins was. He set in operation the English and American slave-trade. The origin of the trade itself was in the Portuguese and Spanish commerce. Clarkson studied up the subject with care, and from him I take the dates and figures.

As early as 1503 a few slaves had been sent from the Portuguese settlements in Africa into the Spanish colonies in America. In 1511 Ferdinand V., king of Spain, permitted them to be carried in great numbers. But he must have been ignorant of the piratical way in which the Portuguese had procured them. He could have known nothing of their treatment in bondage, nor could he have considered these transportations as a regular trade. After his death, a proposal was made by Bartholomew de Las Casas, bishop of Chiapa, to Cardinal Ximenes, who governed Spain till Charles V. came to the throne, for the establishment of a regular system of commerce in the persons of the native Africans. The object of Las Casas, as everybody knows, was to save the American Indians from

the cruel treatment which he had witnessed when he lived among them. He had undertaken a voyage to the Court of Spain in their behalf. It is difficult to reconcile this proposal with his humane and charitable spirit. But I suppose he believed that a code of laws would soon be established in favor of both Africans and the natives, and he thought that, as he was going back to live in the country of their slavery, he could see that the laws were executed. The Cardinal, however, refused the proposal. Ximenes, therefore, is to be considered as one of the first great friends of the Africans, after the partial beginning of the trade. He judged it unlawful to consign innocent people to slavery, and also very inconsistent to deliver the inhabitants of one country from a state of misery by plunging into it those of another.

After the death of Ximenes the Emperor Charles V. encouraged the trade. In 1517 he granted a patent to one of his Flemish favorites, containing an exclusive right of importing four thousand Africans into America. But he lived long enough to repent of this inconsiderate act; for in 1542 he made a code of laws for the better protection of the unfortunate Indians in his foreign dominions, and ordered all slaves on his American islands to be made free. This order was executed, and manumission took place in Hispaniola and on the continent; but on the return of Gasca to Spain, and the retiring of Charles to a monastery, slavery was revived.

So much does religion gain when emperors retire into monasteries. Observe, dear reader, that, when Charles V. steps into his convent, John Hawkins happens to be stepping out of his obscurity; the old woman goes in, as in the weather-glass, and the fresh young Englishman, then thirty-six years old, not afraid of storms, steps out. And many things follow.

Hawkins had made divers voyages to the Canaries, and there by his good and upright dealing had grown in love and favor with the people, and learned, among other things, that negroes were

very good merchandise in Hispaniola, and that store of negroes might easily be had on the coast of Guinea. So, in brief, says Hakluyt's old record. And he resolved to make trial thereof, and communicated with worshipful friends in London, whose names I could communicate to you, only you might find your own and your next friend's among them, and there is not at best a great deal in a name. Three ships were provided, and "Mr. Hawkins" went as "general" of the three. They sailed October, 1562. They touched at Teneriffe, and "thence he passed to Sierra Leone, upon the coast of Guinea, which place by the people of the country is called Tagaim, where he stayed some good time, and got into his possession, partly by the sword and partly by other means, to the number of three hundred negroes at least, besides other merchandises which the country yieldeth. We must do better by Sierra Leone before we are done with it. With this prey he sailed over the ocean sea unto the island of Hispaniola, and arrived first at the port of Isabella; and there he had reasonable utterance of his English commodities, as also of some part of his negroes, trusting the Spaniards no further than that by his own strength he was able still to master them. At Monte Christi he made vent of the whole number of his negroes, for which he received in those three places, by way of exchange, such quantity of merchandise that he did not only lade his own three ships with hides, ginger, sugars, and some quantity of pearls, but he freighted also the other hulks with hides and other like commodities, which he sent into Spain. And thus leaving the island, he returned and disembogued, passing out by the islands of the Caycos, without further entering into the bay of Mexico in this his first voyage to the West India. And so with prosperous success and much gain to himself and the aforesaid adventurers, he came home, and arriveth in the month of September, 1563."

Thus encouraged, Hawkins and his friends fitted out a larger fleet, and he

sailed again October 18, 1564. Observe, for convenience of memory, that this barbarism lasted just three hundred years. He crossed the ocean with his first slaves in the early part of 1564. In January, 1864, that brig "Unknown" sailed with Mr. "Unknown" in command, and sank in an unknown sea. Names are not much, as I said; perhaps "Unknown" is that brig's best name. Hawkins began—shall we confess it?—in the Solomon,—fit tribute to the wisdom of the time. The second, alas! was a larger fleet, and his flag-ship a larger vessel, and her name—shall we confess it?—was the name of names. The successful African admiral sailed there on his prosperous venture, in the *Jesus*! Fit tribute to the religion of the time! The Solomon and the Tiger and the Swallow were the others; the Swallow, alas! the smallest of them all.

We cannot stop to trace these voyages, nor is it a History of the Middle Passage that I am writing. I am only dealing with the first of it and the last of it, the beginning and the end. There is rather a comfort to the carnal mind, and perhaps to the uncarnal, to know that, when Hawkins came home from his third voyage, he wrote that, "If all the miseries and troublesome affairs of this sorrowful voyage should be perfectly and thoroughly written, there should need a painful man with his pen, and as great time as he that wrote the lives and deaths of the martyrs." Alas! alas! how unconscious was the blunt seaman's prophecy! martyrs, indeed! Did all the other martyrs from the beginning suffer a tithe or a tithe's tithe of the anguish which in those voyages of his he set in motion? He talks in this way only of his own miseries and those of his crew. There is not in his journals, nor in the writing of any man of his time, so far as I know, one word of feeling for the slaves whom they carried over. But with that wretched three hundred who went over in the Solomon, and the larger part who followed in the larger fleets, there began such a horrible procession of misery as

the world never saw beside, — of which you and I, dear reader, are seeing the last traces only in this day.

I dare not try to count the numbers. Nobody dares. Nor would it make any difference if I did. Beyond a very narrow range, dear reader, numbers do not affect your sensibilities nor any man's. I tell you that one hundred thousand people were killed in the earthquake in Peru, and you are sorry; if I tell you that ten thousand people were killed, and I can give you some little account how one of them suffered, you are much more sorry; if I tell you that one hundred were killed, and that I saw them killed, and heard their cries as they died, and have here the orphan of one whom I brought home with me, you begin for the first time to feel that it was indeed a terror of terrors; and if there were only five killed, if those five were your own Dick and Fanny and Frank, and the rest, why there is a sorrow that you will carry with you to your grave. So I will not persecute you with the numbers. There were three hundred years of it; the first three ships that sailed carried, as we saw, three hundred slaves; and the last that sailed carried one hundred and fifty-two, of whom one hundred and forty-nine lived to reach Cuba and to be set free. Many and many a ship, in the three hundred years between, was loaded with a thousand and more of the poor wretches. Buxton's estimate in 1830 was that the Christian slave-trade — *Christian*, good God! — that the Christian slave-trade then carried one hundred and fifty thousand slaves across every year, or started with them; that the Mahometan slave-trade of Eastern Africa took fifty thousand more. This was long after the trade had been pronounced piracy by all the commercial nations, and even after England and America had vessels on the African coast to arrest it. What it had been before no statistics pretend to tell. In 1753 the then new town of Liverpool employed one hundred and one vessels in the trade. Those vessels that year took thirty thousand slaves to the British col-

onies; and the estimate of that year was that London, Bristol, and Liverpool took one hundred thousand. The estimate on this side was the same,—that the American colonies of England received one hundred thousand slaves in a year. Besides these, there were the French, Spanish, Dutch, and Portuguese American colonies to be supplied. Bonezet's computation is, that thirty per cent of all these died on the passage or in acclimation. Then the cruelties of the system of slavery, and the opening up of new lands, kept up a steady demand for them, so that I do not see that we can escape the inference that for much of the last century the number of negroes annually brought across by the African slave-trade was as great as is now the number of emigrants from Europe to North America, namely, between three hundred and four hundred thousand every year. In the preceding century the English alone carried from Africa to America three hundred thousand slaves; and the Spanish and Portuguese trade must have been very much larger.

Sad enough it is, that our old friend Robinson Crusoe tried his hand at it. And a pity that all the undertakers for it could not have had just his measure of success. After he had carried on profitably for a year or two his plantation in the Brazils, some of his neighbors came to him and told him they had been musing very much upon what he had discoursed with them of the last night, and they came to make a secret proposal to him; and, after enjoining him to secrecy, they told him that they had a mind to fit out a ship to go to Guinea; that they all had plantations as well as he, and were straitened for nothing so much as servants; that it was a trade that could not be carried on, because they could not publicly sell the negroes when they came home, so they desired to make but one voyage, to bring the negroes on shore privately, and divide them among their own plantations. And, in a word, the question was, whether he would go their supercargo in the ship, to manage the trading

part upon the coast of Guinea; and they offered him that he should have an equal share of the negroes, without providing any part of the stock. The plan was, you see, that they should smuggle in these negroes, and not pay the high prices which they would have to pay if they bought from the government contractor.

Is it not a singular thing, that a writer as conscientious as Defoe, describing a person whom he represents as being before his death a thoroughly penitent Christian man, like Robinson Crusoe, never once drops a hint that, in twenty-six years of his island imprisonment, he ever thought of anything wrong in this project of seizing and selling men? Robinson Crusoe abases himself to the dust because he had wanted to grow rich too fast; but it seems never to have occurred to him, or to the writer who created him, that there was anything wrong in the method by which he was to do it. Fortunately for him and for us, that terrible south-east gale struck him, stranded him on his island, and the three hundred Congoes he was going for were left to live and die in their homes.

Of the horrible horrors of the trade, which thus carried, in three hundred years, more than fifty million Africans from one hemisphere to another, from home to the most bitter slavery, it is a pity to have to speak. What it was before it became the subject of inquiry will only be known to you and me when, with the sensitive sight and hearing of life unencumbered with these bodies, we see as we are seen and know as we are known. But after the "regulation" of the trade began, the space between the decks of a slave-trader was but two feet six inches high. Within that space as many men were packed as could lie side by side on their backs upon the floor. Before they were driven on board they were branded on the breast; then they were handcuffed in couples, and so made the voyages two and two, unless, indeed, one died or was killed. When they were on board, the handcuffs were fastened by a ring to 'long

chains which ran along or athwart the vessel. Constantly it happened that men killed their neighbors, that they might have air and room. Constantly it happened that when a couple were brought on deck, one dead, one living, that the dead body might be thrown over, the living man leaped with him into the sea, it was so much better to die than live. Once and again it happened that they were thrown over by masters who hoped to recover insurance without the pains of carrying them across. Witness upon witness testifies that force had often to be used to compel them to receive their wretched food. Little wonder, indeed, that in such voyages untold numbers of them died before they reached the wretched shores to which they were destined.

Of such agonies, yet untold to you and me, Mr. Babbage, in his Bridge-water treatise, has stated one of the records which he suggests as the compensation, or part of the compensation, of the man who orders it. "No motion," he says, "is ever obliterated. The momentary waves, raised by the passing breeze, apparently born but to die on the spot which saw their birth, leave behind them an endless progeny, which, reviving with diminished energy in other seas, visiting a thousand shores, reflected from each, and perhaps again partially concentrated, will pursue their ceaseless course till ocean be itself annihilated.

"The soul of the negro — whose fettered body, surviving the living charnel-house of his infected prison, was thrown into the sea to lighten the ship, that his Christian master might escape the limited justice at length assigned by civilized man to crimes whose profit had long gilded their atrocity — will need, at the last great day of human account, no living witness of his earthly agony. When man and all his race shall have disappeared from the face of our planet, ask every particle of air still floating over the unpeopled earth, and it will record the cruel mandate of the tyrant. Interrogate every wave which breaks unimpeded on ten thousand desolate shores,

and it will give evidence of the last gurgle of the waters which closed over the head of his dying victim."

Of all this the end must come, in a world ruled by a good God, though the end come more slowly than you or I would have fancied. And from the beginning, as you saw in Ximenes's exertions, there has been steady protest against it. Our protest here in Massachusetts was made promptly and fairly; but, as all men know, our shipping-merchants could not, for a hundred years, stand true against temptation. In 1646 the General Court of Massachusetts passed this manly vote: "November 4. The General Court — conceiving themselves bound by the first opportunity to bear witness against the heinous and crying sin of man-stealing, as also to prescribe such timely redress for what is past, and such a law for the future as may sufficiently deter all others belonging to us to have to do in such vile and most odious courses, justly abhorred of all good and just men — do order that the negro interpreter, with others unlawfully taken, be, by the first opportunity (at the charge of the country for the present), sent to his native country of Guinea, and a letter with him of the indignation of the Court thereabouts, and justice hereof, desiring our honored Governor would please to put this order in execution."

So one poor fellow, at least, got safe home again, — or somewhere where it seemed to him like home.

But a century had to work on. Robinson Crusoe on the Island of Despair, — a hundred and one slave-traders in a year sailing out of Liverpool, — no man dares say how many from Spanish ports and French and Portuguese, — make the history of that century. The beginning of the end is about a hundred years ago. Anthony Benezet's "Caution to Great Britain relative to Enslaved Negroes" was published in 1767.

All along, indeed, the Quakers of this country and those of England had been true in bearing their testimony. In 1776 Jefferson wrote in the Declaration of Independence, in what Mr. Bancroft

calls his indictment against George III., this specification: —

“He has waged cruel war against human nature itself, — violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare — the opprobrium of infidel powers — is the warfare of the Christian king of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce.”

In fact, Virginia and other Colonies had steadily attempted to repress the trade, but had been overruled by the king's veto. Congress had already declared the slave-trade piracy. Mr. Cary estimates that before 1770 about two hundred thousand had been imported into the old thirteen Colonies; and he says that if the slaves of the British Islands had been as well treated as the slaves in the thirteen Colonies, their numbers would have reached seventeen millions before 1850; and, on the other hand, that if the slaves in the thirteen Colonies and the United States had experienced as hard treatment as their fellows on the English islands, their numbers in 1850 would not have been more than one hundred and fifty thousand. At the period of the peace public opinion was steadily set against the slave traffic, North and South, in America. It was the cotton culture, introduced afterwards, which gave it, for us, any new vitality. The Constitution of the United States, in 1787, prohibited the introduction of slaves into the United States after the year 1808. Meanwhile in England Clarkson, in 1785, won the prize offered at Cambridge for an Essay on the Slave-Trade. The fact that the prize was offered shows that attention had been then arrested by its horrors. From this moment he was enlisted, heart and soul, in the attack on the

system; and he lived to see it branded by the legislation of almost all the world. The conservative force of the immense plantation interests was against them; but they won their great victory in 1807, when British ports, British vessels, and British subjects were forbidden to lend to the trade any sort of complicity.

But legislation, alas! in a finite world, is one thing, and execution is another. In face of some assertions to the contrary, I believe that on this side the prohibition of the importation of slaves was steadily maintained, until the *Wanderer* and her companion, under Lamar's patronage, ran two small cargoes into Florida just before the Rebellion. (Note, in passing, if you please, that the main-mast of the *Wanderer* is now the flag-staff from which floats the flag of liberty over that “Union” Park where Sunday after Sunday it is my place humbly to proclaim the Truth which has sent the *Wanderer* to her place, and the flag-staff to its place as well.) It soon became the interest of Virginia and the Northern Slave States to cut off the foreign market for Louisiana and the other States, which were using up slave life as a part of the raw material in making sugar and cotton. But the market in the islands and in South America only increased with the increasing demands for tropical commodities. An organized fleet of cruisers was eventually put on the African coast. But we know what blockade-running is, when there is a coast of three or four thousand miles to guard. Then diplomacy had to step in and block the wheels. There came up all that matter about the right of search. All the world recognized the slave-trade as piracy. O yes, horrible piracy! But how shall we find out if that wicked-looking little schooner which has just run up the river, with no apparent purpose under heaven but to get slaves, is a slave-trader or no? Find that out, says diplomacy, at your peril! If there are slaves on board, seize her, and welcome. But if there are none, interfere with the Stars and Stripes, or the Tricolor, or the Pillars of Hercules floating at her mast-head,

at your peril! "Might we not have a right of visit?" said somebody, I think a Frenchman. Much good did the "visit" do. A smiling captain received you on deck, and gave you a glass of wine. "Shall we go down stairs, Captain, and see what you have there?" "I will see you hanged first!" says your smiling friend. Actually, it was not till Abraham Lincoln got the helm that we settled this tomfoolery. At his instance a treaty was at once made, which the English government had offered handsomely before, giving to specified ships on each side—being in fact the slave blockading squadrons of each power—the right of search of vessels suspected in slaving. That treaty was one of the last nails in the coffin.

But I am in advance of my story. Thanks to red tape and national jealousy, and to general indifference and to human fatuity, and to the navies of the world being otherwise occupied, and to what is everybody's business being nobody's business, and to all other conceivable motives, the trade grew and prospered for years on years after the prohibitory legislation. None the less, however, was its doom sealed. Prohibitory legislation can do what you choose, if you mean to make it, and will hold on grimly. By the time that slavery was abolished in the English dominions, the English government kept a strong squadron on the lookout; and whenever we had anything but a Democratic administration here, we kept a weak squadron on the lookout. Sierra Leone and Liberia got established, and so much of the coast was safe. Only small, swift vessels could be used for the traffic. The old days of stately merchantmen of seven hundred or one thousand tons taking over their dying cargoes were at an end. But the crowding and the suffering were only the more terrible; and as the risk became greater the estimate was made, that, if the trader saved one cargo out of three, he made money. As lately as 1830, as I have said above, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton estimated that one hundred and fifty thousand slaves were

taken every year in the "Christian" trade. His estimate seems to be fairly made on fair grounds.

I suppose, however, that the publication of that book was the drop-scene before the fourth act. From that time the net grew tighter and tighter. I know no more thrilling reading than the annual blue-books of Parliament, in which the officers England put on duty in the disheartening and sickly service of that Western Coast tell of the new success they got each year in drawing up its cords. And at the last the great combatants, really, were the government of England, determined that this thing should end, and the administration of James Buchanan and the rest, passively determined that the thing should outlast their time. A swarm of pawns on the board, with one white queen watching her chance, and one black queen bidding her stand off at her peril. Have you never seen the change in such a game of chess, when, of a sudden, the black queen trips and falls? The men who had played our game thought they knew a better play, and moved up Beauregard and Jeff Davis to take the place for them of "the old concern." Bad play for them, as it proved! Abe Lincoln had many other things to do, but he did not neglect this thing. "Right-of-search treaty first," said he and Mr. Seward. And right-of-search treaty we had, — Jeff Davis and the rest, who had blocked it in the Senate for thirty years, and would have blocked it for thirty centuries, being now far away. "Catch us some slave-traders next"; and one and another "highly respectable gentleman" found himself in the hands of United States marshals. Lots of money to get him off, influential friends, and so on; but Abe Lincoln is at the helm, and some district attorneys and some marshals he had named at the fore. Then came act fifth and last.

As the game had gone, New York was the great centre where the slave-traders of the world bought their vessels. Havana was the great centre

where they laid their plans. Boston, New Bedford, New London, Cadiz, Barcelona, the Western Islands, and I know not where else, were the minor places in the operation. The voyages were arranged at Havana, the ships were partly fitted in New York, thence they slipped to sea, picked up the rest of their equipment and the right papers elsewhere if New York would not answer, and brought up on the Western Coast. I have seen the record which Mr. Archibald, the English Consul and Commissioner in New York, kept of one hundred and seventy-one of these vessels in three years' time. His secret agents boarded them in New York Harbor, and described them for him in detail, even down to the brand of cigars which the captain had in his cabin. Mr. Archibald sent the description to the Admiralty, and they to the Coast. "Let me go below," said an English officer, on board a slaver in one of the African rivers. "You go at your peril," said the captain, brave in the perfectly regular papers he had, in the Stars and Stripes over his head, in the new coat of paint he had taken at the Western Islands, and in the fact, perhaps, that, though he sailed a bark, he was now a brig. "You go below at your peril." "I will take the risk," said the Englishman; went below, and found all the slave-fittings, casks, cooking-stove, handcuffs, and the rest, and of course seized the vessel. The outwitted captain, white with rage, swore between his clenched teeth, "You would not have known me but for your bloody English Counsel in New York." Almost every man of the projectors was known to the English government through this steady secret service. But they all ran riot till Mr. Lincoln came in, and then one fine day one Gordon was arrested for slave-trading, another day he was tried, and another he was hanged!

Yes, my friend, he was hanged. I know about what is called the sacredness of human life. For my part, I believe a man's life is as sacred as his liberty, and no more so. And I believe

when his country requires either his life or his liberty she may use it, if she takes the responsibility. In this case, I am very glad my country took this responsibility. Whatever Gordon's life may have been worth to him or to his friends, I think this country put it to a very good use when she hanged him. A storm of protest was made against his death. Twenty-five thousand people petitioned Abraham Lincoln to spare that man's life, and Abraham Lincoln refused. Gordon was hanged. And all through the little ports and big ports of the United States it was known that a slave-trader had been hanged. And, when that was known, the American slave-trade ended. All up and down little African rivers that you never heard the names of it was known that an American slave-trader had been hanged; and cowardly pirates trembled, and brave seamen cheered, when they heard it. Mothers of children thanked such gods as they knew how to thank; and slaves shut up in barracoons, waiting for their voyage, got signal that something had happened which was to give them freedom. That something was that Gordon was hanged. So far that little candle threw its beams.

I am told, and I believe, that when that poor wretch was under sentence of death, his "friends" kept him in liquor to the moment of his death,—so anxious were they lest he should complicate some of them by a confession. And when he was dead they celebrated his death in the last great orgy of the slave-trade,—in one drunken feast they held together,—so rejoiced were they that they had escaped his testimony. Such is the honor among thieves!

The demand still continued. The Brazilian trade was at an end. But Cuba and Porto Rico used up men and women enough to support a very active trade, if the vessels could slip through. I do not dare to say how many men were caged on the African coast in the years 1864 and 1865, waiting for a chance when they might be shipped to

the islands. It has required the Spanish revolution of October, and the new Junta there, to proclaim the end of Spanish slavery!

But every report of the next year, from every quarter, speaks of the healthy influence of the execution of Gordon and the imprisonment of the other traders convicted. From that moment to this the American flag has been free from that old stain. Since the blockade we have been able to send back our squadron to the Coast. We have a mixed commission of English and American judges to examine any slavers who may be brought in, but there is nothing for them to do. As I prepare these sheets for the press the New York Herald announces that the Dunbarton, blockade-runner, has escaped from New York, and gone to the Western Coast for a cargo of slaves. I inquire of an official friend, and find he knows the Dunbarton and all her history. She sailed from New York for Quebec, arrived there, and is now plying between Quebec and Pictou as

the City of Quebec, in the hands of most reputable people. Once a year the mixed courts report that they have nothing to adjudicate. The squadrons watch and watch; snap up a little rascal here and another there; but the last voyage, which none of them have arrested, is still the Unknown's voyage to the Unknown, when an Unknown captain carried those Unknown negroes to the bottom of an Unknown sea.

Let us rejoice that that misery seems to be over. We made John Hawkins a knight, at the hands of our gracious Queen Elizabeth, for starting the traffic for Englishmen. Has Victoria, more gracious, no honor in store for Wilmot and Edmonstone and the rest of them who have ended it? A demi-Moor with gold chains was the knightly crest of the one. Let our new baronets have for crests a bird let loose, or a Moor unchained,—were it only in token of the resolution with which, for sixty years, England has determined these poor wretches should be free.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Our Branch and its Tributaries; being a History of the Work of the N. W. Sanitary Commission. By MRS. SARAH EDWARDS HENSHAW. Chicago: Alfred L. Sewell. 1868.

THE time is still far distant when it will be possible to write a complete and philosophical history of the people's war of 1861–1865.

When the hour arrives, the coming historian will find the largest and most important theme ever offered, in so brief a period of time, to the student of human progress.

Civilization in America has, of late years, thrown aside so much of the cumbrous and superstitious trappings by which its march is dignified and impeded in older countries, that it begins to look autochthonous. At any rate, it is more rapidly devel-

oping a new type than seemed possible a quarter of a century ago.

We have at last had an American President and an American generalissimo. There could not be imagined a more exact personification of the American Demos in all its patience, integrity, wise good-nature, untiring energy, simplicity, and perfect faith in its own manifest destiny, than Abraham Lincoln; and General Grant, an American to the core, is no more like General Washington than he is like the Duke of Wellington, while certainly inferior to neither in military capacity.

Whenever an American Aristophanes arrives, we may be sure that his satire will not be directed against the People, as represented by its first citizen during the war with our Sparta; and that he will find the leather-dresser who succeeded him as head

of our commonwealth, after having gained immortal victories in the field, as tempting a theme for his panegyric as the tanner Cleon was for the wrathful sarcasm of the Athenian.

The People has been made odious and ludicrous long enough, both by poets and historians; but in this country the lion is beginning at last to paint his own picture. The true hero of the civil war, whence we are slowly emerging, is the American People; and by the side of that People will stand, in future history and poetry, those two heroic shapes, — as they will seem through the mist of years, — the great martyr-magistrate and the great soldier, who were so distinctly stamped with the popular impress. Meantime, although it is too soon to sing the great epic or reproduce the great drama, collections are rapidly making of materials for the work which will one day be written.

The artist is indeed likely to be embarrassed with the riches rapidly accumulating. But that will be his affair. Meantime we do not regret this almost daily contribution of local histories, biographies, reports, and every kind of official and unofficial documents. The people, having done in the field so thoroughly the work which it was so loftily defied to do, having proved the enormous strength of a nationality the very existence of which was denounced as a delusion, and, having destroyed a vile institution which had been so long preying upon its vitals, does wisely to preserve every possible memorial of the late struggle for life.

And no more important lessons in American civilization have been given by the war than those which relate to the origin, organization, and working of the United States Sanitary Commission. Even this, as a whole, has not yet been presented. The admirable general History of the Commission, however, by Charles J. Stillé, is already a noble contribution to that great end, and is in itself an attractive, philosophical, and important work. The more this institution is studied, the more legitimate will seem the admiration and the sympathy with which we have all of us instinctively regarded it from the beginning.

Out of a few feeble societies of ladies to make Havelocks and jellies, — such as sprang up spontaneously all over the country during the first few months of the war, but which, through want of organization, manifested only how great was the national sympathy with the cause and the men who

were fighting for it, and how little sympathy and energy could do unless with order and combination, — out of these slight beginnings soon sprang forth one of the noblest and most intelligent charities ever known to mankind. We are accused in this country of a tendency to glorify our own deeds. Perhaps the charge may be just. Self-assertion is the natural, although not very lovely, characteristic of all vigorous and progressive peoples; but we are not sure that those nations from whom we receive the sharpest criticism on our failing in this regard are absolutely overburdened with bashfulness, when alluding to their own achievements.

Nevertheless, we are convinced that there are many things which we do not over-praise. When the history of the war is written, after the mists of passion, prejudice, and party, which now obscure the clearest eyesight, shall have passed away, the world will find out that there was a good deal more than superfluous and unmeaning carnage in our "wicked, causeless, miserable, and hopeless war," as it used to be called by the fine folk of Europe, who played the part of statesmen and critics of our proceedings during those four prodigious years. Perhaps a war, in which a people cheerfully spent four thousand million dollars and half a million lives, in order to preserve its national existence, and to destroy the most abominable institution that, since the Holy Office, has existed among men, and triumphantly accomplished both purposes, will seem to later generations not so wicked, causeless, and hopeless after all. It will probably be thought as intelligible, praiseworthy, and successful an enterprise as the Crimean war will seem to posterity, after the Russians are comfortably established in Constantinople.

It was something to prove beyond all peradventure that, in 1789, a confederacy made by corporations was exchanged for a nation founded by a people; that it was Washington and Franklin and Hamilton who made a nation at the close of the last century, not Jefferson Davis in the middle of this, according to the enthusiastic Mr. Gladstone.

And without further allusion to the picturesque and terrible campaigns, dreadful marches, brilliant assaults, fearful reverses, disappointments, and sufferings through which the American People accomplished its destiny, displaying, we believe, as much courage and endurance as often has been exhibited in history, let us throw a glance

upon the vast Samaritanism which that people organized on a scale never imagined before. For the Sanitary Commission, which grew out of such trifling beginnings, to be a symmetrical institution, stretching over quarter of a continent, disbursing more than thirty millions of money, and moving, as it were, steadily on a parallel course to the government, never interfering with it, but constantly rendering it invaluable aid, — such an institution originated, supplied, and kept in constant working by voluntary charity alone, would be impossible except in a democracy. Voluntary organization to aid vast armies and to follow constantly on their path could scarcely be permitted by any government except where the army was the people and the people was king.

And the immense generosity which we firmly believe to be a prominent American characteristic was aided in this great enterprise by the practical, straightforward energy which is another gift of this nation.

There was plenty of dismal experience to warn us at the outset of the war. The death in nine months of three quarters of all the British troops sent out in the first expedition to the Crimea — although a fleet laden with luxuries for them was lying before their eyes, but kept from them by an impassable barrier of tape — was enough in itself to prove that Red Tape was not infallible.

We have no disposition to join without qualification in the shallow sneers against official routine. But where popular volunteer organization comes to the side of an overburdened popular government, even although administered with the vision and energy of a Stanton, it cannot but add much to the general efficiency.

We yield to none in admiration for the heroine whose name is a household word wherever intelligent benevolence and energetic female sympathy are revered; but we firmly believe that there have been hundreds of Florence Nightingales in the late war, whose names will never be heard beyond the precincts of their own townships.

Sometimes one is almost in doubt whether the men or the women did the most in carrying this war to its fortunate conclusion. In the words of Mrs. E. P. Teale, secretary of the Aid Society at Allen's Grove, Wisconsin, "every loyal soldier was regarded as a brother." And if proof is wanted of the universality of this sentiment, we need look no further than to the excellent work, the title of which is prefixed to this article.

We learn from Mrs. Henshaw's History

of the Northwest Branch of the Commission that thirty-five thousand women were regularly employed in working for this Commission; that the "Home" at Cairo, which was nothing more nor less than a monster hotel, kept free of all charge, for soldiers going to the front or returning on furlough or invalided from the seat of war, entertained some two hundred thousand of them from first to last; and that it was impossible for the armies to advance so far into the enemy's country, whether in the famous march of Sherman, or among the precipitous and perilous mountain passes which led to the beleaguered Chattanooga, but that the women were not there too, in charge of the locomotive hospitals, the supplies, medicines, and innumerable wants of soldiers suffering in march, battle, or siege. When it is recollected that all this work and all these expenses were voluntary, and that the Sanitary at last did so much that it was supposed to be doing nothing at all, and that thousands of men, stamped all over with the Sanitary, with its mark on their shirts, sheets, mattresses, food, medicine, often denied having received anything whatever from the Commission, simply because its benefits came to be considered like the blessings of light and air, — unrecognized because unpaid for, — we are enabled to form some notion of the vast field of operation covered by the Commission, and the intellectual energy which directed and accomplished so much.

It is a ghastly but heroic indication of the practical sagacity of the "Sanitary," when we find, for example, the enormous preparation made beforehand in the dark and bloody spring days of 1862 to relieve the men who *were to be wounded* in the coming battle of Corinth. The battle came even sooner than foreseen, for Sidney Johnston, as we all know, moved out of Corinth before Grant should be joined at Shiloh by the deliberate Buel. We have all shuddered at the carnage by which the victory at the end of those two days' desperate fighting was purchased; but when twenty thousand dead and wounded national soldiers and rebels lay upon the field on that April night, there stood the Commission with its efficient, peripatetic hospital, its supplies, its surgeons, its nurses, ready for the fearful but necessary work, and, to the honor of our humanity, to know no difference between Confederate or National soldier, but to do its best to relieve the wants of all.

The work of Mrs. Henshaw deserves earnest praise. She has shown facility and grace in narrative, with thorough and conscientious arrangement of her materials. From the nature of the work, it was inevitable that much space should be allowed to local details, which give it great interest in the regions for which it was especially designed; but the general reader will find in it a very attractive and instructive episode in the great history of which the American people will never be weary. Her story is lively; many of the anecdotes are good, and she has skill in portraiture. Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Bickerdyke, the venerable Thomas Maddy, are all very lifelike.

The figure of the ancient gray-haired Maddy, standing among the hotel touters at the railroad-station, as they bawled, "This way to the National or the Spread-Eagle," and so on, and securing a couple of dozen weary soldiers at a time, shouldering their knapsacks, and "arming them," as he called it, along the muddy road to the gratuitous and excellent hotel called the Sanitary's "Home," is almost pathetic.

A reader of poetry, too, was Maddy, and familiar with Sanscrit; for from that tongue must have come "the sentiment expressed by the poet," to which as he tells us he always tried to act up, "Never use the hasher way when love will do the deed," — a noble sentiment doubtless, for Maddy could act up to no other, but quite unintelligible to the general public.

Gentle, refined, courageous, energetic Mrs. Porter is a very attractive picture; but of all the characters, strong-minded, boisterous Mrs. Bickerdyke "has our warm heart." This amazing woman might have been a corps-commander, certainly a quartermaster-general, and she is very vividly portrayed. Notwithstanding that she is still alive, and we trust in health, she is as real and lifelike a personage as any character in Shakespeare or Dickens.

From the moment when she makes her first appearance at midnight on the battle-field after the victory of Fort Donelson, looking about among the slain with a lantern, to save, if possible, some sufferers that might not be quite dead, and seeming to an officer looking out from his tent like a will-o'-the-wisp flitting over the ghastly scene, — from that moment to the end of the book we find her always sympathetic, courageous, noisy, patriotic, of irrepressible energy, and with superhuman power of work.

Improvising upon one occasion a gigantic laundry, and ordering from a startled but obedient colonel a detail of soldiers to act as washerwomen, she saves, in a couple of days, we should be afraid to say how many thousand shirts and sheets and other linen to the "Sanitary," which had been doomed to the fire because steeped in blood from the battle-field. At Memphis she shuts up herself alone for several days in a small-pox hospital, that she may work there with her own hands, and see with her own eyes that it is thoroughly purified. When the laconic order is given to "Rush forward anti-scorbutics for General Grant's army," Mrs. Bickerdyke scours the territory of half a dozen States, and sweeps off thousands of bushels of onions, potatoes, and pickles; doing battle as bravely with the scurvy as "the boys" — so she invariably calls the soldiers — ever fought the Rebels. On occasions she even mounts the pulpit in one church after another, and thunders forth the need of onions in tones to wake the dead.

"It is a shame for you," she preached, "to live here in idleness and comfort, while the boys are dying for vegetables. Get together your potatoes and onions, and send them to the Sanitary Commission."

"Did you do that?" inquired Mrs. Porter with mild surprise, on Mrs. Bickerdyke's return.

"Yes, I did," she said; "I made a fool of myself"; but she added, softening, "I would do it again for the boys."

When milk and eggs are wanted in greater quantity and freshness than at the time can be supplied, this heroine makes a raid from Memphis beyond St. Louis, escorted by a body-guard of several hundred cripples, — not a man of them but had lost a leg or an arm in the battles, — harries the country-side for a time, and returns followed by hundreds of cows, and thousands of hens and chickens, most willingly contributed by the patriotic farmers, who would rather brave the wrath of Forrest than resist the black-mail of Mother Bickerdyke.

But her crowning exploit was to order back to the wharf a government steamer in full career for Texas; and this story is so well told, that we shall let Mrs. Henshaw repeat it in her own words.

"An incident occurred at Louisville so characteristic of Mrs. Bickerdyke, that it ought not to be omitted. She was Mrs. Bickerdyke to the last. Some of the troops

were about starting for Texas, and word came that at that distant outpost scurvy was making fearful ravages. Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Bickerdyke desired to forward, under care of the men just leaving, a quantity of anti-scorbutics. The captain of the boat promised that, if the articles were on the wharf by a certain hour, he would take them. As the boat was not to break bulk between Louisville and Texas, it was a golden opportunity.

"It was Sunday, and raining furiously. Through the pelting storm went about Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Bickerdyke, to find teams which should carry the potatoes to the boat. With the utmost difficulty wagons were found, loaded, and hurried off. The driver was urged to drive rapidly, which he did as well as he could amid the rain and mud. When they came within sight of the river he suddenly slackened his pace. 'Why don't you go on?' remonstrated Mrs. Porter. 'It's of no use,' he replied; 'the boat is gone.' With dismay Mrs. Porter looked, and there, true enough, was the steamer rapidly retreating. The hour set was not quite passed, but the captain felt sure that so many obstacles could not be overcome, and the boat had put off. 'It shall come back,' said Mrs. Bickerdyke, decidedly.

"The boat was in the stream; in the driving rain sat the two resolute women; behind them were the potatoes, which had cost so much labor and exposure. Mrs. Bickerdyke rose to her feet and beckoned. The conscious captain stood observing. With the air of an empress she beckoned again. The boat evidently slackened its speed. Again she beckoned still more emphatically. The boat rounded to, and, in response to what had now become a volley of signals, actually returned and took on the potatoes. The next morning a caricature was posted up in the streets of Louisville, representing a woman ordering about a government steamer with a wave of her hand. The picture was obtained by Mrs. Porter, and forwarded to Mr. Blatchford at Chicago."

In conclusion, we congratulate Mrs. Henshaw for her animated and faithful narrative of a noble and important enterprise.

We would add, that the volume is beautifully published, and as a specimen of typography is an honor to Chicago.

The proof-reader has occasionally forgotten his duty, and has let such indifferent

spelling as "irrefragible" and "incontestible" on a single page (245) escape him.

We would also suggest to Mrs. Henshaw that there are no such words as "tireless" and "mentality," and we would implore her on our bended knees not to call a soldier in the national armies a "federal." It used to be bad enough to bear this from the London Times.

The Tragedian; an Essay on the Histrionic Genius of Junius Brutus Booth. By THOMAS R. GOULD. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 16mo. pp. 190.

THE elder Booth—the father of the distinguished tragedian now so popular in all American theatres—had a certain strangeness of character which discriminated him from all other actors, and almost lifted him out of the operation of the conventional rules which properly regulate ordinary life. More than any other English performer of whom we possess an authentic record, he was of "imagination all compact." His real existence was passed in an ideal region of thought, character, and passion; and, however feeble he may have been, considered simply as Mr. Booth, there could be no question of his greatness, considered as Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, or Lear. To the student of Shakespeare his acting was the most suggestive of all interpretative criticisms of the poet by whose genius he had been magnetized. Through his imagination he instinctively divined that Shakespeare's world represented the possibilities of life rather than its actualities; into this ideal region of existence his mind as instinctively mounted; and the essentially poetic element in Shakespeare's characters was therefore never absent from his personations. By his imagination, also, he passed into the spiritual depths of a complex Shakespearean creation; grasped the unity which harmonized all the varieties of its manifestation; realized, indeed, the imagined individual so completely that his own individuality seemed to melt into it and be absorbed. Other tragedians appeared, in comparison with him, to deduce the character from the text, and then to act the deduction; his hold was ever on the vital fact, and he thus conceived what others inferred, reproduced what others deduced, ensouled and embodied what others merely played. Shakespeare's words, too, were so domesticated in his mind, so associated

with the character they expressed, that in uttering them he did not seem to remember, but to originate. All the peculiarities of a man who speaks under the pressure of impassioned imagination were visible in his acting. The rapid and varied gesture, indicating or shaping each one of the throng of contending images rushing in upon his mind; the gleam and glow of eye and cheek, as words struggled impatiently for utterance in his throat, hinting the physical impotence of the organ to keep up with the swift pace of the soul's passion, — these, and scores of other things lying between what may be perfectly expressed and what is in itself inexpressible, created a positive illusion in the audience. Perhaps this illusion was most complete in those passages which people are commonly educated to treat as general reflections, entirely independent of the characters by whom they are uttered. Booth always gave these as individual experiences, flashing out, in the most natural way, from the minds of the characters in the varying positions in which they were placed. Thus nothing can be more general, more impersonal, as ordinarily conceived, than Macbeth's series of questions to the doctor, beginning,

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?"

The passage is so stereotyped in all memories as the authorized expression of a troubled conscience, that even the most careful actors are apt to give it as a detached didactic reflection, rather than as an intense dramatic experience. As Booth gave it, the general truth was all swallowed up in the perception of its vital, individual application to the condition of Macbeth's mind at the time it was uttered. Macbeth, it will be remembered, is in a hurry of action and meditation, of resolute purpose and agonized remorse: —

"Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. — Give me mine armor. —
How does your patient, doctor?
"Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest."

Nobody that ever witnessed it can forget the convulsive eagerness with which Booth rushed to the doctor with the imploring demand,

"Cure her of that!"

And then came, in a strange, wild blending of hope and despair,

"Canst thou not minister to a *mind* diseased?"

The auditor felt at once that it was Macbeth's own mind, and not the mind of humanity in general, that prompted the question. The next line,

"Pluck from the *memory* a rooted sorrow?"

was accompanied by a tearing gesture of both hands over his brow, as though there might possibly be some physical, external means of extracting the baleful memory which he felt was rooted in his own moral being.

"Raze out the *written* troubles of the *brain*?"

His gesture in this line was indescribably pathetic, — a motion of the fingers over the forehead, as if to erase the "characters of blood" therein inscribed. Then came the tremendous lines, —

"And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
That *weighs* upon the heart?"

It would be impossible to describe the gesture and accent which gave reality to the "stuffed bosom," and especially to the suggestion of Alps on Andes piled, in the terrible enunciation of the simple expression "weighs." The whole cumulative, remorseful reaction of Macbeth's crimes was condensed, as it were, in a word.

This imaginative realization of character in all its moods, and in all the situations in which it might be placed, extended to the minutest particulars. Booth vitalized every image, allusion, almost every word, of the text. In his acting, as in Shakespeare's writing, nothing was dead and didactic, and nothing was merely passionate. Shakespeare always blends the emotional with the mental elements of his characters, so that they speak as individual natures, and not as mere qualities of individual natures. The smiting efficiency of their expression in moments of excitement is owing to the fact that they are impassioned, and not simply passionate; that their whole intellectual and moral being is kindled into the greatest possible energy, and fused into the most indissoluble unity, so that thought in them is quickened by the very rush of rage or rapture which, in ordinary persons, extinguishes mental action. Passion in Shakespeare is thus thoroughly "intellectualized," and his great characters never appear so great in mind as when their thoughts and imaginations are pushed out, as it were, by the pressure of the emotional forces hungering for expression at the centre of their natures. Booth understood this both by instinct and intuition. The most impass-

sioned of actors, he was the least passionate. You could almost see the workings of his mind in his face, as the swift thought shaped itself under the stimulus of the swift feeling. The result was, that his expression under strong excitement was electric and electrifying. The imaginative element in it satisfied the sense of beauty as well as the sense of power, for it was the passion of a poet, and not merely the fury of an unimaginative man in a rage. Most people complain that when they are in a passion they do not know what to say, and are therefore compelled to rely on such stereotyped terms of profanity or abuse as chance to spring to their lips. Shakespeare's men never so well know what to say as when they are in a white heat of passion, for Shakespeare lends them his own intellect and imagination to help them out. And in Shakespeare, the greater the character the greater the poet. As Romeo is a lover, we are all ready to admit him to be a poet; but Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, Lear, are as much greater poets than Romeo as they are much greater men. Shakespeare enlarges the imagination of his characters in just the proportion that he enlarges the other qualities and faculties of their natures; and Booth was greatest in the poet's greatest parts. He did not make so many "points" as other actors, because he properly pointed the entire expression of the person he embodied. He illuminated the whole text as his mind moved along its lines, and showed, if any actor ever could, that Shakespeare does *not*, from the mere surplus stores of his own mind, overload his personages with needless richness of thought and imagination. Their opulence of nature is what makes them Shakespearian men and women. They are really natives, not of England, or Scotland, or Denmark, or Italy, or Africa, but of Shakespeare-land; and it was in that land that Booth seemed to pass his imaginative existence.

The thoroughness with which his whole nature was impregnated with Shakespearian ideas of dramatic character was palpably manifest when he performed in the plays of more prosaic dramatists. "The Stranger" is, of all worthless dramas that keep the stage, the most detestable in its combination of morbidness with mediocrity. There is not a ray of imaginative relief in all its many scenes of maudlin wretchedness. It is pathetic as the sight of a man run over in the street is pathetic. Nothing is lifted into the world of art. When Booth

acted the principal character, he unconsciously idealized it; made it indeed what Kotzebue would have made it, had he possessed sufficient sentiment and imagination to perceive its possibilities. To Reuben Glenroy, an essentially prosaic character as conceived by Colman, he imparted dignity, tenderness, thoughtfulness, and a certain illusory imaginative charm. In Sir Edward Mortimer he followed Godwin the novelist rather than Colman the playwright, and put into certain scenes an intensity of imaginative passion which would have startled Godwin himself. In passages of Sir Giles Overreach and of Luke he carried Massinger almost up into the lower region of Shakespeare's own mind. In truth, whatever was the character that Booth acted, he instinctively made of it a work of art. Merely prosaic grief, or rage, or suffering did not suit his genius, and did not suit his voice. He performed in many poor plays, but we do not remember of him any poor performance. Kotzebue, Colman, Maturin, Shiel, could not drag him down from his pride or height of place. He "built better than *they* knew."

The volume which has betrayed us into these extended, but still incomplete, remarks is the production of Thomas R. Gould, a sculptor whose ideal busts of "Imogen" and "Michael Angelo," and whose portrait busts of Governor Andrew and the elder Booth, rightly rank among American works of art. Mr. Gould knew Mr. Booth personally, witnessed his performances through a dozen successive engagements, and took notes of his action, gesture, and tones in special passages. His volume is introduced by a carefully written general essay on the genius of Booth, in which he is compared with Garrick and Edmund Kean, and pronounced their superior. Then follows an estimate of him in eighteen of his different characters, illustrated by references to the elusive beauties of his acting, its subtlety, grace, and constant suggestion of imaginative insight, as well as to its more obvious characteristics of grandeur, massiveness, and energy. The most extended of these suggestive and eloquent essays are on Richard III., Hamlet, Shylock, Iago, Othello, Macbeth, and Lear. They are elaborately written, in a style which is equally terse and glowing, and give continual evidence that the author's admiration of the actor is based on his intense appreciation of the poet. The following description of Booth's person and voice is a heightened representation of what

many persons will remember as substantially true :—

"In person Mr. Booth was short, spare, and muscular; with a head and face of antique beauty; dark hair; blue eyes; a neck and chest of ample but symmetrical mould; a step and movement elastic, assured, kingly. His face was pale, with that healthy pallor which is one sign of a magnetic brain. Throughout this brief, close-knit, imperial figure Nature had planted or diffused her most vital organic forces, and made it the capable servant of the commanding mind that descended into and possessed it in every fibre.

"The airy condensation of his temperament found fullest expression in his voice. Sound and capacious lungs, a vascular and fibrous throat, clearness and amplitude in the interior mouth and nasal passages, formed its physical basis. Words are weak, but the truth of those we shall employ, in an endeavor to suggest that voice, will be felt by multitudes who have been thrilled by its living tones. Deep, massive, resonant, many-stringed, changeful, vast in volume, of marvellous flexibility and range; delivering with ease, and power of instant and total interchange, trumpet-tones, bell-tones, tones like the 'sound of many waters,' like the muffled and confluent 'roar of bleak-grown pines.'

"But no analogies in art or nature, and especially no indication of its organic structure and physical conditions, could reveal the inner secret of its charm. This charm lay in the mind, of which his voice was the organ; a 'most miraculous organ,' under the sway of a thoroughly informing mind. The chest voice became a fountain of passion and emotion. The head register gave the 'clear, silver, icy, keen, awakening tones' of the pure intellect. And as the imagination stands with its beautiful and comforting face between heart and brain, and marries them with a benediction, giving glow to the thoughts and form to the emotions, so there arose in this intuitive actor a third element of voice, hard to define, but of a fusing, blending, kindling quality, which we may name the imaginative, which appeared now in some single word, now with the full diapason of tones in some memorable sentence, and which distinguished him as an incomparable speaker of the English tongue. That voice was guided by a method which defied the set rules of elocution. It transcended music. It 'brought airs from heaven and

blasts from hell.' It struggled and smothered in the pent fires of passion, or darted from them as in tongues of flame. It was 'the earthquake voice of victory.' It was, on occasion, full of tears and heart-break. Free as a fountain, it took the form and pressure of the conduit thought; and, expressive beyond known parallel in voice of man, it suggested more than it expressed."

In the comparison of Booth with Edmund Kean, Mr. Gould, after referring to Macaulay's remark, that Kean transformed himself into Shylock, Iago, and Othello, says :—

"We think, not that Kean transformed himself into Shylock, Iago, and Othello, but that the actor transformed those characters respectively into Edmund Kean; that is, that he took just those words, and lines, and points, and passages, in the character he was to represent, which he found suited to his genius, and gave them with electric force. His method was liminary. It was analytic and passionate; not, in the highest sense, intellectual and imaginative.

"Our final authority is Hazlitt, who has given, in his work on the 'English Stage,' by far the most thorough exposition of Kean's powers. Hazlitt learnt him by heart. He delved him to the root, and let in on his merits and defects the irradiating and the 'insolent light' of a searching criticism. He says, with fine hyperbole, that to see Kean at his best in Othello 'was one of the consolations of the human mind'; yet is constrained to admit, even in his notice of this play, that 'Kean lacked — imagination.'

"Now this power Booth possessed of a subtle kind, and in magnificent measure. It lent a weird expressiveness to his voice. It atmosphered his most terrific performances with beauty. Booth took up Kean at his best, and carried him further. Booth was Kean, *plus* the higher imagination. Kean was the intense individual; Booth, the type *in* the intense individual. To see Booth in his best mood was *not* 'like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning,' in which a blinding glare alternates with the fearful suspense of darkness; but rather like reading him by the sunlight of a summer's day, a light which casts deep shadows, gives play to glorious harmonies of color, and shows all objects in vivid life and true relation."

There are a number of passages in the criticism of Booth "as transformed into" Macbeth and Lear, which we would like to

quote had we space. It is exceedingly difficult, by a description of an actor's method of uttering certain lines, to do much more than to recall to the reader's memory what he has once actually witnessed; but Mr. Gould puts into his description so much clearness of perception, enthusiasm of feeling, and vividness of phrase, that the difficulty is relatively overcome. Certainly by the thousands of persons still living who remember Booth as the source of the greatest satisfaction and delight they ever experienced in a theatre, this keenly appreciative and loving tribute to his genius will be warmly welcomed.

On the Stratification of Language. Sir Robert Rede's Lecture, delivered in the Senate House, before the University of Cambridge, on Friday, May 29, 1868. By MAX MÜLLER, M. A., Professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford, Hon. Doctor of Laws in the University of Cambridge, London: Longmans, Green, Reader, and Dyer. 1868. 8vo. pp. 44.

THIS is but a brief essay, an hour's discourse, or pamphlet of less than fifty large-type pages; but the name of its distinguished author, and the circumstances of its delivery as a lecture before one of the great English universities, naturally draw our attention toward it, and lead us to expect to find in it new light upon one of the most engaging subjects of the day,—the historical study of language. Its title, too, is quaintly inviting, and hints at fresh and inciting aspects of familiar truth. Nor will it, in truth, altogether disappoint the reader. Müller's style is, in general, truly admirable, often tinged with a poetic quality, almost always exhibiting a fervor of thought and wealth of illustration which are akin with genius, and bear witness of a nature and a training wherein the Muses have had their share. His father was an esteemed poet, and he himself began his literary, even his linguistic career in verse. With these advantages, and upborne by the solid structure of German research, to whose chief results it was his good fortune to attract the attention of the English public, he has done, and is doing, a valuable work for linguistic science. But for a master in the science, for the founder of a school, he lacks some of the essential qualifications. He is inconsequent; his views not seldom exclude one another; he tarries in the vague, and loves

a degree of imaginative dimness better than the full light of practical reality; logical connection of thought, closeness of method, and cogency of arguments are not the distinguishing characteristics of his works; there is not a volume he has written which is not disappointing, which does not seem less than we have a right to expect from its author; and the pamphlet now before us falls, upon the whole, below the ordinary level of his productions. Even its style partakes of the inferiority, and is sometimes feeble, sometimes labored and turgid. To call a dictionary an "herbarium of the linguistic flora of England," to speak of words as "welded together into an indistinguishable mass through the intense heat of thought, and by the constant hammering of the tongue," or of agglutinative language as "clinging with its roots to the underlying stratum of isolation," passes the bounds of picturesqueness, and verges on the grotesque. These, it is true, would be insignificant blemishes if the lecture abounded in new truths, or in novel and striking combinations of truths already known. But it is, on the contrary, notably deficient in point; and, what is yet worse, if it commanded the continuous attention of its hearers, and made an appreciable effect upon their opinions, we fear that it left them with more wrong views than right ones. Thus, nearly at the outset, the author conveys the impression that an undue amount of attention has been hitherto paid to studies in Indo-European and Semitic language, and that linguistic scholars need to be recalled by him to the examination of other families of tongues, since the two former furnish too scanty evidence to generalize from; while, in fact, men have simply paid their first and fullest attention to what lay nearest them, and was richest in instruction, and have been taking into account the rest of the material as fast as they could gather and master it. Much worse, he pronounces those two families themselves of so exceptional, and even monstrous, a character as to be peculiarly unfitted to instruct us respecting language in general; he styles them "only two historical concentrations of wild unbounded speech,"—a phrase which needs a few pages of exposition to make it intelligible; he maintains that, unlike other tongues, they were "fixed and petrified," at their earliest known stage of development, by literary influences: as if such a thing were practicable in any language, or had ever taken place in these; as if literary

culture had done aught but put on record here and there a single phase of speech, more or less ancient, leaving the great mass of dialects to run their course as freely as if letters had never been invented. All this part of our author's discussion shows, in our view, a very radical misapprehension of the bearing of literature upon the growth of language. In treating briefly of the forces which underlie this growth, he states the two main opposing views, the conventional and the vegetative, that which makes the consenting action of language-speakers the spring of movement, and that which ascribes an organic and prolific life to language itself pronounces them both almost absurd, and yet intimates that no other and better view has been found to supersede them. If he is so hopelessly in the dark as to a matter of such fundamental importance, he should give up the office of lecturer on language until further study and deeper reflection have brought him enlightenment. By a course of loose and easy etymologizing, he finds that "neuter, denominative, causative, passive verbs, optatives and futures, gerundives, adjectives, and substantives, all are formed by one and the same process, by means of one and the same root," namely, the root *ya*, "to go." It will doubtless be long before the details of word derivation are so well understood that we can tell which of these various classes are truly thus produced; and meanwhile their uncritical and wholesale explanation can only breed distrust in modern etymological methods. Professor Müller has found one man, Herrn Scherer, who almost understands his theory of the joint and mutual action of "phonetic decay" and "dialectic growth" in language; whether any one will ever come nearer to it may be doubted; and the fault will be in the theory, not in those who endeavor to approach its comprehension. Much of the latter part of the lecture is taken up with a rather aimless and inconclusive inquiry into the relationship of Indo-European and Semitic language, in the course of which he makes the statement that those who reject it do so because they have laid down as an axiom that the families cannot be related. No sensible philologist, we presume, is guilty of so gross a prejudice of the case; he only criticises the evidences offered and the methods of their derivation, holding his opinion meanwhile in reserve; and a sound criticism has insured thus far the rejection, at least provisionally, of the alleged evi-

dences. Müller would have done better if, instead of seeming to encourage Chalmers and Edkins in their work of comparing Chinese roots with those of other great families, he had seriously warned them that the task is one which neither they nor perhaps any other scholars at present are prepared to deal with; that, before it can be profitably attempted, the science of language needs to make no little progress. He quite mistakes the needful tone of advice when he says, at the end: "I do not defend haste or inaccuracy; I only say, we must venture on, and not imagine that, all is done, and that nothing remains to conquer in our science." Or can it be that such vain imaginings, such complacent and monstrous overvaluation of the little that has yet been accomplished in linguistics, should threaten to possess the minds of Cambridge scholars?

A Christmas Carol in Prose: Being a Ghost Story of Christmas. By CHARLES DICKENS. With illustrations drawn by S. Eytinge, Jr., and engraved by A. V. S. Anthony. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. 1869.

THERE is not, in all literature, a book more thoroughly saturated with the spirit of its subject than Dickens's "Christmas Carol," and there is no book about Christmas that can be counted its peer. To follow old Scrooge through the ordeal of loving discipline whereby the ghosts arouse his heart is to be warmed in every fibre of mind and body with the gentle, bountiful, ardent, affectionate Christmas glow. Read at any season of the year, this genial story never fails to quicken the impulses of tender and thoughtful charity. Read at the season of the Christian festival, its pure, ennobling influence is felt to be stronger and sweeter than ever. As you turn its magical pages, you hear the midnight moaning of the winter wind, the soft rustle of the falling snow, the rattle of the hail on naked branch and window-pane, and the far-off tumult of tempest-smitten seas; but also there comes a vision of snug and cosy rooms, close-curtained from night and storm, wherein the lights burn brightly, and the sound of merry music mingles with the sound of merrier laughter, and all is warmth and kindness and happy content, and, looking on these pictures, you feel the full reality of cold and want and sorrow as contrasted with warmth and comfort, and recognize anew the sacred duty of striving,

by all possible means, to give to every human being a cheerful home and a happy fireside. The sanctity of that duty is the moral of Christmas, and of the "Christmas Carol." That such a book should find an enduring place in the affectionate admiration of mankind is an inevitable result of the highest moral and mental excellence. Conceived in a mood of large human sympathy, and expressed in a delicately fanciful yet admirably simple form of art, it addresses alike the unlettered and the cultivated, it touches the humblest as well as the highest order of mind, and it satisfies every rational standard of taste. So truly is this work an inspiration, that the thought about its art is always an afterthought. So faithfully and entirely does it give voice to the universal Christmas sentiment, that it seems the perfect reflex of every reader's ideas and feelings thereupon. There are a few other books of this kind in the world, — in which Genius does, at once and forever, what ambling Talent had always been vainly trying to do, — and these make up the small body of literature which is "for all time." In the embellishment of these literary treasures, therefore, there is a wise economy and an obvious beneficence; and the publishers of this edition have made a most sagacious and kindly choice of their principal Christmas book for the present season. Their "Illustrated Edition of Dickens's Christmas Carol" comes betimes with the first snow; and its beautiful pages will assuredly, and very speedily, be lit up by a ruddy glow from many a Christmas hearth throughout the land. The book is a royal octavo, containing one hundred and twelve pages, printed from large, neat, clear-faced type, on satin-surfaced paper, delicately tinted with the color of cream. It was printed at the University Press by Messrs. Welch, Bigelow, & Co., and is an enduring emblem of their skill and taste, affording as it does the best of proof that they have done their work with heart as well as hand. Its illustrations — thirty-six in number — are from the poetic pencil of Eytinge; and the engraving has been done by Anthony. These pictures, of course, constitute the novel feature of the book. A few of them are little head and tail pieces, which may briefly be dismissed as simple, neat, and appropriate. Twenty of them, however, are full-page drawings, while five smaller ones are captions for the five chapters of the story. Viewed altogether, they form the best effort and fullest expression

that the public has yet seen of Eytinge's genius. They show the heartiest possible sympathy with the spirit of the "Christmas Carol," and a comprehensive and acute perception as well of its scenic ideals as of its character portraits. They have not only the merit of being true to the book, but the merit of representing the artist's individual thought and feeling in respect to its momentous themes, — love, happiness, charity, sorrow, bereavement, the shocking aspects of vice and squalor, the bitterness of death, and the solemn consolations of religion. He has put his nature into his work, and it therefore has an independent and abiding life. How deep and delicate are his perceptions of the melancholy side of things may be seen in such drawings as that which depicts the miserable Scrooge, crouching on his own grave, at the feet of the Spirit, and that which shows poor Bob Cratchit kneeling at the bedside, and mourning over Tiny Tim. The pictures of Scrooge, gazing with faltering terror on the covered corpse upon the despoiled bed, and of Want and Ignorance, typified by the wretched children that are seen to wallow in a city gutter, have a kindred significance. In striking contrast with these, and expressive of as quick a sympathy with common joys as with common sorrows, are the sketches of domestic scenes, at the humble home of Bob Cratchit, — a character, by the way, that the artist has intuitively realized and reproduced from a mere hint in the story. The sentiment, the family characteristics, and the minute elaboration of accurate detail, in these Cratchit pictures, are conspicuous and admirable. No intelligent observer can miss or fail to like them. The life of the drawings, too, is abundant. In looking on Bob's face you may hear his question, "Why, where's our Martha?" as clearly as if his living voice sounded in your ears. This quality is evident again in the character-portrait entitled "On 'Change," wherein three representative moneyed men are commenting, in a repulsive vein of hard, gross selfishness, on the death of their fellow money-grubber. This is one of the boldest and best of the illustrations. Kindred with it in force of character are the sketches of the philanthropists soliciting Scrooge's charity, and the foul old thieves haggling over their plunder from the miser's bed of death. Loathsome depravity of body and mind has seldom been so well denoted as in the faces in this latter drawing. Here, again, the artist has

built upon a mere hint, except in the reproduction of the accessories of the dismal scene. The habit of close and constant observation of actual life, as well as of human nature, is evinced in such work as this, — a habit clearly natural to this artist, and as clearly strengthened by long, careful, and cherished communion with the works of Dickens. Perfect distinctness is one of the great virtues of those works, and that virtue reappears in these pictures. Every individual has been clearly conceived by the artist. There is but one Scrooge, even in the sketches which so hilariously illustrate his wonderful transformation. There is but one Bob Cratchit, whether carrying his little child along the wintry street, or sitting at his Christmas dinner, or bending beside the bare, cold, lonely bed of death, or staggering backward from the frisky presence of his regenerated employer. This vivid clearness of execution shows the essential control of intellect over fancy, — always a characteristic of the true artist. Fancy has none the less its full play in these drawings, and a genial heart beats under them, prompt alike to pity and to enjoy. The appreciative observer will also perceive, with cordial relish, their frequent poetic mood. One of them illustrates the single phrase, "They stood beside the helmsman at the wheel," and is a very vivid reproduction of the mystical, awesome presence of darkness on the waters. The moon looks dimly through the clouds. The light-house lamp is shining over the dark line of distant coast. On speeds the vessel, guided by the firm hand of the resolute helmsman, with whom, as you gaze, you seem to feel the rush of the night-wind and hear the sob and plash of the wintry waves. The artist who labors thus does not labor in vain. Mr. Eytinge is the best of the illustrators of Dickens, and it is his right that this fact should be distinctly stated. His work in this instance has received the heartiest co-operation of the best of American engravers; for Mr. Anthony is not a mere copyist of lines, but an engraver who, in a kindred mood with the artist, preserves the spirit no less than the form, and who has won his highest and amplest success in this beautiful Christmas book.

Tablets. By A. BRONSON ALCOTT. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 208.

THIS volume is divided into two parts: one containing a series of essays marked "Practical"; the other, a series of essays marked "Speculative." Taken together they give a fair impression of the author's character and philosophy of life. They are open to ridicule, provided the critic is disposed to think that difference from himself is the proper test of the ridiculous; but if he enters into the spirit of the writer, and condescends to take Mr. Alcott's point of view, he will find his mind in contact with another intelligence of singular freshness, serenity, sweetness, and originality. Mr. Alcott is an idealist by disposition as well as by conviction. Ideas do not merely claim his assent, they suffice for his existence. He seeks them as other persons seek fortune, social position, or fame. To him they are all in all, — the nutriment, comfort, exaltation, consolation of life. Over every essay in the volume there breathes an atmosphere of composure and satisfaction, as if the writer had found the one thing or the many things needful for a reasonable being's existence. His faith in high thinking is unshakable, unmarred by the slightest fretfulness, or impatience, or combativeness, or greed of sympathy, or anger at not being recognized. He seems to have continual experience of

"That content surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned."

This character of Mr. Alcott is impressed on his writings, and lends them a certain beneficent charm, even when we are inclined to question the truth or the novelty of his opinions. His amenity of manner is a kind of genius in itself, and in his essays on "The Garden," "Recreation," "Friendship," "Culture," "Books," and "Counsels," it is specially apparent. In these, also, two things are displayed which go far to make up the happiness of life, namely, fellowship with nature, and the power of connecting high thoughts with lowly objects.